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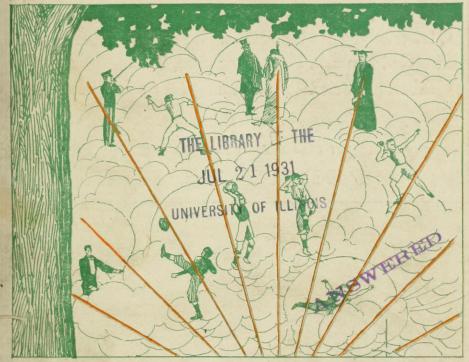
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F. M. COCKRELL	Business Manager
E. F. PIHLGARD	Circulation Manager

Entered as second-Class matter at the postoffice at Urbana, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

]	Numbers—	Date of Issue
1.	Registration	Saturday, September 20, 1913
2.	Literary Societies	Monday, October 20, 1913
3.	Home-Coming	Wednesday, November 20, 1913
4.	Christmas	Tuesday, December 16, 1913
5.	Post-Exam	Saturday, February 7, 1914
6.	Military	Saturday, March 7, 1914
7.	Easter	Saturday, April 7, 1914
8.	Interscholastic	Tuesday, May 12, 1914

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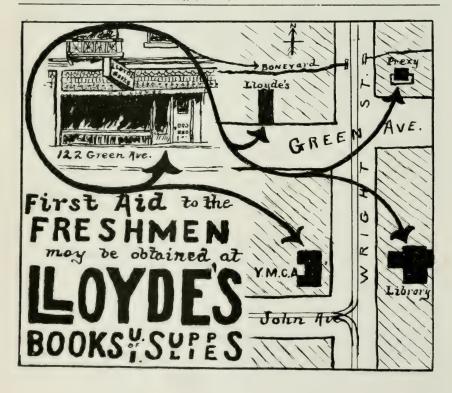


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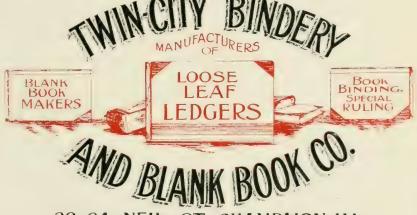
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THE ILLINOIS

VOL. V SEPTEMBER, 1913 No. 1

Paris

Souvenance

A Pink Pastel in Prose
By JEANNE FRAGONARD

(Editor's Note:—To those friends of the author who expected to find included in the following sketch a discussion in dialogue upon Post-Impressionism, the announcement is due that that portion of the piece, on account of present lack of space, must await publication until the issue of the Woman's Number of the magazine.)

I.

Paris! Her charms, impossible to express, never to be forgotten! Like her daughter the Parisienne, she has fabulous witchery—frivolity, earnestness, indifference, tenderness; beauty without beauty, immorality without evil. What though she be a maid-servant, a grande Marquise, a courtesan, or a nun, she has no need to learn heavenly graces or Elysian wiles. She was born with both. Comedy and tragedy are written in her heart, baffling seduction in her body, divine regret in her eyes.

Gay Paris! Grey Paris!

How magically, even on summer days, under the deepening azure of days born in rose-light, buried in gold, is her form veiled with a wondrous haze as of vaporized sapphire flushed with the opaline colors of milk and fire!

On autumn days, days of penetrating chill, when the multitude of umbrellas like tortoises crawl over the broad side-walks around the newspaper kiosks and mingle their reflections with those of cabs, trams, automobiles and prancing dragoons upon the glistening pavements, her eyes gleam luminous through her "voilette" of mist, that cinder-colored vapor.

In winter, the season of swift dusks when the glimmer of day struggles with the lamp-light, in days of invigorating dry cold when the gusts of wind along the quays sweep the dust, as bitter and white as salt, into the eyes of the huckstress pushing her cart, and the air is fresh from the acid perfume of the dark gold mandarins piled up so regularly alongside the paler gold of oranges; when the stalled flowers illumine that landscape of stone, and the gauzelike branches of the trees trace their intricate patterns against the horizon pallid with frost haze; she wraps herself for warmth in the smoke of the town while the viewless wizard of the wind breathes upon her face and makes it grey.

But one day I caught her fresh from an early bath when she did not even have her slippers on, only a great peignoir of violets, roses, heliotropes, daisies, fleur de lis, and anemones, for the flower markets decked the place de la Madeline. As I emerged from the depths of the Metro, that morning in Spring, I cried:

"Aha! Paris!—unveiled at last!" The worldly old church stared blankly about her from behind her pillars grey with age as might a lorgnetted grande dame at a revel of Pierottes and Harlequins too excited to heed her, challenging the beauty of the sky with the violence of their colors.

II.

A minute history of the intellectual and emotional life of Paris is continuously written by her "grand couturiers." All great creations are a product not only of mind, but of a deeper impulse which

is unconscious. Waves of public interest, wars, philosophies, dramas in life and on the stage, all contribute to the projection of that impulse which sways the pencil of those draughtsmen and colorists who dictate to the world the gown of the day; inspired though they be by the Parisienne.

Elegance is an inbred craving of the Parisiennes. They have above all other women, an innate gift of synthesis, a love of order and rhythm which produces all the graces—even the sublime grace of virtue. Whether they lapse into vulgarity or whether they become eventually more refined depends upon their environment. Fortunate the costumers who obtain their co-operation.

Those who concentrate upon the practical subject of feminine dress bring to their task such a sense of beauty, of proportion, that the results are masterpieces of taste which defy imitation. Masterpieces which, copied and recopied, filter out to ridiculous extremes as they finally reach the ends of the earth.

As does the modern architect and the designer, the fashion artist of the day searches among old Renaissance, Florentine, eighteenth century or classical models for his forms; yet such men as Worth, Paquin, Doucet, subtilize the original style of a gown to a mere breath of association, their own creations remaining evanescent improvisitations, pure inspirations, problems to be guessed. Fortunate the scribe whose lot it is to continue the history of such costumes or to report—vain effort—to their less distinguished freres et soeurs over seas the effect of the symphonies composed by these great artists.

Also are Paris coiffeurs creative artists of genius, producting compositions of incomparable variety. Felix Dondel, the Worth of hair-dressers,

controls his inspiration with his eye on the character, expression, or particular style of his subject's face and costume, makes it a matter of exquisite taste and sentiment. Fortunate the artist who secures his consent to sketch his latest intricate allegory in curls and puffs, who under the critical eye, the tapering finger tips of the little man himself, bends close to her copying pencil.

"Mais oui, c'est tout-a-fait delicieux, mademoiselle."

"Merci, Monsieur. Au revoir."

A transfiguring jewel light had already fallen upon Paris when I came out of Dondel's elegant rezde-chausee in the rue Royalle and turned towards a faraway work room in the Quatier Latin. The sun shattered his last long arrows of gold against the roofs, panes and domes of the place de la Concorde, as I made my way around that supreme square; and fluttered and scattered his rose-leaves of fire upon the majestic cities of France, who gazed with stony indifference at the tall obelisk rearing his distinguished slenderness in vain. For the Arc de Triumphe, on the distant height, grey black against the flaming conflagration of the sky, left little splendor to the ancient stranger. The scintillant, dazzling fountains blurred from the sight of charming, superannuated little men and women sitting motionless in the warm shadows of the Rond Point, the Renaissance tracery of the Louvre towers, visible through the delicate green fluff of the Tuilieries gardens, and hid from their view the miniature steeds on the Arc du Carrousal bathed in a powdery light like a pink pastel.

On a bench a man was gazing upon the fairy scene with strange eyes, and as I passed he articu-

lated a monotonous plaint: "Have pity on the blind, if you please." I gave him a chary token of the compassion he sought, and gained his blessing. Sensations whose vagueness did not prevent their intensity thought through me. On the pont de la Concorde I paused to watch the incandescence of the sky running into darkness behind the towers of the Trocadero. The soul of Paris lay still.

"Paris, where talent is mediocrity; Paris, with its thunders and its splendors and its seething of passion; Paris, supreme focus of human endeavor, with its madness of art, its frenzied striving to express the unattainable, its soaring of soul-fire to the heaven of the impossible—"

I leaned over the parapet to watch the amber lights gleam over the violet waters of the Seine, to drink in the sadness of that tragic river between its low banks of stone. Already the first stars, like mysterious ghostly candles for the coming night festival, shone faintly above the still smouldering cloud worlds. Melancholy swept over my spirit.

Paris had resumed her veil.

The Night Wind

The night wind slunk from o'er a murky world Where misty-smelling draughts writhed in the dusk. The pale night wind, with black sighs laden, swirled 'Neath its sour breath frail rose-blooms, the strong musk.

It cowered swift, a low-browed thief, past me, Trailing men's honor past, past shrinking me.

The Liar

By LUCILE NEEDHAM

The golden strip of sunlight that slipped in through the window swung in the darkened room like a translucent fairy-door. It broadened and narrowed with the lifting and dropping of the blind in the warm June breeze. Wide-awake, Little Margaret lay watching it. On the little white cot to her right sprawled Brother; on the little white cot to the left curled Baby; both dutifully sleeping their afternoon nap. Downstairs Margaret heard the soft chatter of Mother and Auntie sink to whispers as they started a-tiptoe up the steps. Coming up to kiss the children good-by, thought Margaret. And yet her eves were wide-open, reveling in the rich semi-darkness, the swithering and whispering of skirts and feet on the stairs. What would they say when they found the three babies fast asleep, she wondered. When the swishing and scraping came within three steps of the door. Margaret turned on one side. folded two soft hands under a damp, rosy cheek, set her lips in a sober droop, and closed her black eyes. "Little darlings!" she heard Auntie murmur. fierce thrill of tenderness trembled through Margaret's little body. They loved her so much,-she would try to be good. She slept. A crumpling sound of silk told her that Auntie was bending over Baby's little white bed. Then she heard Auntie's breath. and felt a light kiss on her pink forehead. Margaret stirred, sighed, flung out a plump arm, turned on her back, and sighed again. The two crimson lips parted and closed; like the wings of a new-emerged butterfly the two eye-lids fluttered, rested, and lifted, disclosing two dewy, slumberous eyes. The crimson lips sleepily smiled.

"Light little sleeper!" fondly crooned Mother, as she lifted a lock of Margaret's dark hair and imprinted a kiss on a pink ear-tip. "Did Mother's little girl sleep?" "'Es," breathed those innocent lips. And believing that she had slept, Margaret forthwith forgot her wakefulness. Just a reflection of the memory lingered at her heart as a glow of affection that they loved her and of satisfaction that she had pleased them. They loved her; therefore she had slept.

Late afternoon sun, piercing heavy vines, cast cool green lights on the sheltered porch, where, peacefully swinging and rocking, with the sweet womanly dignity that befits girls about to be graduated from high school, Margaret and three chums gossiped and sewed. An affluent June breeze wheedled curls out of coil and fondled light frocks.

Around the corner shot a long, gray car, and two bare-headed, tanned young men.

"Hi, Sis! Come on riding, all of you!" The hearty yell surmounted the impatient whirry chugchug of the engine. With one impulse four pairs of hands laid aside sewing, and sped pattingly to four heads of hair, four pairs of shoulders, four belts; and four pairs of feet tripped down the walk. For the companion to Brother Max was a big, blonde Viking, a "chum from college." Brother Max swung back a brawny arm to open the door; three daintily-clad maidens climbed into the car.

In that instant caprice seized Margaret. How much would they coax her if she should say that she wouldn't go? . . Instead of following the others, she half-turned toward the house. "Not com-

ing?" in surprised tones from Brother. "Busy," smiled Margaret, teasingly. She looked at the Viking. Poised on one foot, an instant she waited,—a slim, white figure, graceful head tilted back over one lacy shoulder, vivid black hair and wild-rose cheeks bright with the sun, soft eyes alight with a mischievous smile. For an instant she stood. The Viking smiled back. With a roguish laugh back over her shoulder, Margaret ran to the house. Only a wondering "Well!" from Brother she heard, before the car sped away.

The capricious moment was over. She had tested and found that her charms were *nil*.

They had not coaxed. They had not cared. It was too bad! Self-pity and disappointment welled up in her heart. From the cheerful porch she crept into the quiet, darknened house. Lying alone in the half-darkness she pictured the gavety of the crowd out riding; heard them jest of her queerness, laugh at her whims; saw the quiet disgust on the fact of Brother, and—she could have wept to see it—on the face of the Viking, too. She heard the girls tell them it was done "for effect,"—ah, she knew how mercilessly they would talk of it all. She saw herself as a slight white figure in the dusky loneliness of the room; and the pathos of the thought brought tears to her eyes. She saw herself wearily dragging herself to the door to meet them on their return, white, rigid, trembling; heard them upbraid her for her foolishness; saw her lips quiver piteously, as she bravely forced back the tears from her burning eyes.

Weaving such fantastic dreams, she suddenly heard the whir of a coming machine. Bravely she started up, nerving herself for the ordeal. The machine whirled by. Worn out with the intensity of her imaginings, she sank down again. For a long time she waited, and thought.

At last a car stopped before the house. Stealthily Margaret crept to the door. Through the side-light she could see the girls, as they stepped out, as they laughed and waved their handkerchiefs when Brother and the Viking whizzed away. She saw them turn, and sober as they started to the porch; she knew by the way the heads bent together that they were discussing her. A mournful smile quivered on her lips, but her head was erect, her shoulders back. This farce of friendship, she thought, would soon be over. She wondered what they were saving now. before they saw her, and what they would say directly to her. She resolved not to cry, whatever happened, but to be brave and white and still. At least they should admire her courage and pity her suffering. The murmur of the voices became intelligible in words. The three girls started up the steps. "-she looked so sweet when she laughed back over her shoulder, her teeth so white and her hair so black-"

The revulsion of feeling half-stunned Margaret. A torrent of tenderness swept her breath away. That they should love her so—That they should be saying *such* things—How bitterly disappointed in her they would be, did they know what thoughts she had been thinking! They must not know. The dear, dear girls! Half-sobbing she rushed into their arms. "It was my head," she cried. "It pained so!" Her voice thrilled with a passion of gratitude and love, so fully, so utterly did she forgive them!

Her first big ball was nearly over. Margaret was well weary of it. So tired was she, in fact, that for the last two dances she had been quietly sitting

in the moonlit shadows at the far end of the veranda. Patiently Dick sat beside her. Dick was just a lank, awkward boy whom she had known since childhood, oh, a very faithful and a very convenient friend, to be sure, but of quite ordinary fiber. Some of his expressions jarred on her nerves, and he did not always appreciate her moods. He was pleasant to quarrel with, when one was in a quarrelsome temper, because he never got angry—he was sensitive. Whenever Margaret was particularly impatient she appreciated the boyish hurt look in his eyes. It relieved her feelings to know that she could bring it there by a word; and she also appreciated the glad, grateful light that came into them when she "forgave" him afterwards.

Tonight she did not care to quarrel. She only wanted peace and quiet. Dick was trying his best to please her. For those two dances he had not spoken a word. Like some faithful watch-dog he waited his mistress's signal. With a somber wistfulness he watched the halo of light that silhouetted her graceful head and shoulder. The light shone full into his face as he watched her, such light as there was from the distant ball-room door, and she could have seen the touching droop to his mouth if she had cared to look that way. Instead, she smiled straight into the moonlit foliage ahead of her, and dreamed. Marvellous visionary reveries passed before her: fond romances, in which she was the heroine. The bleating music from the hall distracted her. There was a shadowy Man in the dream, but his face she could not distinguish. She turned a little aside from the glare and noise, and half-closed her eyes. Expectantly Dick started. She gave no heed. The droop at Dick's mouth remained; he watched the glint of the light on her lustrous hair, but her face was in

shadow, he could barely discern the smile. light disturbed Margaret. Farther from it she turned, still dreaming; still smiling; then she buried her face in the scratchy darkness close beside her. It was the shoulder of Dick's coat. Before she knew what had happened, Dick's arms were about her. She heard something that began like a laugh and stopped like a sob. Startled, she tipped up her face to look. Just as she caught a glimpse of his glorified countenance, he shyly kissed her. Taking care not to startle Dick by moving, Margaret tried to straighten out the chos into which her thoughts had been dumped. The happening was so strange and sudden. She hardly knew yet what had happened; and yet, it was indeed kind in Dick to look at her in that glorified way. Although he did not at all fit the Shadow. Gently she lifted her head, and slowly smiled. As, full on the mouth, he kissed her, she closed her eyes; and it might have been the Shadow Man, thought, so pleasant was it.

Late in June, in the mellow dusk, Margaret and The Man sat together, out on the cool thick grass of the lawn, with the full moon rising yellow in the east. The excitement of the afternoon announcement party had died away with the departure of the last delighted girls. As The Man's big hand closed over her white one in the grass, Margaret thrilled with the supreme realization of the ardence of her love, an adoration that had accumulated through her eighteen years of quaint, intensive fancy. Like a white flower she looked tonight, with her graceful head ever so slightly drooped in weariness. The moon rose higher, and the full night descended, bringing all the peaceful sounds that belonged with it. At last, lifting her blossom-like face, luminous-eved, she

breathed, "It is so wonderful, so wonderful, that it has always been You! That there had never been anyone else!" From her very heart of hearts she knew it was the truth.

Out of the darkness strode a lank, awkward youth. Straight to them he swung, with such fierce firmness in his tread that Margaret and The Man both sprang to their feet. In the moonlight every tortured line of pain on Dick's boyish face was sharply defined. Margaret noticed the quivering chin, the childish lock of hair that curled over his forehead; the reckless toss of the head, the sorrowful droop of the shoulders; the nervous clinching of fists. A tenderness as for a waif who had lost his mother vibrated in Margaret. She stretched out a hand in womanly gesture, to soothe him. Fiercely, reproachfully, Dick moaned, "Just last winter it was I!"

Quick pity shone from Margaret's eyes. It seemed, as if in a dream, that she vaguely remembered a story of Dick's loving her. It was like many of her own fancies that had never materialized; but it must have been just a dream. She was so infinitely sorry for him, she knew how it hurt to have a dream fail. In the fullness of her present joy she had immeasurable compassion for him.

Sharply, direct to The Man, Dick cried, "She kissed me!" There was pain and poignant despair in the voice. A gasp of horror escaped Margaret, incredulous horror. The day she had given her love to The Man she had forgotten wholly, absolutely, beyond recall. To her Dick's caresses had never been. Very lovely she stood, in her flower-like innocence, bright-eyed, dark-haired, fair-skinned, a Diana in the moonlight. The Man half-raised a clenched fist. Even in her outraged purity Margaret

was kind, it was like being kind to a child, to an innocent, one who know no better. A soft white hand restrained the Man.

With strained eyes, his mouth piteously twitching, Dick waited. Margaret's sweet womanliness, unangry but unyielding denied him hope. For a long moment he waited. Then, sharply, something in him collapsed. It seemed to Margaret that she saw something glisten on his cheek, but she heard only a choking sob, that became a heart-breaking laugh, and then she saw Dick's shoulders and head straighten proudly as he reeled away into the shadows. It seemed just at the last as if his boyish head sank again.

The pity in her tore at her heart; but the memory of the incomprehensible insult made her whole body shudder. Trembling she clung to The Man.

Her wide, wet innocent eyes met his, full face. "Ah, you konw it isn't true!" she sobbed.

"I know!" soothed The Man.

The Fruit

By EMERSON G. SUTCLIFFE

Gnarled as her russet apple tree,
Rough and worn by the winds of years,
With basket filled and comment free,
The poor of a country-side she cheers.

Flouted and wronged after giving all, Bright in her apple-blossom hour; Who shall judge where the blame shall fall If the wrinkled fruit be somewhat sour?

Broad Youth and Age

By ADULESCENTULUS FATUUS

The relations set up between Age and Youth when man began have lived on unarbitrated till our time, and probably are to continue in full force until man's spirit is sufficiently vertebrated to warrant a forswearing of the skeleton. Age will always be grudging Youth some faint praise or other, and Youth will always be eyeing its opposite pole with a desperate distrust. The point is, neither is wrong; each surveys what of life there is to be seen, from a firm and flawless pedestal. The difficulty is, neither sees the whole perfection of the other's claim—and so eternal contempt.

If it were possible on earth to find an indifferent arbiter who could let fall an impeccable statement of the facts, there would be no obstacle to understanding. As it is, all the types of conversation we are familiar with belong to beings who are more or less human; so that any one who offers himself, no matter how elevated the judicial virtues he professes, is worthless, being either old or young. There is as much encouragement to justice here as there would be in a ball game at which the players umpired.

Since Socrates the world has been full of a number of good definitions that have not wanted universal subscription; as well as a still more numerous brigade of bad definitions—clever, and sounding, but narrow and soon abandoned. The difference between the scant and the full has been that one has slipped glibly through partisan or academic teeth, and the other has seen the light only after a long travail of war or of men's lost lives. Two centuries ago a cock-sure poet exulted to say Whatever is, is

Right!—and was pretty honestly believed. We only smile now, and hark back to a philosopher of twenty-four centuries ago who took a draught of hemlock to make the world know what a good man is; him, his wisdom and his justice, we shall never leave off emulating. So long is the career of a good definition.

Among the definitions of Youth there seems to be no precise guidance for choosing. Conflicting claims erect themselves as the race grows old, and none of them has ever quite been levelled. where Age has been having the advantage. For the writing of literature and history, which record the venturesome definitions, has been thus far wholly in Age's hands: so that it has been inevitable that what has been written and said has grovelled under a lading of maturity, of full growth. Youth knows another method of definition, and a surer-intuition; but such a method leaves no permanent record. is conceivable that what has been said concerning Youth has satisfied people of age; but it is true that Youth has found it exceeding sickly, and has put it out of memory for certain laudable purposes of living its life. For all that, Youth deserves a definition from someone who is young. Let me take some care lest I grow old before my task is quitted.

Grown men have condescended to say of Youth that it is hot, impetuous, lusty, imperious, Godless, of no experience, worthless. Youth hot? Youth impetuous? Youth lusty? Desperate death-thrusts, all these words. The old will always be realizing with disquietude that their legs are getting angular and unsteady, their faces dull, their hearts faltering, their attitude resigned; and they will always be prompt in naming Youth's superior scope and vigor nothing better than undue heat and reckless, superfluous energy. Anyway, what is there peculiarly

human about such a conception? Youth is headlong, restless; so is a puppy, or a colt. Youth imperious? Only the pale remonstrance of a losing power as it scuds before its on-flooding conqueror. Youth Godless? Only the furtive defiance pushed out against free-playing limbs from one wounded and withdrawn into his cave. Youth of no experience? Youth worthless? Here is the warmest rub. Age will always be calling on Youth to be useful; and Youth will never be heeding, believing that the most useful are the most pathetic.

Perhaps I should be about explaining the true character of Youth. I shall define it at once. Youth, in spite of Cicero, Shakespeare, Bacon, Robert Louis Stevenson, Joseph Conrad, and Randolph Bourne (honest expositors but prison-shaded, all of them)—Youth is nothing less than Breadth.

That Youth whose partner is this generous synonym does not begin with the first day, or the first month, or the first year, or the first ten years. For in the first years of an individual's career he is tricked, by the grown-up devices which encircle and direct him, into a state of mind which is not so much youthful as it is mock-aged. In his primal helplessness he has to submit to a cradle invented and fashioned by old heads, a nurse who has none of the spiritual in her, a house which stands for and reeks with civilization, and a circle of baiting, fawning elders. Growing some years older, he is coached by these elders to wish, and knows no better than to hope, for the attachment of his father's or his grandfather's usefulness some day. He really shouldn't mind being a lawyer, or a doctor who carries a black case, or a conductor with a clicking silver punch imbedded in a fat right hand. In these years he is only a boy. It is when his vision is first extended beyond the little circle of visible experience and present utility to embrace the limitless sphere of his imagination, when he begins to contemplate things undreamed before (or after, as we shall see), that the individual becomes a full-lunged youth.

Being a youth in its first wispy, unweighted state is being without a single curb of the spirit. The very word "youth" sounds to me of springing up free like a flame, and bounding far away. Institutions are dingy and clogged at this period, being stationary. All that Youth loves is full of sweep, full of drifting motion, full of the breadth and abandonment a lord of the universe ought to prefer. The youth is such a lord, and holds the very world in the palm of his fresh warm hand. Only an earth-survey, a grasp of the beautiful throbbing whole, will suffice him. He tugs at his earth-srings with the volant passion of a balloon, and will be off at once, a tongue of eager flame on light and writhing air.

The landscape a youth esteems and can visualize is one in which an illimitable plain spreads out before him, or a "prodigious valley, strewn with rocks," like the one David Balfour and Alan Breck came out upon, heaves before the vision. In the stories he reads, the scenes are magical if they are laid on broad moors, or on dotted heaths. "Kidnapped" for him is consummate literature, with its heroes who stride with swinging freedom over glamorous stretches of wild; but Prince Otto is wearisome for his mincing hesitation. He likes to think of ranging on and on over the face of the earth with no purpose;

and should his guide Be nothing better than a wandering cloud, He could not miss his way.

He shouldn't mind being a spirit who flits from here to there and dips at will into the many simmering pots of life-a Puck, a "merry wanderer of the night." Geography entrances him. He pores over an atlas, and fondles a terrestial globe; dreams of encircling the earth with all its plateaus and deserts, lakes and seas, and spots of hidden greenery encircling and contemplating it from a youthful lofty level. His ideal house, like that of the first among near-youths, is to contain a "map table, groaning under a collection of large-scale maps and charts" as a stimulus on wintry, in-door evenings. "The Broad Highway" draws him to it as to a talisman. continuous strip of smooth inviting white, loping on over hill and plain, around curves and into God knows what strange provinces—"What a pity," he says, "that R. L. S. couldn't write a romance of the highway, as he wished!"

The youth loves a mighty wind that moves in stormy or in peaceful majesty across a level landscape. He loves to walk out over the fields and lean upon the gale's indulgent bosom; or to bend over a casement sill at night and look out into the darkness that blankets half a planet, while a soft and steady breeze blows on his face from thousands of miles away. He loves the rain when it comes down in humming torrents and he can walk out in it as it mumbles in his ears—the Lord then is abroad! In the expansive months of Spring he loves to lie pressed to the warm and pregnant ground, and recognize in that rapt communion his own earthiness to remember his own birth from out that teeming giantess, the awakening globe. He loves the "lordly rivers, broad and deep," and the broad oceans with their bodies heaving. In short, he reveres those parts of Nature that know no bounds of width or force or motion.

In the first flush of his existence, the youth has not been suffering himself to acknowledge the rest of mankind. His dreams have been barren of human figures and customary sentiments; he has drifted alone in a fragrant vapor, light as ether. Now comes up to him, chill and thick and heavy, the stern voice of maturity.

"Youth, what do you do up in that ridiculous altitude?"

"I am living my life the best I can—my youth lifted me here."

"Humph! Don't you know there is work down here for you?"

"I have heard it spoken—"—innocently.

"Hasten, then! Society is in need of you."

"Society?"

"Perhaps I should tell you, Society is the collective body of persons composing the aggregate of communities."

"Oh! But why should I come down to such as that?"

"Why, to be happy! Be useful to Society and you cannot be other than blissful—that is the base we stand on."

"But I am already extremely happy here, dear Age. Here there are no dull, mean tasks—no stupid obligations. Can I not be happy in the place I choose? There are no youths there, are there?

"Of course!—that is—youths keep coming on—but—"

"I know. They grow narrow. They grow up."

"Tut, tut, youth! I'll have no more quibbling.
At once!" (Continued on page 41)

To a Freshman Who Did Not Know

(A LETTER)
By T. A. FRITCHEY, JR., '13

Dear Jim :-

You've probably heard Prexy and Tommy Arkle give their periodical advice to the Freshmen as to what sort of conduct is expected during the next four years, and as to the many opportunities before them as undergraduates at Illinois. But that won't prevent your old brother, who you know tried to keep his eyes open during his time at the University, from telling you a few things. I want to talk this time about an organization which is respected fully as much by the Faculty and Alumni as by the undergraduates—a society that boasts it has the most prominent leaders in undergraduate affairs that have trod the campus. Of course you know I am referring to Mawanda, the Senior Society, of which I have told you so often, and which at present is represented by the men of prominence in the Senior Class.

There are many honors that you may seek as an undergraduate. But I want to impress upon your mind in the beginning that election to Mawanda stands above them all. For you can wear the well-known arrow head only after you have done something worth while—achieved distinction in student activities, conducted yourself as a clean gentleman in your many affairs, and played the game square always. I am very much interested in seeing you honored when you get to be a Junior by election to this thing. For besides the prestige it will afford you, it is most blessed for the golden opportunity it

will give you of rendering your almo mater the valuable services she is always entitled to, bless her!

The proposition stares you in the face. No one is going to give you a lift into the society. Your fraternity will not help you in, if you join one. Mawanda recognizes no fraternity, is controlled by no faction in student politics. Its only slogan is "Merit, and Merit alone!" If when the time comes you deserve the honor I have been talking about, you will get it by all means. But if your name isn't painted on that arrow head by Main Hall, don't console yourself (if you are disappointed) by blaming any person on earth but Jim Dalton. Yours is the opportunity of any Freshman. The question is, whether you will take advantage of it like a man.

Now Jim, you certainly are a Freshman. And don't forget that you are a Freshman every day until you are a legitimate Sophomore. Take the advice of Prexy and Tommy seriously. They have played the game at every position, and they are in a position to know. There is nothing the matter with being a Freshman! Be loval to that class of yours. Take an interest in all the class affairs, and support the honest and efficient class officers. Of course you won't forget to subordinate your class to your university. I'm not worrying about your doing any hazing this year—don't think that. But when you are a proud Sophomore, don't for heaven's sake indulge in little High School antics that will embarass your university and blot your own record.

Within the next few months get down to some hard study, and make up your mind to keep it up. For it is only the *student* who is honored at a university—strange as that may seem. But at the same time keep your eye on student activities, and make up your mind definitely as to what kind of outside

work you can be of most service to the student body by engaging in. Then get busy. I feel myself as though the Students' Union affords a better opportunity for distinction and unselfish service than almost anything else, unless you are particularly adapted for a publication, or for a team. The interests of the Union and of Mawwanda are intimately connected, and Mawanda will usually reward the Junior whose services have been fruitful in this Union of all loyal Illini.

Illinois is a democratic institution above all things else, and it is your privilege to share in keeping it thus. Speak to all your acquaintances—you will have more friends if you do. And that is a mighty satisfactory thing. Besides, Mawanda wants just such men. Don't think it bad policy, though, to make some enemies. I don't see how you can avoid it if you stand for the square things all the time—and then these men's friendships would handicap you.

Many a student thinks that if he is pretty much of a football hero, or has won out in a spirited election, he is entitled to membership in Mawanda, even if his conduct has been questionable. You are being watched always, Jimmy. Your fellow students are going to know almost as much about you as you know yourself.

Mawanda does not choose men *ex officio* exclusively. Their records for industry and integrity count for as much as single honors. Single honors may be and often are enjoyed by grafters, by gamblers, by cribbers, by rounders. Mawanda understands that the university takes a certain amount of stock in Learning and Labor, and certainly wants no one in its ranks who is a failure in his essential college work.

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Your association with the other powerful Seniors in Mawanda is a real privilege, and you will find it exceedingly attractive—this doing "philanthropic" things along with such men. Mawanda is ever watchful of the best interests of the students, and is doing big things for Illinois in a quiet yet forceful manner of which many students are unaware. The faculty recognizes this fact, and is willing to join with the Society in its many enterprises.

Now, Jim old boy, I don't want you to feel as though this has been a Scripture reading. It has been serious because I have given you a few suggestions that I should have relished when I was a Freshman. Don't let Mawanda slip your mind ever. Remember that each day counts, and that you can not wait until your Junior year to show your true metal.

Let me hear from you, and remember that there is one person in the world that is expecting big and useful things of his kid brother at Illinois.

As ever, Jack.

Song

By HARRY GRANT ATKINSON

In the jeweled-night

And dreaming moonlight

He kissed me and left me athrilling;

And the night-flies sang

'Till the orchard rang

With the tremulous songs of the evening;—Sweetly, soft, and low,—

Gladly, mellow, slow-

Like the half-whispered songs of the angels.

Soft, soft, Oh Winds!

Breathe lightly and sweetly across the dim hills, And sing me the music of whispering rills,— Bring music all laden with dreams, Oh Winds,

deep, deep, dreams

soft Winds,

Sweet Winds.

Late to-morrow eve

When the moonbeams weave

Threading mists of joy through the orchard,

And the plum trees fling

Blue blossoms awing

On the fragrant breath of the evening,

He'll return to me

And he'll sing to me

The secret we share with the orchard.

Soft, soft, Oh Winds!

Breathe lightly and sweetly across the dim hills, And sing me the music of whispering rills,— Bring music all laden with dreams, Oh Winds,

deep, deep, dreams

soft Winds,

Sweet Winds.

Two Wills and a Way

By RUTH BEEBY

Lightly the warm breeze fluttered the white curtains of the old farm house, revealing the soft gold of the sunset and wafting in the sleepy twittering of tired birds. Beneath the white counterpane, Peter Cartwright turned restlessly and looked longingly out of the window, two tiny wrinkles appearing between his patient blue eyes.

It was hard enough to have to go to bed when one was nine years old and wasn't sleepy, but to be sent before it was dark on a warm summer evening just when there were so many things to be done—well, that was almost unbearable. He wished Aunt Mehitable had been a boy; if she had been maybe she would understand better how boys felt. Now, if mother were here—

Peter pushed the damp yellow ringlets back from his forehead and gazed forlornly at the ceiling. It had been a long time since he had seen mother—a whole month now. It was funny how short his visit seemed in the daytime and how very long it appeared at night. It wasn't three hours since he had mournfully informed Scrubby that he would have to go home in two weeks; and now—

A low whistle from without suddenly routed Peter's gloomy thoughts. He lay motionless, straining his ears to catch the faintest sound. Could it be? It sounded like Scrubby's call! Was it possible? Peter rejected the idea—surely his bold little chum had not dared to enter Aunt Mehitable's yard at this forbidden hour. To be sure he was brave and strong; he could ride bare-back on old white Topsy and he wasn't afraid to fight 'possums and when the

black tramps had come to—there was the whistle again! Yes, it was Scrubby!

In a twinkling, Peter had bounded from the bed and was leaning recklessly over the window sill, his bare feet dangling and his face beaming with joy.

"Scrubby!" he whispered hoarsely, his voice trembling at the thought of his chum's daring. "Scrubby, what you doin' here?"

The sturdy lad below the window pushed his hands farther down into the pockets of his blue overalls and lifted his freckled little face defiantly. "I told you I wasn't afraid of her," he boasted, cautiously watching the down-stairs windows. "I just thought o' the rabbit traps—we forgot to look at 'em today and I bet a horse they're full."

Peter's blue eyes filled with dismay. "Scrubby," he mourned, "what made us forget 'em? Course they're full and think o' the poor things waitin' for us to come. What will we do?"

"Do?" repeated Scrubby impatiently, his stubby nose turning up in disgust. "We'll go see 'em, that's all. I got a rope round the corner for you to come down on."

The lad in the window dolefully shook his head. "It's no use." he said dejectedly. "The sun's way more'n down and Aunt Me—

"Pe-ter!" The sharp voice shrilled inquiringly up the stairway. "Peter Cartwright!"

"Run!" hissed Scrubby, disappearing round the corner of the house.

For an instant the terrified lad on the window sill seemed immovable. His face paled under its coat of tan; his startled eyes grew big with fright as the vision of his Aunt's stern face loomed up before him. But only for an instant; then, like a small panther he leaped through the air and lay in a quivering heap upon the bed.

"Peter Cartwright!" The voice came more insistent.

"Yes'm," answered a muffled voice from the bed.

"Young man, are you in bed?" Peter could almost see his Aunt's thin fingers impatiently push her heavy rimmed spectacles up over her smoothly drawn gray hair as she listened sharply for his reply. "Yes'm." My! how glad he was that he could truthfully give her such an answer.

"I am glad to hear, nephew." Was there a hint of sarcasm in her voice? "Remember to remain there until morning."

With bated breath, Peter listened until the swish of her skirts had passed down the hall; then he breathed a great sigh of relief. If only he were more like Aunt Mehitable. She was always ready to go to sleep as soon as the sun went down. He wondered how old he would have to be before he could go to sleep as early. He didn't seen to grow very fast and Aunt Mehitable must be at least a hundred years old.

Wearily he again turned toward the window. Ah, the moon was rising. He was glad of that, for it was becoming quite dark in the room. That old moon seemed very friendly when one was alone. He remembered the stories he had heard of fairies that danced in the moonlight and drank the dewdrops from the buttercups. Mother had told him that all wild things loved the moon—owls and wood-mice and rabbies—

"Rabbits!" The thought of the captive animals pierced the lads tender heart like a knife. Those poor little little things in the traps! How could they enjoy the moonlight, shut up in those dark boxes?

Oh, if he were only old enough to go and let them out! Or if Scrubby could go alone! But here he was in bed and Scrubby—no telling where Scrubby was—at home, too, perhaps.

The light tap of some small object striking the window pane turned Peter's attention for an instant from his gloomy thoughts. Once, twice, three times came the sharp click and then the puzzled youth again heard the familiar whistle.

"Scrubby," he whispered, joyfully starting forward; but at the next thought he fell limply back. How could he answer his chum? If he called he might waken his aunt and he must stay in bed. Longingly he looked toward the window. It wasn't more than three feet away if it was quite that far. Oh, he had an idea—why couldn't he reach the window and be "in bed" as well? "Yes," he whispered gleefully as the second summons came through the window. "Yes, Scrubby, I'm comin'!"

Stealthily reaching for the chair at the head of his bed, he noiselessly drew it forward until it stood directly in front of the window. Then, slowly and silently with cat-like motion he crept across the chair, raised himself cautiously to the level of the window, and lay, a white-clad human bridge, his head projecting over the edge of the sill, his feet conscientiously tucked beneath the covers.

"Scrubby," he called delightedly, catching sight of his faithful friend.

The freckled little face below looked up through the moonlight. "Hello," he answered cautiously. "Thought maybe you wasn't comin'. Is she asleep?" "Yes," whispered the lad in the window, "but Scrubby, I can't go. She won't let me get out o' bed." Scrubby's eyes opened incredulously. "What you doin' now?" he queried. "You ain't in bed now, are you?"

"My feet are," answered Peter truthfully. "She didn't say how much of me had to stay in but I can't take me all out at once."

Scrubby's hands went farther down into his pockets and he rubbed one bare foot against the other. "It's a shame," he said dejectedly. "Ma thinks I'm staying at Aunt Liza's but I can't leave them poor little rabbits."

"I know," mourned Peter, "its awful; but what can I do? Can't you go alone, Scrubby? You know you're not afraid o' nothin'."

The lad on the ground squared his shoulders and lifted his head a little higher. "No, I ain't afraid," he boasted guardedly, "but they're your traps, Pete, as well as mine, so you ought to come along. I got the rope round the corner for you."

"But, Scrubby," Peter wailed, "I tell you I can't. When Aunt Mehitable says a thing there's no changin' it."

"What did she say?" asked Scrubby, with the air of one going to the root of the matter. "Now, honest, Pete, just 'xactly what did she say?"

Peter pushed his head a little farther over the edge of the window sill.

"Well, first she asked me, 'Young man, are you in bed?" and when I says, 'yes', she says 'Remember to remain there till mornin.' That's just her words, Scrubby, 'Remember to remain there till mornin.' Scrubby scratched his towsled head and for a full minute gazed thoughtfully at the ground. Then, in sudden thought he looked quickly toward the window. "Say, Pete," he whispered earnestly, "what kind of a bed do you have?"

Peter's eyes grew big with wonder. "Why, wood, o' course," he answered in surprise. "What do you suppose?"

"I was thinkin'," explained the practical youth, "why couldn't we take your bed along? If it was like the lame man's bed in Sunday school, we could, you know." Peter looked down inquiringly. "The lame man—?" he began.

"The one Miss Mary told about last Sunday," Scrubby interrupted impatiently. "Don't you know she said he took up his bed when he walked? You see," he went on persuasively, watching every change in his chum's face," the bed isn't really what you're on; it's what you're in. She didn't say 'on bed' a tall; she said 'in bed.'"

Peter peered into the eager upturned face. "Honest, Scrubby?" He asked half-credulously. "Is that what a bed is?"

"Honest", declared Scrubby, "Ma allers tells me to get in bed and I sleep on the floor."

"You do?" rejoined Peter in amazement. "What do you sleep on?"

"A quilt and a sheet," returned Scrubby.

A slow smile of understanding spread over Peter's face. "Scrubby," he whispered delightedly, as he cautiously drew himself back from the window, "Get that rope."

Eagerly Scrubby darted around the corner of the house to reappear in a second with a coil of heavy rope. Deftly he caught it in both hands, carefully measured the distance, and with a sudden movement hurled one end unerringly toward the open window. For a moment all was silent and then the watching lad felt a movement of the rope as though the other end were being fastened to some object within the room. The next instant an odd figure closely wrap-

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ped in two sheets and a quilt climbed cautiously through the window and slipped noiselessly down the rope.

"Say, Scrubby," jubilantly panted the quilt-clad youth as the strange pair scurried under the trees to the gap in the hedge, "You gotta un-ketch me if I get hooked."

The Little Green Cap

By HAL W. CONEFRY

It's really too bad that the freshmen are sad
On account of the little green cap.

When you ask them why, they make reply
With a growl, and a scowl, and a snap:
"We'd not give a rap for the little green cap
Were it not we're to wear it to drill.

War's bad enough, but it's pretty darned tough
When they make us wear that thing to drill."

They get in step with a hep! hep! hep!
As the officers give the command.
But the curses rise to the soft blue skies
In perfect time with the band;
For the Major has said that the freshmen he led
Must wear the little green lids.
So they shamble along, a green topped throng,
Wearing their little green lids.

Studies In Contemporary Poetry

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

English poetry, flowing down bravely during the past one hundred years through shallows of the natural, the ornate, the grotesque, the fleshly, the over-refined, has welled up freshly; and now gushes upon its course humming a brand new note.

This new note sings not the seraph, the dryad, the cosmic spirit, the chivalric hero, the Italian aesthete; sings not of modern capital or of modern luxury—not any of the most conspicuous achievements of our time. The new poetry sings rather the individual. It sings the individual of flesh and bone, the individual we see, the individual who is one of us, the individual with all his real experiences—toil and trouble, death, temptation, error and repentance, passion, and joy, and hope.

If the young poets of our day are singing their individuals with a fervor that permits no glance aside, no acceptance of academic counsel, no pause for poetic finishing; if our young poets are burrowing on too frantically into that vein of earth they find most congenial—why, they are young. It is not a decadence they are imitating; it is rather a new and vigorous poetic administration they are inaugurating. Theirs by singularity of endeavor to plant; later, broader, more fortunate genius's to harvest.

It is natural that in an age both specialized and Socialistic the individual should be glorified. And it is natural, now that capital has done its best to obscure the individual in a haze of organized industry, that a poet has arisen to direct a warm ray of imagination into the toilers' lives—has showed those lives

not stereotyped, and showed them filled with feelings most true because least artificial.

Such a man is Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, a young poet of England, who in three slender volumes, "Daily Bread," "Fires," and "Womenkind," all published within the past five years, has sung the individual with a fidelity humble in its tireless sympathy and high achievement. He has sung the stoker, the man in the pit, the burner of peat, the poor shop-keeper, the fisherman, the roadmender, and all with no hysteria. True, like that novelist who was condemned because she wrote always "at the top of her voice," Gibson writes always with a hushed and sober huskiness of throat, presaging tragedy; but he is young.

Gibson's poetry, treating as it does the individual, and dealing as it invariably does with the tragedy that lurks just beneath the surface of every-day life, should be dramatic, like the rest of the contemporary poetry. And intensely dramatic it is. That is why it thrills us more than the first democratic poem of the last century, "Michael," or those poetic photographs of lower life by Crabbe, could have thrilled their first readers. Wordsworth's self intruded too visibly upon the scene. Crabbe was too relentlessly, too conscientiously a realist; we cannot love his world. The world of Gibson, which revolves under an overcast sky, appeals to us and fascinates us, even while we know it is accurately recounted: for Gibson offers his sympathy, and allows us our own imagination with which to work.

I caught the stormy summons of the sea, And dared the restless deeps, that day and night Surge with the life-song of humanity. Gibson selects the periods of crisis in his simple people's lives, and treats them with severe simplicity, reverent compression, inevitable phrase, impressive incident. He is best in the little formless, artless dramatic monologues of "Daily Bread." The stories there are unrhymed (he tends toward jingle and artifice in rhyme) and spoken in a flexible, irregular meter. There is no rhythmical affectation, no pretensions to drama. The rhythm lies in the emotion; the drama in the postures or the thoughts of the characters themselves, bowed in homely grief or waiting for dread news.

The poet has the peculiar power of inducing us to look upon his people as they stand in their own surroundings and to feel their own emotions. He does this through no elaborate system of meters or incidents, but through his choice of the incidents themselves. In the following passage, where the engineer's mother and betrothed await his coming home, we can be sensible of the silence that tells them there has been a collision outside upon the tracks:

Isa. I wonder—
Caroline. Wonder, lass!
Whats wrong with you tonight?
You seem so—why, you're all atremble!
Isa. The trains have stopped—
I cannot hear a sound.
Caroline. Aye, lass: it's queer—
But, soon they'll start again.
I never knew such quiet—
Isa. That they would all start clanking!
I cannot bear the silence—
Caroline. It's time that you were getting home to bed:

You're overwrought tonight.

Isa. I wish I knew-

There's not a sound yet—

Caroline. Nay, lass, hark!

(An express thunders by, shaking the house)

Isa. Well, I'll be getting home. Goodnight!

The tragedy in these toilers' lives bears down upon us by its very muteness, and its causes stare us in the face, never to be forgotten. The cruel furnace flames hot before us, as old Jacob says:

The big, red, gaping mouth—
It gapes,
And licks its lips,
And roars and roars for food.
I cannot breathe,
Its hot breath stifles me.
It puffs at me,
Then tries to suck me in—
Into that roaring hell.
It gapes—it gapes—
For me!
I cannot feed it fast enough:
And it is angry, and roars for hunger.

We are chilled along with the night wanderer over the blackened heather, when

He feels the cold stars in his bones.

We feel his warm relief, when he spies a distant cottage window,

A little human lantern in the night.

We sit in sorrow with the stone worker's wife, as the tombstone for her husband, crushed in the quarries, is chiselled:

THE ILLINOIS

Night after night, by candlelight, I cut her lover's name:
Night after night, so still and white,
And like a ghost she came.
And sat beside me, in her chair;
And watched with eyes aflame.

We stumble with the lost children through the snow,

Through that bewildering white, without a sound
Save rustling, rustling, rustling, all around.

When, at the end of "Womenkind," Ezra, blind and foolish in his old age, and Jim, his dissolute, disappointed son, declare women a faithless lot, only a few plain words follow from the wife and mother—sufficient to speak a monumental truth:

Come, husband, take your tea, before it's cold, And you, too, son.

Aye: we're a faithless lot.

So with this young poet we move, hushed and sober and husky of throat, among the overworked—and never feel that we are slumming, or superior. With him we see that

Toil is something more than happiness; It's life itself.

With him we hunger for their tales:

The things we care to hear about. The little things that make up life. The little things!—but with the aid of his poet's imagination, penetrating to the truth, we appreciate their dimensions. Gibson's poetry is in his sympathies, his acts, his facts; seldom in his words.

Snug in my easy chair. I stirred the fire to flame. Fantastically fair. The flickering fancies came, Born of heart's desire: Amber woodland streaming: Topaz islands dreaming. Sunset-cities gleaming. Spire on burning spire: Ruddy-windowed tayerns: Sunshine-spilling wines: Crystal-lighted caverns Of Golconda's mines: Summers, unreturning: Passion's crater yearning; Trov. the ever-burning: Shelley's lustral pyre; Dragon-eves, unsleeping: Witches' cauldrons leaping; Golden galleys sweeping Out from sea-walled Tyre: Fancies, fugitive and fair, Flashed with singing through the air: Till, dazzled by the drowsy glare, I shut my eyes to heat and light; And saw, in sudden night, Crouched in the dripping dark, With streaming shoulders stark, The man who hews the coal to feed my fire.



THE ILLINOIS

Of The University of Illinois



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THE ILLINOIS MAGAZINE is published monthly by the Undergraduates of the University of Illinois, and aims to print the best literary productions of the campus. Contributions are solicited from students and members of the Faculty in all departments. Discussion of current student questions is invited. Contributions may be left with the editors, dropped in the ILLINOIS Box in Main Hall, or mailed to 712 W. Oregon St., Urbana.

It would be interesting to know precisely what each Freshman anticipates as he registers and enters upon his career here at the Uni-

FRESHMAN OPPORTUNITIES versity. It would be a fascinating tale—how many there are who

are recalling with pangs of reluctance complacent sea-side summers, how many who are first learning to exist outside the family's vision, how many who are in trepidation, how many who are sufficient unto themselves, how many who are to be attracted only to extraneous student activities, how many who are to ripen into scholarly gentlemen and learned ladies, how many who are expecting to do hard labor.

Perhaps the capitulation if read aloud would disconcert the educator. Perhaps it would please him mightily. One thing certain: it would show that no two students live and move alike. It would develop for each man and woman a special case. It would render pitiably foolish and drivelling that great Corpus of Annual Advice to Freshmen.

To this extent only admonish we the Freshman: If you possess an individuality, cherish it. Mind not too frequent counsel: it may leave you leaden-heart-

ed. Remember that you are younger than all the other people here; but remember too at the outset that few are going to recognize that fact. Listen not wholly to the conversation of your elders. Grow not sober-faced before your time. Remember that hard work is the most honorable, the most rational, the most human, the most satisfactory thing you can do. Hard work only is eventually respected. Cleverness—the average cleverness—eventually cloys.

Fraternity men are nursed on expedients and policies from a luxurious beginning; and come early to the positions of influence COLLEGE READING they are fitted to fill. Men out AND WRITING of fraternities are likely to brood alone for two or three—or eight—semesters. The men outside, it is true, often gain by isolation—are not stunted by premature complacency. But the gain is neither total nor invariable. The difference is still too great. One corrective will be brought forward in an essay next month—Reading Clubs.

But Reading Clubs should by no means be exclusive. "Barbs" and "Frat Men" both should join them.

Reading Clubs at Illinois can work a considerable change in the average student's attitude toward the best that is being thought and said. The average student at Illinois has yet to gain an inkling of the character of contemporary literature, the state of modern politics, the identity of a few world-ideas. He has yet to unlearn contempt for all that lies beyond fiction and clever, timely trivialities in writing. He has yet to know that legislators are proficient in other things than graft, that bodies politic are other

things than office-holding systems. He has yet to recognize wholesome literary capabilities in fellowstudents. All these the Reading Clubs are calculated and fitted to teach him.

What harm if they render him an ultra-aesthete, a pedant on a small scale, or a red hot Socialist? In all probability he will be none of these long. Of what avail the experience, then? This—he will have got more finely tempered by that intellectual heat he lived in. What harm if Reading Clubs set us all prating of world problems and our responsibilities to the universe, all waving the red torch of Socialism, all holding ridiculously high our bright torches for the illumination of humanity, all fondling our intellects, all defending our principles? None. That we recognize world problems, that we have principles—that's the thing.

Our box in Main Hall has a capacious and an enduring stomach. It cries out abnormally for literary nourishment, and declares its contribute appetite is no pampered thing. Great thoughts and slender thoughts—all slip down its gullet with an equal ease. Leaping imagery, flat chronicling, bristling diction, head-hanging phrases—all nestle friendly at the bottom. No poetry, it affirms, has ever burned too fiercely there for its own comfort.

For after all, the contributions come always served on paper; and it may be the paper that the glutton craves; perhaps it *cannot* discriminate. At any rate, you may throw away your contributory scruples.

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Broad Youth and Age

(Continued from page 19)

"Are you sure, dear Age, that it is necessary for me to grow old?"

"Yes, yes!"

"And straitened?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"If I must, then-"

And the youth steps down, pure spirit no longer, within sight of a grim prison house—and almost into its shadow.

Youth descends, and discovers that a singular process of education has been going on within him: and that all the time he has been hardly aware of it. His elders inform him, after their Platonic ideal, that they have been slyly training him so that he may be useful when he becomes a man; and hasten to assure him when he shows signs of doubting the magnanimity of this covert method which seems bent on robbing him of his birthright, that he will bless them for their procedure later on. They expected, they announce, to find him a bit restless at first-but such disharmony will soon dissolve and melt into a mellow peal of rich maturity. He is bewildered himself. He senses no want of harmony within his own self-finds more, in fact, among the sober faces that look down on him. His own restlessness, he is sure, has more of truth and nature in it than belongs to any of the grown-up poses he has seen. He divines a tragic trimming of his soul; mistrusts the virtues of this civilization the world has wrapped around her. There is pretty much of the animal, the primeval, in Youth. He cannot help trying to imagine the State of Nature, and the slashing time when men were



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few, and roamed about, swaggering proprietors of the earth they moved on. There were then no irrefrangible forms, no inescapable specialization. Then, in truth,

One's eye could dart through infinite expanse, And thought suspended lie in rapture's blissful trance.

Then men wielded the "brad blado", and lived with the "huge, broad breasted old oak trees" as their boon companions, dreaming of no such institution as the down-town office. Institutions! How vain they are! thinks Youth. How richer in promise is the young Esau than is the young Jacob! The dew of heaven is far sweeter than any home-keeping incense; a man of the field is far more to be commended than a plain gentle man, dwelling in tents. But in the end the youth submits to unaccountable pressure, and looks about for something to do.

Now that the most wholesome table Age has to prepare is brought before the youth, he, with his principle of Breadth still intact within him, hungers for the whole repast. Now that he has been enabled to view the whole duty of man, he does not hesitate to aspire to a sweeping execution of it all. chuckles over the absurdity of nibbling at a stale tart when the whole banquet seems easily gulpable. All the best that has been said and done he thinks to learn at once; all the best that is to say and do he would forthwith set about the performance of. The young Hotspur would pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon. The son of the toiling pioneer, enabled by that father's sweat and exhaustion to come up to the university, sees both the products and the implements of civilization laid out before him, and would embrace them all. His parent back on the farm would have him bend more diligently to a





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single task. So Youth is urged by Age to specialize. All the youth's nature disdains the specific, abhors the close-confined. He shuns the plans of his elders, whom he finds irksome, hesitant, compromising, and attracted only to efficiency. He does not relish the prospect of fitting with snugness and propriety into the social mechanism, of developing himself with one neat end in view. All knowledge, all existence, all accomplishment, are of uniform importance; and he should like to stand aloft, brooding over a busy world—to be a "simple spirit that catches the flame from heaven." He shrinks from Age the Locksmith, who would forge all his talents into one convenient design; he would be a master key that opens all the doors of life. He stands at the summit of a high and sloping hill. Away and down the slope, cutting deeper and narrower as they go, run the life-work gulleys. Over them all, and at the youth's own level, float scudding banks of iridiscent clouds. Why blame him if he is pressed to leap out for a ride upon those blissful carriers instead of squeezing himself in slothful progress down between the stony channel-walls of social and economic duty? Why mock at him when he falls down through to the solid, intrenched earth? Why deride the pained and startled cry of censure he utters when he finds himself impelled along his groove?

There is a brief but pleasurable time when the youth is reflecting upon his own life-work, and inspects with a superior eye the many occupations of the men about him. It is a time of self-congratulation upon his own fine width of sympathy and unattachment to any narrow duty. A long railroad journey brings all this home to him. Perhaps he had once stood out in the lot at evening as the earth was darkening and settling to a cathedral quiet, and

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the great sky was being eclipsed with dusk; and heard far off an express train. Now he is actually on such a train, streaking over counties and states unending, hypnotized by the tireless clicking on the brittle rails. He commiserates the stock-still forests, the sleeping nerveless hills, and glances with an air of patronage out on the placid cattle and the slow-moving toilers in the fields. At the stations he pities the lot of the petty officials who trot from day to day in their local capacities, while he, the cosmopolitan, the professionless, the spirit that fathers the universe, the complacent Ulysses with all the joys of travel compressed into that swelling bag of blisses, his plump breast, swirls wraith-like over whole continents.

Before the youth is crushed by full title of maturity into an unqualified state of satisfaction with his lot, he finds much to disgust him. Attic pedantry exposes itself on every side. He discovers an amazing list of souls who never dream of the sweeping, rapt existence he had known; who have a single task, a single hope, a single dogma brought up to their attention, and embrace it in stifling hysteria until it withers quite away. He sees men not yet old, moving with restricted carriage and numbed spines, and knows they neither are young nor understand that which Jean Jacques did: "If you know no trade but your own, you will never be anything but a dunce." Perhaps these men had once dedicated themselves to labor for the benefit of their fellows; but now it cannot be denied that they are like the man in Montaigne, "who, having need of fire, went to a neighbor's house to fetch it, and finding a very good one there, sat down to warm himself without remembering to carry any with him home.

The youth frowns upon the hard-confined schol-

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ar who has just come from his inkwell, and who cannot find honest delight in chatting with laborers, or any other men. And he knows he is superior to the pedant whose blood is hardy so dried as that, but who can manage to throw out "Bully!" "first rate", "good shape", and all the kindred substitutes for enthusiasm, with only a wan gusto; just as he knows he is superior to the landsman who condemns the alien for an "oncommon furrin name." Youth has no tolerance for the self-zealot who "steps out occasionally just to see what is going on"-as if one could know the pulse of the life about him by random clutches at it! An old mouse decided once to go into retirement, and sought the interior of a hollow cannon ball, which he entered through a tiny hole on one side. Living there in sleek ease, fed by his family from without, he fattened; and when, eventually, he felt a chance desire to issue forth and mingle with rodentkind, he found his bulk so added to that it was with difficulty he could escape. The man who would dip into the life that has been quietly supporting him during a lumbering pedantic gallop in another world, is in the same shape. To Youth, he only is justly happy who finds it a necessity to keep his mind and body in steady contact with his neighbors: who loves (like Walt Whitman) to ride on crowded cars and trains, and stroll through circuses and fairs. The man, thinks Youth, who does not relish this, who is not thrilled to recognize within himself that complex spirit that throbs in all humanity, who cannot exult to note each act of genuine human stamp in a man, however humble, is no more at home here than would be a traveller just come from Neptune.

Youth respects that man's mind which is blown upon by all the winds of thought and sentiment that

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sweep the world—that man who stands high enough to drink in all the precious world-draught of human tendency. He believes in a "spirit of the age." and adores those men, like Tolstoi or Karl Marx, who catch it and construct it for our view. whose sympathy and understanding seem comprehensive he must worship. He thinks his own intellectual stature would be shortened if he joined a party, or the Y. M. C. A. He would rather have long talks with broad-spirited gentlemen whose morals breathe the wholesome fragrance of universal tolerance and truth, and who are ready to admit an infinite number of points of view. Such a man is quite willing to give ear to savage remarks on respectable customs; he can offer wholesome, judicial reasons why one should not buy a revolver and besieve therewith car windows and top hats. breathes the essential distinctions between right and wrong, between the manly and the absurd.

The youth hears with awe of knowledge that is comprehensive. He is charmed to read a stage setting in which a great high-panelled room is lined with thick black volumes, charts, globes, tubes, instruments of high and low degree, and a mortal with the ambition to know all. He delights to sit and hear his big broad-shouldered brother explain things to him: to him it seems that brother has a wondrous range of experience from which to draw for his instruction. And as he sits in the evening before the glowing fire place, the calm, warm breadth of the embers suffusing itself through his magnaminous reflections, he himself resolves to learn nearly everything for the gentle enlightenment of a coming generation. Socrates is truly for him "the wisest and justest, and the best man"; he wishes he could have stood in the robes of Alcibiades—he wagers he would

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never have fled away lest he should have to sit down and grow old listening to his talk. Nothing petty, nothing short-sighted, but it pains him. What he admires in Shakespearean actors is their sweeping struts across the stage, and their elequent poses that seem to say: "I am Sir Knowall; when I do speak, let no fool turn away!" The bold light, the broad baths of sunshine, the towering might, of Rembrandt, Turner, Michelangelo, are all that is considerable for our broad youth in art. I read in the paper the other morning of a young man who had not laughed his life long, and who finally put a bullet in his head at seventeen. At least, the paper called him "young"-I think he never had been, but was born at fifty-three and dropped away again at his three score and ten. For he at the brim of whose spirit a beady humor does not always blink, knows nothing of Youth, and merits black extinction.

The breadth of Youth includes no shallowness; indeed, such breadth commands great depths, if depth stands for degree or intensity of human experience. Perhaps Youth cannot boast that abysmal profundity of which the garret scholar is the pale exponent; but the young Wordsworth on his continental rambles was undergoing an experience out and away deeper than any he could have met had he obeyed his relatives and submerged himself in problems of theology. The principle of Breadth which Youth nourishes is essential to the world of people; and could found a fine philosophy.

How as to a Philosophy of Breadth? Would it not be legitimate—certainly it would stimulate—to conceive a tendency among the people of the earth to broaden out their visions (as did the voyagers of discovery some three hundred years ago) until a day when the globe and all its inhabitants should revolve

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a perfect unit, with understanding between man and man, and with frictionless relationships among the nations? That attained, what else can the cosmic mind have on itself? Then, thinks Youth, let the old earth grow cold and still, die down, and later on fight back to light in another tremendous cycle! This sentence came the other day from an anonymous hand (a youth's, I'll stake my reputation): "The human intellect, organizing, order-bringing, must enlarge itself so as to embrace in one great prospectus, the problems not of a parish, or of a nation, but of the pendent globe."

Youth's broad philosophy lives on; and always Age sits ready to deride it. Age names Youth's rude imperious current fatuous; Youth retaliates: "Age, thou are exceeding crass!" Youth believes itself the breath of God on man; Age must sneer and vaunt its own cry, "Man for Man!" Youth would be expanding towards perfection; Age would toil to make the present hour more comforting. Youth calls Age's spirit stolid and inflexible; Age calls Youth's fluttering and diffusive. Youth avers it touches Life at all the points; Age protests, and shouts—at none! Always will be the conflict; it will cease only when Life shall be defined, and there shall be no need of growth.

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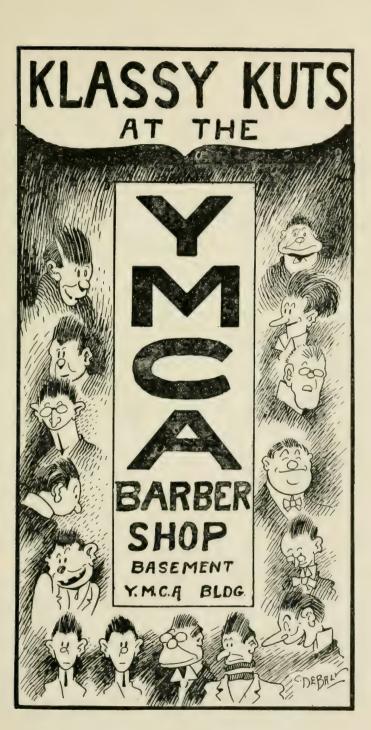
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THE ILLINOIS MAGAZINE

Published by the Students of the University of Illinois

M. A. VAN DOREN	Editor	r-in-Chief
F. M. COCKRELL	Business	Manager
E. F. PIHLGARD	Circulation	Manager

Entered as second-Class matter at the postoffice at Urbana, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

7	Numbers	Date of Issue	
1.	Freshman Opportunity	Saturday, September 20, 1913	
2.	Football	Saturday, October 18, 1913	
3.	Home-Coming	Saturday, November 15, 1913	
4.	Christmas	Tuesday, December 16, 1913	
6. 7.	MilitaryEaster	~ / L /	
8.	Interscholastic	Tuesday, May 12, 1914	

All Copy for Ads. Must be in the Hands of the Manager one Week Previous to Publication Date

Subscription Price......75 Cents

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THE ILLINOIS

VOL. V OCTOBER, 1913 No. 2

Football At Illinois

By COACH ROBERT ZUPPKE

There is no game that will develop the physical and moral courage of a man in such a high degree as will football; physical courage in resisting with the mind the degenerating tendencies of pain; moral courage in forcing the mind, after a mistake is made in full view of several thousands of people, into a complete recovery of all the normal faculties and of self-possession.

A man's football ability is determined by a vital brain, executing the dictates of an aggressive mind. The stronger the body the better will it act in football as an implement for the guiding mind.

It is a common occurrence for the so-called green man to live in a dazed condition during his first game. His muscles cannot act properly because the athlete has actually lost his football mind; and the brain cannot act toward a definite purpose—leaving the victim simply a creature of habits. A spectator, to appreciate the condition of such a green man, must have had similar experiences. Since habits alone make the athlete active, he cannot solve new problems that arise or use to advantage the advice of a coach, unless that advice has actually been pounded into him in practice by constant repetition, and has become a part of his character.

Many of the Illinois men were in such a situation during the game with Kentucky; and some of them did not gain complete control of their normal selves until the end of the game. As a result that battle was a harder one with "self" than with Kentucky.

There is no doubt in my mind that often teams are defeated because the opponents master them mentally. They come on to the field with more vigorous and more vital brains, and overpower the more sensitive and the weaker minds of the men whom they oppose. Therefore it is of the greatest importance to develop an aggressive mental attitude, like that a fighter possesses.

Football is not a trade or a profession, and should not be considered such. It is merely a helpful incident in college life, and should be considered of secondary importance always. It is a game for the young, and its ideals are on that level. Mature men who have outgrown the life impulses of youth ought not to judge the game from their mature point of view. They should rather recall the early impulses and use them as a standard for decision. For often a man of forty refuses to understand the elemental ideals of a man of twenty, and the result is a complete misunderstanding. At twenty the physical vitality of the motor type of young man needs to express itself in action. That expression, within proper limits, should be encouraged.

Football is a game of the soil and near the soil.. And while its ideals are medieval they are of that deeprooted elemental spirit that every healthy and whole-souled man should possess.

I can say this much to the men of Illinois: your spirit is splendid; but you have not tried out your selves for the sake of our team. If you are strong you cannot make a mistake by coming out on the field for a trial. Anything you enter with enthusiasm strengthens you; and even if you fail to make the team, the fact that you have tried your best alone has helped to make you a better man.

The New Era in Illini Football

By ENOS M. ROWE, Football Captain, 1913

That a new era is here in Illinois football is evident from several considerations. Student atmosphere seems changed, and everything points toward the elevation of our football standards and accomplishments.

Our ideals have risen and taken a step forward. What was, in football, is past; and the present is upon us with all its golden opportunities. Opportunity for men to help uphold the honor of their Alma Mater on the gridiron never before has knocked so loudly; and never before have so few responded to the call. In an institution like our own, one hundred men at least should report every evening for their share of the burden, and endeavor to help Illinois climb to the top (where history tells us there is always plenty of room).

Prospects are gradually growing brighter, despite adverse circumstances. Due to the persistency of Coach Zuppke, and the willingness of the men to be driven, the team is gradually being rounded into shape, and when the time comes for the big games everyone will be on hand to uphold the reputation of the Illini as a bunch of "fighters."

This year's work as outlined is a big one. All the conference teams, with the exception of our own, have an abundance of weight and speed. To overcome these odds the spirit of the fight, and determination, are the only factors which will avail anything. These two factors have made Illinois Loyalty what it is today.

With a new routine of plays, a coach with a dogged determination, a squad of willing workers, and the backing of four thousand loyal Illini, the team has an excellent chance to finish first in the race for conference honors.



THE ILLINOIS STUDENT LOOKS UPON ROOTING AS AN AMUSEMENT; THE STANFORD STUDENT CONSIDERS IT A RELIGION. FROM "THE CASTE OF THE YELL."

The Caste of the Yell

A Study of the Place held by Rooting at Stanford and at Illinois

By FRANK E. HILL, of Stanford University

Organized cheering is original with American university life. In no other country have collegians systemized their loyalty. Whatever emotion the foreign student has for his alma mater appears with spontaneity and individuality; that of the American appears directed and en masse.

But altho the university man in the United States has allowed his college student officials to take charge of his patriotic feelings, he is still sufficiently attached to them, I believe, to demand that their systematization should be sensible and pleasing. If he does require this, he cannot but he interested in a comparison such as I am now about to make, one which will bring into contrast the differing conceptions of two significant student bodies, those of Stanford and of the University of Illinois, in regard to rooting and all that goes with it. I think he will find many things in the presentation of the two attidudes which will amuse him; perhaps he may be able to add from it a contribution to his temporary philosophy of life.

Let me put what I have to say in the form of a dogma to be expanded and explained: The student of Illinois looks upon rooting as a protestation of loyalty to his university and as an amusement; the Stanford student considers it to be a protestation of his loyalty, and a religion.

It seems to me that the first part of the foregoing statement is shown to be true of Illinois by two things: the bearing of the cheer or yell leader, and the behavior of the men on the bleachers. The local master of Rahs, as everyone knows, performs on the ground at the foot of the grandstand. By so doing, he takes unto himself the necessary stage for an "act". Having the stage, he may be, as custom and popular demand direct, merely a conspicuous figure engaged in the business of producing yells with fervor and effectiveness, a consolidator and leader of an eager and willing spirit which lies in the bleachers; or, on the other hand, he may be a person who, while leading protestations of loyalty for the students, becomes for these latter a spectacle as well. This the Illinois cheer leader seems to have become. He is far too distant from the rooters to hold other than a perfunctory intercourse with them; he shouts a few stereotyped phrases on stereotyped occasions, and thereby finishes his part as spokesman. Again, he is far too distant not to be made conspicuous by awkwardness of motion or by grace of a gymnastic sort. As a result of this peculiar position, and of other things shortly to be mentioned, the Illinois cheer leader develops into an acrobat, zig-zags to and fro on the turf with the skill of a professional dancer, and brings forth with a certain appearance of pride new and personal flourishes as the physical ornaments to the progress of each cheer.

The bearing of the yell leader, however, is largely the result of the attitude of the bleachers. He who conducts the yells may be said with large truth to represent the desires of those whom he leads; for tho the grandstand may be led in a manner it does not warmly admire, it will *not* be led in a fashion it finds repugnant. And the Illinois rooters rather encourage the grotesque and the ludicrous in the conductors of the huzzahs. They find it diverting and even commendatory, and from all I can judge would

feel disturbed and slighted if it were suddenly to be abolished.

I think that the reaction of both yell leader and rooters to the position of the leader has brot about this result: cheering is for the Illinois man essential to a perfunctory degree, and amusing to any degree beyond that. The student expects, nay, requires to cheer on four or five important occasions before, during, and after the game, but as to how many more times he will vell in addition to this set minimum duty depends on the effectiveness with which the cheer leader tickles his fancy. The director of vells is performing for him; if he performs well, the rooter will respond as a reward of merit, just as the man in the vaudeville audience claps his hands when he is pleased with any portion of the show; if the cheer leader performs poorly, the student will fail to respond, will even laugh goodnaturedly at the embarrassment of his supposed chief. He regards it as his privilege to yell or to be silent according to whim: in so far as he yells he does so because he pleases, and with something of the sense that he is applauding the man who is able to make him respond.

These conditions are entirely reversed on the Pacific coast. I have said that rooting there was a religion, while at Illinois it is an amusement, and I think that in this distinction lies the entire difference between the attitudes of the two places, west and middle west.

At Stanford the yell leaders are in more intimate touch with the rooters. They stand, as I have intimated, on platforms four by six feet built on the parapet which runs along the bottom of the grandstand, and on a level with its first seats. The rooters always assemble in a section of their own, into the

sacred precincts of which nothing feminine dares intrude. The leaders on the platforms thus face a crowd of men come to this part of the stand for the purpose of yelling, and are within four feet of the students in the bottom row. A close communion between cheer directors and rooters naturally follows this arrangement. Suggestions as to yells, cheers for individual performers, and repartee, come from the crowd. On the other hand the leaders. being close to their cohorts, are able to control them with marvelous success. Furthermore, being close to the bleachers, the directors are a part of, rather than a spectacle for the students whom they lead. Outsiders, beyond the "rooting section", may be amused as at a circus; for the rooters to be amused would be for them to laugh at themselves. Finally, on a four by six platform gymnastics must be largely eliminated. All movements of the leaders are from above the waist, and are mostly confined to arm motions.

Because the yell leader at Stanford is leading a crowd of men assembled to yell, because he is close to the crowd, because he cannot be gymnastically spectacular, he must become effective in a serious way. He may to some extent appeal to the humor of the crowd, and does, but the laughter he arouses is respectful, and at bottom his main hold is a serious one. He is the high priest of a religious cult. and must hold the respect of the followers of his faith. It is not enough that he be graceful and goodhumored; he must, like the German kings of Tacitus, rely on a certain personal magnetism and ability which will give him dominance over masses of men. Consequently, while at Illinois I was told, on asking who one of the yell leaders was, "Oh, he's just Yell Leader". At Stanford the inquirer would be informed, "Why, he's president of Sword and Sandals," or, "on the Executive Committee," or "president of the Student Body." Indeed, the position of Yell Leader bulks so large that the students demand a big man to fill it. Several years ago they believed the Executive Committee was not choosing men of sufficient worth, and have since been giving advisory votes as to the candidates, votes which have never been disregarded by those selecting the cheer leaders.

Naturally the contrast in spirit toward yelling which I have shown between Illinois and Stanford means a contrast in the velling itself, for inevitably the element of amusement enters into the Illinois rooting to make it restrained, while the element of religion enters into the yelling on the coast to make it intense and fanatical. Perhaps the exact difference may be found by a contrast of the terms used in the two localities. I have used both, but the man at Illinois "cheers", and the student at Stanford "yells". And so it happens that while at the Chicago football game men from the bleachers will complain that their throats are hoarse and refuse to yell, at the Stanford-California game the bleachers demand more vells than their leaders can give. A Stanford or California man does not expect to talk the day after the "big game", no more than he expects to rest during it. He believes firmly-for so he has been taught—in the mighty psychology of the yell, and dares not cease active rooting lest some subtle spiritual brace should snap and his unbuoyed team taste the intense bitterness of defeat, a bitterness too often of a poignancy deep enough for tears.

Now that I have sketched the two attitudes which are indicative of two rather important universities, the reader will doubtless be inclined to make a choice between them. And perhaps he will say, that since rooting is after all a relatively unimportant affair, the less attention paid to it the better, and that the rather blase air which the Illinois student adopts toward cheering is consequently the more advanced and commendable of the two.

In a measure I should agree with him. I think. however, that there is much to be said on the other side. Natural candor obliges us to admit that either rooting is something worthy a hearty and sincere attention, or something worthy of no attention whatever. For the cheer which the undergraduate gives is supposed to express his devotion and loyal support to his university, and if he is to make this expression in any way perfunctory and patronizing in character, he had better remain entirely silent. Patronizing one's university is a form of intense egregiousness which is wholly detestable in men, who, in the phrase of Daniel Coit Gilman, are to be "wise, thotful, and progressive leaders of society." Now the Illinois attitude tends in the direction of this objectionable and egotistical attitude. It tends to preach the doctrine that the great individual is too big for any respect of authority, and too important, indeed, to do anything in the way of yelling with heartiness. In so far as it tends toward this, it is objectionable.

I should by no means, however, urge the intense seriousness of Stanford yelling as a substitute for the kind of cheering done at Illinois. The attitudes of both universities have in them elements which should disappear. The bitterness against the foe which mounts to the boiling point ought to disappear from Stanford, for athletics should be the byplay of college life, not the all absorbing interest of it. On the other hand Illinois could drop with

profit, it seems to me, the idea that rooting is of such a nature that the man who conducts it may rightly be considered a harlequin. If a man has come forth to yell, it seems to me he ought to do it willingly and heartily; if he disbelieves in cheering, he had better not yell at all. Surely he cannot cheer in the true spirit while he is watching vaudeville, and feels himself superior to the man who is leading him. In some way Illinois rooters and Illinois Cheer Leaders should become more intimate and more serious, just as Stanford rooters and leaders should become more balanced. A few modifications in the manner of velling would make for either university a kind of rooting which would better represent what rooting should, the good-humored, hearty, sincere vet unextravagant expression of lovalty to an alma mater.

The Silent God

By L. E. FRAILEY

For God in nature his expression finds;

The flowers that lift their lips to heaven's blue, To breathe the fragrance of the wandering winds,

And sip the sweetness of new-fallen dew;

The bubbling brook that like a lady fair

Doth woo the weeping willows on the brink

And mock the moisture castled in the air;

The massive age-old mounts which seem to link

The breast of earth with the eternal dome,-

Are symbols all of his unchanging way.

The laws are fixed, in human hearts their home,

A weed once grown from seed, a weed must stay.

Obey his laws and flowers alone can rule

the heart; refuse and thou art nature's fool.

Cowardice vs. Court-Plaster

(With apologies to the Modern Coaching System)
By LELAND WOOTERS.

Somewhere in the student quarter of a great university Murray and Lee had met and become friends. There is always an unseen, instinctive force which drives, with irresistible power, the sorrowstricken together. Murray's grief over the loss of his mother was still fresh when a great, shaggy fellow across the table from him punctured the seven p. m. silence of a boarding house dining room one evening.

"Got a sister?" he asked, making a pathetic attempt to balance a bean on the blade of his knife.

Misery is lonely. Murray was miserable.

"I had a mother," he said gulping audibly. "I might have written to her the week before she——. Say, this is a hell of a world, aint it?" he ended desperately.

"It is," agreed the shaggy one. Thus began the friendship of Murray and Lee. It became adamantine a week later when Lee packed his shabby little wooden trunk, carried it down three flights of stairs and over to Murray's room, ten blocks away.

"What did the drayman charge you?" asked Murray as he helped his new room-mate to get shipshape in his new quarters.

"Fifty cents," lied Lee, for which falsehood we shall have to forgive him, since the folks at home sent him only twenty dollars a month. Relatives haven't the slightest idea of what it costs to go to school. Ask any collegian. This, however, is no troublesome tract on the cost of academic living; although Lee was troubled. Let us hope he digested

all of the "How Men and Women Work Their Way Through College" articles in the magazines and profited by the recipes. Even shop-girls, according to Barrett O'Hara, have difficulty in existing on five dollars a week. Lee had the appetite of five shopgirls.

But graham crackers and milk are cheap, and there are always furnaces in the neighborhood to stoke. Your ideal college hero always works his way through school by doing dirty odd jobs that your pink-skinned Reginald would turn up his nose at. Lee was no exception. Every morning and evening he slid down from the higher branches into an adjacent cellar, plied shovel and tongs frantically for some minutes, and then reascended the tree of knowledge. His companion tree dweller, being well supplied as to funds, tried to press a loan on him. He might as well have tried to borrow. former negotiation, while not impossible, was highly improbable—the latter wholly impossible. However, don't waste your sympathy on Lee. One hundred and eighty pounds of brawn, a cool grey eye, a level head thatched with a yellow mat that would have made the picture in a hair restorer ad look like the initial row at the first performance of the "Gay Morning Glories," incites either jealousy or admiration. Since we have no heroine with whom to torture our imagination, jealousy must be discarded at once.

College coaches are peculiar beings. Place them within a radius of fifty miles of any good athletic material, and they will do the rest. One afternoon, Lee, busily occupied in chewing a straw and gazing into space, came into the line of vision of the football coach. Twenty minutes later, clad in moleskins, he was using a pretty vigorous sign code with a tackling

dummy. That evening he broke the news to Murray.

"I'm out for the Varsity team," he said as he distributed a package of court-plaster over his phisiognomy.

"Forget it," said Murray. "When I was a sophomore . . ."

"Know just how you feel, old man," interrupted Lee. "Tried to make the squad and didn't cut it, didn't you? Well I'm going to make that team or bust."

"Your outlook is gaudy indeed," said Murray. "In one case you bust; in the other you get busted. During the season of 1907 there were 14 lives lost in football, 82 collar-bones broken, 617 legs fractured, and 802 noses dislocated. And I almost neglected to mention four cases of concussion of the brain. I refrain from enumerating minor fractures, cuts and other marks of esteem which the gentle sport insists on pressing on you."

"It's no use, Murray," said Lee. "My mind's made up. Besides, all that stuff is ancient history. Football's different nowadays. Nothing can keep me from making that team. Say, I can hear the band playing now, and the bleachers roaring, and the"

"And the next morning you wake up in the hospital wondering who hit you with a public building. Let the idea slip your mind, Dave. You'll be normal again in a week. This alma mater honor stuff is all bunk. The crowd forgets you just as soon as the ambulance is out of sight." Murray yawned, untwined his number sixes from the rounds of a chair, and indulged in as much of a stretch as an English cut suit on a chubby figure would permit.

"I must use some tact in this matter," Lee con-

fided to his furnace, several hours later. "It's going to flick Frank in the raw, me makin' the team when he couldn't put up the goods. It's enough to make any fellow feel grouchy. I'm equal to the situation, though. There'll be no split-up between Frank and me."

Following which soliloquy diplomatic negotiations began.

"How did you say was the right way to straightarm a low tackle?" queried the tactful one.

"I didn't say," replied Murray. "I would, however, remind you that in 1899 thirteen cases of pneumonia were traced directly to poor ventilation in a football rubbing room."

"We've got a coach who is a crackerjack," sparred Lee. "Works this reserve squad system, you know. Holds back three or four players who are regular jackrabbits on their feet and then turns them loose at the critical moment. I'm doing my darndest to make that squad. Think I've got a good chance too. Of course whole thing's a secret affair. If I make the reserves, no one's supposed to know it. Not even the team. You'll keep mum, won't you, if I am picked?"

"Say, Dave, don't you realize you owe something to your family?" said Murray exasperatedly. "You'll cut a fine figure going through life with a paralyzed spine. Chuck this football hero stuff. Two eyes are better than one. In 1904 a Cornell player was kicked in the optic and shortly after lost the sight of same."

The day of the big game finally arrived. In your first-class football story the eventful day when the gridiron supremacy of a hemisphere is at stake always arrives. It is absolutely necessary to the anti-climax. This story shall then have at least one

ear-mark of an anti-climax. The big day's train, being properly dispatched by chief dispatcher, Father Time, arrived as per schedule. The weather was auspicious; the visiting coeds were pretty; the opposing line had the advantage in weight by five pounds apiece; the coach refused to allow the Chicago reporters to quote him as saying anything at all before the game; in fact, everything was perfect.

But, alas! At this juncture, the Athletic association refuses to be sociable and permit us to see this wonderful game for fifteen cents. And as luck will have it our coupon books are not good for this particular contest. We have no choice in the matter but to go home, sit in the swing and twirl our thumbs until six o'clock. If anyone should see us and happen to ask why we didn't go to the game—we just simply had too much work to do and couldn't get away. But I violate the laws of the anti-climax!

Murray came in late that evening. Lee was lying across the bed reading a tract entitled "Roman Gladiators and Modern Football Players: a Parallel."

"How did the game come out?" asked Murray.

"Did you know that in 1901 there were 1007 fingers broken in football games in the United States, alone?" said Lee. "Funny I overlooked that before. That's a large number of perfectly good digits to place on the altar. The game this afternoon? Ours. Five to nothing. But I didn't play."

"You didn't play?"

"Nope."

"Sick?"

"Nope."

"Yellow?" Murray tried to hide a sneer.

"Guess the bunch will call me that, but it wasn't that either. You see, about half an hour before

the game was called, I got to thinking about how joyful it would be for my folks if I should get my neck broken. I'm no coward, Frank, but when it came to taking a risk where you've got even chances of getting crippled or coming out sound, I balked. I'm bread-winner for our family after next year, you know. Well, I told the coach I wasn't going to play and took off my suit as I broke it to him. He was fighting mad. I didn't blame him a bit, he couldn't look at it the same way I did. Don't laugh at this sudden reform, Frank."

"I'm not laughing."

"Well that's about all except that I sneaked over on the south bleachers and watched the last two quarters. And say, that little guy from the secret reserve squad was the gamest proposition I ever saw. The coach sent him in during the last ten minutes of the play. He made the touchdown. But I'll be surprised if he isn't disfigured for life. Some big beef-eater stepped on his head just as he fell over the line." Lee was sitting upright on the bed now, looking keenly at Murray. "Where'd you get that cut on your forehead," he demanded. "Why you—you weren't that little guy, were you?"

A thin stream of red trickled down Murray's nose and dropped to the floor.

"Football ain't such a bad game, Dave," he said. "Where's the arnica?"

Doing London

By MILDRED DREW

One market morning an old Cornish woman climbed into the bus and, espying a friend from a neighboring town, exclaimed, "Why Betsy, I'd a thought eed gone to Lunnon. I'd a 'ear tell it's a brae place."

"So it ez, so it ez" Betsy sullenly acquiesced, "but I'd atrapsed all over the plaice for a bit of saffrony caike to no end, so I came 'ome again. I'd a stay no plaice where I couldn't have saffrony caike."

"No more would I, no more would I," solemnly rejoined her companion.

So you see even London has its drawbacks, for saffron cake is to the Cornishman what gruel is to the Scotch. But to Diz, Tressie, and me, it was indeed a brae place.

Two of us the Lord had made in a freakish mood. Diz was the epitome of her favorite saying: "Now for Pete's sake don't lose your heads; they're the only things you've got to make your living by," with a streak of humor to soften the practical edges.

All the way from Bristol to London one bright May morning, she hurled sums in English money at us so that we wouldn't get cheated. "Now if carrots cost three pence and onions ninepence, what would be the change in sixpence from a two shilling piece?" Tressie couldn't abide arithmetic and after one tremendous problem she burst out, "Diz, why do you always give us vegetables to reason out? Dash off a sum in tiaras or something genteel." "Stick to pence, my dear, you'll never know the feel of a five pound note," grimly replied Diz. "Here's Paddington. Mind your umbrellas."

Paddington, the great Union Station of London, was one blur of gilt buttons and slamming taxi-cab doors. We whizzed thru the tube with the familiar State street hustle minus the dirt, and were soon standing before the great brass knocker of our boarding house.

113 Garwin street was above all things respectable. One gets to hate that word in England; it has such a "broken down devil" sort of savor, and that was what preeminently characterized Miss Martin's lodgers. Middle aged ladies with a slight income, who liked to be in London, and familiarly called the queen "Mary", as though they dropped into Buckingham occasionally for tea; students; sleek clerks there were, and suffragettes galore. Some of the latter button-holed me and the landlady closeted herself with Tressie; "How was the 'cause' in America?" We tilted our noses scornful like. "Seven states had the vote? Fancy." Whereupon ensued a good deal of fringe bobbing and some sighs too.

Every morning at nine o'clock we sailed forth, Diz with her handbag containing the Cook coupons which she tore off with the sangfroid of a Wall Street magnate; while Tressie and I flanked each side with our umbrellas duly rolled and held in front of us like royalty; for in England the rain truly descends "upon the just and unjust" and comes upon one with as little warning as a poor relation. We two were the hinds, postillions, and general ho slaves as emergency demanded, for Diz had the money; Diz had the worry and the airs of three major domos. So when the command came, "Signal that bus! It's the British Museum today," we sprang with alacrity to obey. (Diz read this line and muttered something about the lillies of the field.)

I know of no greater joy than to hail a motor bus with one's umbrella, climb to the top, crawling over tradesmen with mustaches waxed out like the Kaiser's, and an uncommon length of watch chain; sweep by top hats denoting the wearers to be either professional men or pawn brokers, down to the front where the road was before us and the children were fleeing like chickens.

At first we asked questions. Sometimes they were answered; most often they were met with a British stare, especially if the questioner were a young blood. Then there was a sudden precipitation into the Pall Mall Gazette. Such times I longed to request the gentleman to retire with me behind the Horse Guards. The weapons were his choice. When it came to questions, the London policeman were never ruffled, always polite, and perfectly sure of their directions. If one should be asked, "Please, sir, what is the way to the moon?" he would no doubt gravely reply, "Two squares to your right, and turn one square left, Bus No. 17", and tighten the strap on his hat, atilt at twenty degrees, with a steady hand.

At night the smooth level roadway reflected the lights like a mirror, especially those around the lithe figure of Anna Pavlowa high upon the Gayety Theatre, with one foot blithely pointing at ten minutes to six. Early on our trip Tressie and I, fascinated, had asked Diz if we could see this dancer, only to be rebuffed by, "Nonsense! save your money to buy postcards. What next!" But the delectable "Annie" was never out of our minds. Nay, we even tried the pose when Diz was not hard by. She did not quite realize the different phases of London life were as interesting and important, in their way, as the treasures of the British Museum.

At the British Museum, the guards, alert for any limber wristed suffragettes, calmy relieved Diz of her handbag. Tressie and I trembled for them, but the British law was behind all the gilt button suavity and she raved in vain.

Diz's line was history. She would drag us two away from a letter of Burns just at the part of Highland Mary and the thorn to see some stolid Egyptian kings whose half closed slant eyes seemed to hide ages of crime and intrigue. Tressie's moods had a settled connection with her feet. As the latter swelled, the same leaven made her head lighter. We had hastened so quickly from the ancient world throungh the Middle Ages down to the late African war trophies that she sat down limp and dizzy on a stone bench, staring fixedly ahead of her like one of Diz's second dynasty mummies, reviled the Rossetti stone, and babbled o' wheeled chairs and liniment. Between suffering with feet and guides, we developed an astonishing vocabulary, and character in chunks.

With ears tingling from trying to contradict a waiter's idea that an American had but to rub his palms and presto!—a sixpence, we arrived at St. Paul's one afternoon just in time to hear the litany. The ornateness after the slim grace of Westminister bewildered us, and the wonderful voices came down the great aisles so indistinctly that our attention wandered to some unhallowed surmises about the statues. Diz promptly shattered our musings by warning us not to settle ourselves too comfortably, for Hampton Court, just outside of London, had to be "done" after the Cathedral. At this I groaned aloud, "The Lord have mercy upon us!" just as Tressie took up the wail with the swelling voices of the choir, "Cherubim and Seraphim continually do

cry". Diz could have split our souls without a tremor; and muttered, "'Keep us this day without sin' would be far more to the point". But Hampton Court was set for that day; so to Hampton Court we went.

As we rattled over Twickenham Bridge the air was pregnant with the odor of spring. The nutty-smelling gorse flaunted its prickly yellowness along the hedges which were so crossed and criss-crossed that the rolling fields looked like a huge patch-work quilt laid out in the sunshine.

Although only a part of the palace is open to the public, the rest being occupied by genteel pensioners of the queen of the Miss Martin's lodgers type, it nevertheless is a wonder place for romantic atmosphere. In the Queen Anne portion I became very stiff-legged and so polite that Diz' eyebrows elevated, and her remarks were tinctured with a peculiarly acid-like flavor when Tressie openly ogled one of Lely's Restoration ladies, an airily clad damsel with an uncommon wooly lamb tucked under one arm.

But why not have a little romance in one's soul, something of the swashbuckler spirit in the cocked hat, plum-color doublets, and high Swedish boots flecked with mud! By my troth, I know not why the boots are always "flecked". The King's Highway must have been the revivalist's idea of the heavenly streets compared to our Illinois roads. This may seem a very chameleon-like way of seeing things, a sort of emotional weatherock whirling. Heigho, we were joyous hearts on a joyous venture; languished in the little formal garden, a perfect gem of decorum, with its short clipped box discretely enclosing the primpant flower beds balanced by pert hedge-cut fowls; or glanced back with satisfaction at the five yards of silk trailing on behind.

It was in the banqueting hall of Henry the Eighth that this rosy glamour paled into a dull gray chilliness. Tressie, who had been protesting that she could feel the fine lace lapping over her wrists, suddenly in some freakish streak, seized her 2-6 umbrella and lunged at me with "S' death, I'll carve thee so thy mistress shall not know thee!" Turning quickly with a foil of like price to defend myself, my point got twisted in the ribs of her weapon. An ominous sound of something being rent was heard. Tressie's umbrella lay shattered on the floor. Brrr! one could have made Dutch cheese out of that atmosphere. Diz had warned us repeatedly to handle the things with delicacy and consideration. She was turned towards the scuffle, saw all, and thereupon engaged in a heated quarrel with the guide, a veritable old royalist who declared that his king, with a stroke of the pen, could wipe away Parliament. Lloyd-George, suffragettes and all, and rule himself as in the good old days of 'enry the Heighth. Later, relenting from scorn, she confided to me above the din of Picadilly that these Englishers were everlasting fools,—they didn't even know they had a king before the Conquerer.

But Hampton Court, British Museum and all are as naught compared to the picture galleries. They are the tourists' slough of despond. Enter one and you sew the teeth of your own destruction. The vapid madonnas we scented down, and great masterpieces which make one feel subtle as a goat were legion. That immortal gentleman who said that the eye never wearied of seeing must have been, in the words of a German woman describing New Yorkers, "under the liquids." He never saw the Royal Academy on an opening day. Blurred memories of landscips round us measuring, splotches of color where

portraits should be, mingled with the perfume of damp violets and hosts of thin high-bred women, very partial to feather boas, haunt me still. One afternoon when our limbs had lost their buoyancy and our dispositions were dangling on a thin fine thread of amiability, two Americans fresh from somewhere near Keokuk, Iowa, stopped before an impressionistic picture of the evening star which Tressie was admiring.

"What is it called, Henry?" said she, fumbling with her catalogue. "I dunno," replied Henry, "It looks like a headlight on the C. B. & Q. coming through a drizzle. Let's get something to eat." The culture tension snapped, Tressie grabbed Diz's handbag. "Come on out of here. Go to Kensington Park or somewhere! If I see another picture I'll yell!"

We reached Kensington Park about half past four, nearing the hour when all over the little isle the cups and saucers keep tryst with the tea-kettles steaming on the hearth. The late afternoon sun slanting through the trees made dancing shadows on the black cindered path, smote the great gold statue of the Consort at the path's end with a blaze of glory, and made the bosom of the Round Pond on His Majesty's right glisten like blue samite.

People seemed everywhere. Here the boy's jacket, gay with his school colors, stood out in bold relief against the dark tree trunks. Some men were basking in the sun like lizards; others walked slowly over the grass as if delighting in the soft pressure on their tired feet. Over by the round pond little boys, big boys, and men turned boys for the nonce, with skirted kin warning and bothering in the rear, watched the progress of the toy boats, exultant if the white sails seized the wind right proudly; or

pulled at the strings of bondage if perchance the little crafts scuttled.

There were myriads of babies, fat babies with feet like pudding bags, puny babies whose eyes seemed button-holed in with red worsteds, and most of all, just babies. Every now and then a benevolent looking old gentleman in spats, peered at them through great gold-rimmed glasses, poked one playfully with his cane in the tiresome way old gentlemen have, or terrified them by blowing his nose with an unnecessary number of cambric flourishes and Hovering over all were long-streamered. white-capped nurse-maids, everlastingly crocheting: "they'd a like to 'ave somethin' in their 'ands, please Missus". One never associates an English nurse-maid with the policeman around the corner. As a London "toff" apace with Bond Street lopped the baby buggies majestically with his cane, Diz facetiously daresayed that his trousers were creased as appointed by His Majesty. Such men are slaves to royal opinion, whether in the cut of a coat or the choice of mustard.

We mingled with the tourists, hungry to hear the nasal twang of some American, wandered through the side paths aflame with rhododendruns, until the sun had lengthened all the shadows, and at last died away into the long wistful English twilight.

The bus crawled that night. Our feet were swelling up like little soda biscuits, and we even forgot to salute Nelson, as we threaded our way through Trafalgar Square. Only Diz seemed filled with a strange restlessness as the dainty figure of Anna Paulowa, still aiming at the north star, blazed into sight. She followed her with a steady backward gaze until the swirling skirts had dimmed into the horizon; and then suddenly burst out.

"Say, would you really like to see Anna Paulowa?" I was bewildered; Tressie's mouth flew agape, then closed, as she slowly drawled, "Honest, Diz, if Annie should freeze in that position this minute, I'm so dead tired I couldn't strike the match to thraw her out. Let's go to bed."

Lost

By EL COLLAR VERDE

In hell two souls came bare. And at the first,
While clung the radiant whiteness of the flame,
Each looked, but queried not the other's name,
Though vaguely each knew each. Yet when their
thirst

Was less for the slow streams their lives, immerst In cities, had not loved, from scorching lips there came

The burning question: "What the earthly shame, For which a monster-God sees you accurst?"

"I did not truly sin"—her fire-flecked locks
The woman shook, all-glorious in their speech
As erst on earth—"I cast one glance—on you!"
A glittering hand the man raised: "Ah! I knew,
And dared not speak.". . . Forever 'mid the mocks
Of memories grown devils each fronts each.

Love and Understanding

By I. B.

Outside the wind, the gusty demon, tore
His harsh immodest course among the stark
Ice-crackling branches of the elms, now more
Than ever mighty, thrashing in the dark
For very life against the sharp-fanged blizzard,
The sharp-fanged, low-browed blizzard.

Inside a vast high-panelled dim lit room
Resounding with the booming of the gale,
Echoing painfully the whanging of the doomPronouncing, whining gusts—a shivering tale,
He lay on ghastly sheets, a helpless wizard,
A ghastly, helpless wizard.

The chamber where he lay was gaunt and bare,
Though wealth could once, before it 'gan its failing,
Have made it comforting, a very fair
Death-chamber, with its kin and lovers wailing.
But he, apart, 'gainst love had e'er gone railing,
'Gainst love had e'er gone railing.

He woke from out a pained, insensate sleep
To hear the nurses in the next room talking;
And he found strength enough somehow to keep
Track of their gossip, as they chattered, walking
Like witches through the naked mansion trailing,
Through the naked mansion trailing.

"The patient cannot live long past tonight,"
Said one. Another, "What a fearful time
To die! His soul will have a dismal fight
Against the storm out there. Ah! What a crime
That he must lie so lonely, his heart failing!"
So lonely, his heart failing!

"A crime! His own fault, Mag. You know how he Has lived—a thorough hater of us all. Humph! He's ne'er loved a woman—how can he

Expect to be wept over now? What gall!

The bear! his lack o' heart's oft had me quailing."
Oft had her for him quailing.

The man's heart, swelling wanly, leapt and sent A gush of hot blood to his face inflaming; Such was the first blush since his childhood lent His cheeks some color. Now he stared, self-shaming,

A hollow weakling, at the window's framing, At the window's ebon framing.

At the window—and there a wondrous thing! For by some power the casement was flung back, And after it a dank draught drifted in, Which, with the chill of death upon its track,

Blotted out the candle, wanly flaming, The candle, wanly flaming.

The wind by now had ceased its crackling striving Among the brittle branches. Now a quiet More teeming than the shrill intemperate fifing Of the impatient elements' vengeful riot,

Bore down black-shadowed Silence, chaos-taming, Black shadows, chaos-taming.

A wan grey mass now floated at the black Hole of the window. A quivering, glowing vapor, Glowing coldly like silver, front and back Lit with the lustre of a fairy taper.

The ghastly man-at him grey Death was aiming! At him grey Death was aiming!

Out of the grey mist moved a bearded face, A great gaunt, flowing-bearded face, all quivering Like ice with wet bleak radiance; a face Hideous in its hardness, ne'er delivering

To mankind any warmth-when men lie shivering! When dying men lie shivering!

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The chilly features of the spirit hardened.
"Come!" he roared; at once the storm 'gan waking.
"Had you been humble, you had now been pardoned."
The wretch arose, unasking, palely quaking.

"You're Death!" and swooned into that bosom, shivering.

Into that frosty bosom, shivering. High on the broad breast of the gale they rode With onward sweep far mighter than the shafts Of human fancy. Whimpering, with their goad, Their sting Aeolian, the minor draughts

Bent squinting down and followed with mad gibbering.

Came after with mad gibbering.

And all about them rolled the vaporous night,
That wreathed them in moist rolls of murky mist.

And round and 'neath them growled in thunderous might

The storm, whose streaming lightning cried and hissed.

And kissed their white flesh, seared and left it quivering.

Kissed and left it quivering.

The gale dissolved, the hissing gusts retreated, The thunder hid its head, the lightning darkened, And gentle breezes, once in fear secreted, Now to the spirit's voice them humbly harkened,

And the pair sank earthward, gently, as they harkened.

Sank gently as they harkened.
The forest now was just below them. Sweet
The fragrance it sent up, and delicate
The mystic lights that glowed, that with the fleet
And glancing shadows flashes alternate

Of diamond brightness made, and cool earth darkened,

Of bright jewels and of caverns darkened.

And all the while mild murmurings rose and died Upon the soothing bosom of the winds.

And distant voices to each other sighed,

As bells far off are swept by autumn winds,

When winds trail their warm kisses, lewdly drifting,

Warm lingering kisses, drifting.

A giant oak, whose antique trunk had been
With time and kindly moisture rotted out,
All lined with shimmering silks, all white within,
And lulled by trickling springs which ran about
Its base—'twas thence a weird white glow was
sifting,

A weird, weird glow came sifting.

Down in the center of the forest, dimmer,
This weird high luminence, as soft and white
As when a burning silver forge gives glimmer
Of its pure metal, drew them to it quite—
It glowed so cold like mould, like new snow drifting.

Mould, and new snow drifting.

"Now look within!" the spirit gruffly said.

The man peered in, and started back astounded.

"Why, there's a lady, lying white and dead!"

"Not dead. But she is whom Hate cruelly hounded,

And she lies cold, her heart by Love unsounded."

Its depths by Love unsounded.

"You pity her?" "By Heaven, I do!" "Then look—She wakes, and on her face a smile is breaking—"
'Twas so—the lady smiled, and wistful, shook
Dead sleep from off herself, and courage taking,
Stood mutely up, in radiant fulness rounded.
In beauty's fulness rounded.

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"You look—it seems—O, may I think you love?"
She subtly spoke; and lo! her voice, it sounded
A tinkling beauty, as of bells far off,
Tiny, caressed by fairies, unconfounded
With vulgar clang of mortals, passion-hounded,
Vulgar mortals, passion-hounded.

"O Woman! I have dwelt down from you long!
But risen up, how full I view you now!
God knows how vilely I have been in wrong
To slink thus from you—but I love, I vow—"

His have to with part laws filled with warm blooming.

His heart with pent love filled, with warm blood bounded,

His heart with warm blood bounded.

She only smiled, a beauteous wistful smile;
A twinge of exquisite pain brushed o'er her face.
"Too late, my love—on earth—but now—"; a while
She lingered, faded, and was gone; no trace
Of lady, oak or spirit—black displacement!

The wistful lady—sad displacement!

The man writhed to his knees, and prayed, and sobbed For treasure fled from him—but futilely; His heart deep-wrung, and knowing love, but robbed Of its vast yearning, gave way cruelly,

And the man knelt cold and dead at his own casement,

Cold and dead at his black casement.

Outside again the wind, the demon, tore His harsh, immodest course among the stark Ice-crackling branches of the elms, now more Than ever mighty, thrashing in the dark

For very life against the low-browed blizzard, The low-browed, sharp-fanged blizzard.

On the Trail of a Bookworm

By E. P. HERMANN, '13

I am interested in bookworms, just as I am interested in the capital invested in agricultural implements in 1913, the shoe factories in Massachusetts, the public debt of China, the batting average of Cobb, and the various useless bits of information that the press "dishes out" to the average "man with his face in a newspaper." But my interest in bookworms is more than this. It has a personal element. like the cornet fiend next door, for example. In the first place they are such sociable little animals! How they love human company! With what zeal they follow their friends, and what keen judgment they exercise in their selection of protectors! How steadfast they are in their friendship. It is just as it is stated in big stone letters on the wall of the Chicago Public Library: "He who loves books will never want for a friend; for every right-minded bookworm will be anxious to comfort him.

Not the least of the reasons that I am kindly disposed towards all bookwormkind, is that I derived so much comfort, pleasure and profit, as well as information, from my association with a bookworm named Henry. Henry was a genius among bookworms. He knew better than Bacon what books were to be tasted and what were to be digested. He could not be induced to touch the Cosmopolitan or the Black Cat, even after my enterprising room-mate went to the trouble, in an attempt at his deception, to have a volume bound like my Montaigne, and placed with the set! Would that every seventeener had so discriminate a taste (or possibly, sense of smell.

When I first met Henry we were both students of civil engineering. It was by accident that we discovered that we were both interested in adventures with the alphabet, such as massing words and coining phrases. This made us firm and lasting friends. Henry was really the vassal of my room-mate, but we were socialistic as to ownership of ties, bookworms, tennis rackets and much other vested interest. Henry became my constant companion, and in nearly four years I never reached the bottom of his resources, found a limit to his interest, or surveved the extent of his knowledge. I am firmly convinced that were it not for Henry I would be an ignorant man today. Possibly for all his pains I am one anyway, for in all this time I have been unable satisfactorily to analyse his motives or his modus operandi.

I thoroughly enjoyed my literary conversations with Henry. We would discuss our alphabet-adventures by the hour, sometimes, indeed, when we should have been paying attention to Roads and Pavements or Roofs and Trusses. These adventures soon became so absorbing to me that I abandoned the level for Remington; but Henry remained faithful to Professor Baker, and to his first protector, my room-mate. It seemed a great waste of time, to me, for Henry, who might have been reading Wordsworth, to be wasting his time over the drafting board and surveying chains. Yet Henry retained his allegiance to the library. In fact he kept steadily ahead or abreast of me, though I put all my time into the work.

This rather piqued me, for I could introduce no topic of conversation with which he was not familiar. No matter where I drove the stakes he was able to build, solidly, and even elegantly. He knew Her-

aclitus and Zeno and the major and minor Greek philosophers, and the heirs to today of Plato and Aristotle. But I will not even hint the bounds of his wanderings among books; he knew more about them than Miss Simpson and the whole library school, I am sure. At first I worked harder in the attempt to outdo him. I purchased an Eliot five foot bookshelf and a Warner library. I carried unbelievably large loans of books from the library to my room. I borrowed, begged, and bought books, but it was no use. Henry had me outclassed. It almost seemed as if he had inherited information, like Alphonso and the Hapsburg jaw!

When this idea came to me, I talked it over with my roommate, and with other authorities. I went to see a celebrated bookworm, named "Red Maguire, the Psychologist" who lived in Doc Sutherland's notebooks, but though he had burrowed through the combined printed resources of Bentley and Sutherland, he was unable to throw much light on the question. However, he greatly doubted my theory, and offered to concoct one himself to explain the marvel of Henry. With a view to finding out what I could to support my hypothesis, I watched Henry even more closely myself, in the meanwhile.

I cultivated my acquaintance with the bookworms of my student friends. However, I found that nearly all of them had a very narrow diet. They ate wood pulp leaves from the colored pages of the Examiner and the Tribune, and the heavily glazed ones of the Saturday Evening Post, for the major part of the menu, and topped off with a dessert of a very little paper originally from the stock rooms of the school book trust. Their menu varied little, naturally, because they attached themselves to average students. They were stolid creatures; outside of their

limited tunnelling in professional literature, engineering, agriculture, chemistry or law, they wandered little. They made no burrowings after culture; their burrowings after pleasure were largely in the realm of third-rate current literature.

How great the contrast of these with Henry! His insatiable appetite led him everywhere. "Mein lieber Heinrich", I asked him one day, "is there any limit to your literary wanderings? How many books have you really read? How long did it take you to read them?" And Henry, like all the wisest since Socrates, answered my questions with questions.

He found I had started reading regularly when I was about twelve, that I read at least an average of three books a week, that I was twenty-two years old. "Figure it out" said Henry. Over fifteen hundred books, and Henry clearly demonstrated that were these well chosen, fifteen hundred books would serve as an elementary introduction to letters!

But Henry's reading was carefully selected; mine included Henty, Burt L. Standish, Bertha M. Clay, and in fact nearly anything in print that I happened to find. And Henry read much more than three books a week. He read nearly as many words in a year as McCutcheon, Robert Chambers and Zola draw royaltiy on together!

After that conversation with Henry I, too, began in a small way to apply an efficiency system to my reading. I kept a book in my pocket to read at odd moments. I no longer read every newspaper I saw. I even planned my reading in advance! Would you like to try it? Make yourself out a list, or take someone for authority and read his list, the Gilt Star Collection, or Roosevelt's Pigskin Library for example.

Though under this new system I was better satisfied than formerly, I often thought my progress snail-like, and was unsatisfied. Red Maguire, the Psychologist, who in spite of his unfortunate environment at Professor Bentley's, and an unfortunate liking for amateur detective work, is a pretty sensible fellow, came to my rescue then with another theory. "Watch Henry," he advised, "he never demands company when he surveys the World's best literature." That sounded sensible, as did his suggestion: "Let us to the library and follow his trail." He was right. Henry often tunnelled in company with a friend.

Remarkable, but true! Accordingly I collected a group of congenial students, and we read the modern dramatists together for an hour or two twice a week. We were all surprised at our progress. Henry surely was a wise bookworm. He added even another suggestion. "Spend an hour afterwards in discussion." So after each session of Shaw or Ibsen or Pinero, we talked about what we had read. The undertaking was very successful, and very much worth while. and I beame more of an Henry-admirer. In fact I admire him so much that I advocate the formation of Henry Bookworm Clubs to read definite lines of work, philosophical, dramatic, literary, or what not, and to get to the bottom of things in the discussion afterwards. Nothing could help a lonely freshman more than to get into such an organization, nothing could show a cocksure freshman more quickly how little he really knows and nothing could help the average freshman, yes or senior, more to get into the real spirit of books than a Henry Bookworm Club, meeting regularly with a capable leader! Furthermore, nothing could help the post-grad or the young faculty man more in the way of keeping

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in touch with the times at his college, than leading such a group. But enough of preaching, and again to Henry.

He still lives in the University library; no insectide can kill him. How could poison corrode a digestive system that had assimilated philosophy, railway tariff laws, mathematical theory, bachelor's these, and government bulletins? It makes not a particle of difference to him whether Shakespeare, Shaw, or the Campus Scout sponsors his diet. He gravely goes on eating, and making his little three line notes concerning the flavor and other qualities of the books he reaches. If you are diligent, and fortunate, you may meet with him, and learn to know him as I did. If so I congratulate you, for he is a wonderful Henry.

Long life to him.

THE ROOTER'S LAMENT

I'd like to be a baseball shark And bat about eight hundred, And chase the ball about the park, And never make a blunder.

I'd like to be a football man, Of massive ruthless build, Who does great deeds before the fan, And often's nearly killed.

But since I can't be either one, I guess I'll be content, And on the bleachers have my fun, Counting Dad's money quite well spent.

FROM OUT THE WINDOW

By CEI FRELE

A month ago I glanced without

And saw them strolling down the lane,

A glance gleaned all, I could not doubt,

He was her John and she his Jane.

The world to them contained but two-

Alone they dwelt in wonder-land.

He saw a rose of pure white hue

And softly laid it in her hand.

I knew he whispered in her ear,

"This rose is like our love, my dear."

II

A week ago I gazed once more

Without the window, down the lane,

Again I saw them as before,

The stalwart John and winsome Jane.

They strode so fast with words so few

I sighed so soon they'd pass me by,

Until he stopped and then I knew

The age-old bush had caught his eye.

The pure white rose was limp and faded—

He sought her glance but she evaded.

TT

A moment past I looked to see

My stalwart John and winsome Jane

And Oh, the pain that comes to me

When he alone strode down the lane.

I raised the blind—he looked so wild—

I shuddered back and dared not speak.

He stopped again and though he smiled

I saw a tear steal down his cheek.

The stem where once a rose was born

Now boasted of a single thorn.

Studies in Contemporary Poetry

JOHN MASEFIELD

During the past dozen years John Masefield has been supplementing an earlier career in maritime vagabondia by an intensely busy and varied literary He has written review upon review, edited volume upon volume; has gone back with characteristic zest to live in sixteenth and seventeenth century England, that land of salt sea gods and rich discoveries; has turned out dashing prose tales of the sea; has written epigrammatically upon Shakespeare; and has made four books of poetry. Always he has written too swiftly. Like his poetic contemporaries he has composed with a silly rapidity that has not been guaged "for all time," and strikes you best at its first reading. He rarely is eminently quotable; he has attended less to the single line or to the single stanza than to the breathing spirit, the force and motion and necessity of the theme as a whole. But for all that he emerges from his activity the most successful, as the North American Review would have it, of all English poets since Stephen Phillips in his prime.

It is to be feared that a great proportion of this success has to be inferred from the popular exclamations over the least unobjectionable traits in Masefield's poetry. Thirteen years ago Stopford A. Brooke wrote this:

"What we want for the sake of a noble literature, and especially for the sake of a lasting school of poetry, is a great social conception, carrying with it strong and enduring emotions, appealing to the universal heart of man and woman."

And the fact is inescapable that today, when so-

cial needs are receiving warmer attention than in any previous period of civilization, we are seeing the best poetry brought close to common life, to the common individual. There is no way out of understanding that a new note of mysticism is lighting up our philosophy and our literature—a mysticism that seeks to make its wonted leap away from reason and experiment, and establish a socialistic, rapt communion between each man and all his fellow men. It is true that poetry has been relieved of its shrinking, subjective, aesthetic character, and is no longer of mere back-water beauty. And it is Masefield himself who has done much to render English poetic language bold and modern and free from false dignity or languorous ease. So far Mr. Brooke's idea has been borne out.

But Mr. Brooke was pleading for none of the "red meat", none of the "rolling in the mud", none of the unbalanced frenzy that Mr. Masefield in his notorious long narrative poems has seemed to deem essential to this social conception. He did not propose that the public should hail with awe such a declaration of poetic duty as this:

Others may sing of the wine and the wealth and the mirth,

The portly presence of potentates goodly in girth;—Mine be the dirt and the dross, the dust and scum of the earth!

Theirs be the music, the color, the glory, the gold; Mine be a handful of ashes, a mouthful of mould. Of the maimed, of the halt and the blind in the rain and the cold—

Of these shall my songs be fashioned, my tales be told. Amen.

THE ILLINOIS

Or such a defense of sottishness as this:

I heard a drunken fiddler, in Billy Lee's saloon,
I brooked an empty belly with thinking of the tune:
I swung the doors disgusted as drunkards rose to
dance,

And now I know the music was life and life's romance.

Or such a low-browed pugilist reminiscence as this:

Time! There was Bill as grim as death, He rushed, I clinched, to get more breath, And breath I got, though Billy bats Some stinging short-arms in my slats. And when we broke, as I foresaw, He swung his right in for the jaw. I stopped it on my shoulder bone, And at the shock I heard Bill groan—A little groan or moan or grunt As though I'd hit his wind a bunt.

We cannot follow the poet here, where the calmness and the balance of a great philosophy are wanting. Masefield has spoken too often of "red blood", has appealed too often to the primitive, has cautioned us too often not to forget that we are animals. If this were all that he had done, it would be a simple matter to class him with the decadents. But this is not his representative work. He has done better.

Mr. Masefield is important, probably the most important of living English poets, because of the new beauty that he feels. Throughout the nineteenth century, beauty in poetry meant something over-refined, something seeking retreat, something too finely tinted for the strong sunlight, something held at arm's length upon an appropriate background. Masefield's beauty is of a different order. It

leaps up at him and envelopes him; it bears down on him and intoxicates him; it is ever present and tangible. It is an exultation he is never without feeling. True, it has little of the spiritual in it, is oftenest physical; in his description he reports rather than interprets. But he is the prophet and not the Jehovah of this beauty.

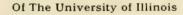
The beauty of the sea holds most for our poet. The waves, ships at anchor and ships full-sailed, sailors rude and sailors tender, every sentiment known upn the waters—all these he worships unreservedly. "The ships," he says, "made me." In one of his prose tales he reveals this fasination in a pe-

culiarly penetrating fashion.

"The ship was like a thing carved out of pearl. The sailors, as they lay sleeping in the shadows, were like august things of bronze. And the skies seemed so near me, I felt as though we were sailing under a roof of dim branches that bore the moon and the stars like shining fruits. Gradually, however, the peace in my heart gave way to an eating melancholy, and I felt a sadness, such as has come to me but twice in my life. With the sadness there came a horror of the water and the skies, till my presence in that ship, under the ghastly corpse-light of the moon, among that sea, was a terror to me past power of words to tell. I went to the ship's rail, and shut my eyes for a moment, and then opened them to look down at the water rushing past. I had shut my eyes upon the sea, but when I opened them I looked upon the forms of the sea spirits. water was indeed there, hurrying aft as the ship cut through; but in the bright foam far about the ship I saw multitudes of beautiful, inviting faces that had an eagerness and a swiftness in them unlike the



THE ILLINOIS





MARK VAN DOREN, Editor

F. M. COCKRELL, Business Manager

STAFF

Carrie Herdman Lucile Needham Katherine Chase L. E. Frailey E. L. Hasker E. A. Skinner

THE ILLINOIS MAGAZINE is published monthly by the Undergraduates of the University of Illinois, and aims to print the best literary productions of the campus. Contributions are solicited from students and members of the Faculty in all departments. Discussion of current student questions is invited. Contributions may be left with the editors, dropped in the ILLINOIS BOX in Main Hall, or mailed to 712 W. Oregon St., Urbana.

It is often lamented that American intercollegiate athletics have taken the cue from compatriot

THE GAME OF FOOTBALL

activities and have become specialized in a degree which the English system calls hopeless. And it is quite true, in these days of pro-

fessional coaching, rigid training, bitter competition among teams, and acute athletic loyalty at the colleges, that our native system is growing up into professional stature, and is leaving the British amateur ideal out of sight behind it. The question is, whether the American is not wholly in character. Would English cricket grip us ever?

At English universities every student is privileged, well-nigh compelled, to spend a large proportion of his day at exercise. If he is not capacitated for one sport, another presents itself. For our half dozen games the English know two dozen. For our one hundred participants the English know a thousand. The consequence is that there a gratifying average of bodily soundness prevails; while as for the expertness that follows after intensive training, their athletes cannot compare with ours. There, exercise is an end to which the contests contribute.

Here, contests are the end to which specialization of training, and only incidentally exercise, drive.

For all that, the English system could not survive our climate long. Here in America we must concentrate our forces. Working or playing, we must go set-faced and thin-lipped at it. In our college football we much prefer that on certain long anticipated afternoon we shall go in thousands as simple spectators and witness our team of eleven play. The game must be fierce; we demand the thud of body on body, the hard, bald, swiftly-moving force. Our constitution creaves the Hall and the Zuppke; it cares little how the general body thrives. And this is right for the present. May American football, and Illinois football, be always the wholesome sport it is today.

Illinois students are coming to express themselves more forcibly and more in unison each year. They

STUDENT

are beginning to evince that character and that individuality the lack of which observers of our undergraduate body have often cen-

sured. Illinois students owe it to themselves to come into self-government. The Union will help in this. Student cooperation will help more. Dean K. C. Babcock has suggestions towards a solution, for our next magazine.

Meanwhile, it is different to secure any expression of opinion from our undergraduates as a unit. They have no legislature, no executive, no franchise. They never concur, and never disagree. So it is the wish of the staff of this magazine that opinions upon students questions be contributed at length and with freedom of expression. As long as proportion is not violated they will not be withheld.

At best a student's mental and spiritual career is haphazard and chance-directed. It is rare that a student, after the Greek ideal, can plan a wholesome, wholly wise course of study PLANNING THE and come away from it improved COLLEGE CAREER in a distinct and predesigned fashion. He is likely to undergo contortions of belief, and distressing fluctuations of the spirit. If he is a reader he is likely to read frantically, uncritically, and without true appreciation of relative values. William Dewitt Hyde has given hearty counsel here:

"To be at home in all lands and all ages; to count Nature a familiar acquaintance and Art an intimate friend; to gain a standard for the appreciation of other men's work and the criticism of your own; to carry the keys of the world's library in your pocket, and feel its resources behind you in whatever task you undertake; to make hosts of friends among the men of your own age who are to be leaders in all walks of life; to lose yourself in generous enthusiasms and cooperate with others for common ends; to learn manners from students who are gentlemen, and form character under professors who are Christians—this is the offer of the college for the best four years of your life."

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Folks aren't called "eccentric" now-a-days if they don't wear clean linen. They simply lose people's respect. When you think it over, men now are judged largely by cleanliness of dress. Clean linen goes a long way towards prosperity and clean living.

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LITERARY SOCIETY SECTION



Alethenai

Alethenai Literary Society was founded forty-two years ago by a few of the eighty women then attending the Illinois University. These girls felt he need of a closer relationship that might foster literary talent, encourage originality and provide an opportunity for extemporaneous speaking on varied subjects, in short, to prepare its members for their life positions in the world. The number of active members was limited to thirty-five, and scholarship was made the predominating requisite for membership. Being the first woman's organization at the University, Alethenai has always felt the responsibility of preserving any and all unwritten traditions of the women at the University.

Alethenai programs vary according to the different tastes of the program committees year to year, and according to the dominant needs of information as expressed by the society. 1911-'12 was devoted to one subject, "Social Problems;" 1912-'13 to varied subject-matter as political treatise during the presidential campaign in the fall, art discussions on "Eight Favorite Pictures" by Prof. Lake of the Are Department, literary talks on such as "American Types in Literature" and "Nature in Literature," and programs of original poems, short stories, and a playlet as "Dreamer Sue," written and staged by Lucile Needham. The mission of 1913-'14 will be to educate Alethenais in their new franchise rights, not to such an extent, however, as to encourage them to be Suffragettes, and to forget the original purpose of the organization.

Alethenai has always favored any effort along literary lines, and some fifteen years ago helped the Illiola Literary in its infant efforts at formation. Just so, Alethenai and Illiola in turn helped Athenian Literary Society establish itself some time later, and at the present time, Alethenai, Illiola and Athenian are all lending a willing hand in the establishment of the more democratic Jamesonian and Gregorian Literary Societies, which are open to all women students of the University of Illinois for practically the same literary purpose as originally prompted the founding of Alethenai in the early seventies.

The present officers are Hannah J. Harris, President; Persis Dewey, Vice-President; Beatrice Copley, Treasurer; Mildred Drew, Recording Secretary; Carrie Herdman, Corresponding Secretary; Ruth Robbins, Historian. Our programs are given every Friday afternoon at 4:00 o'clock in Alethenai hall, fifth floor University hall and we especially invite any and all interested in our line of effort to our open literary meetings each week.

Hannah J. Harris.

Illiola

Illiola Literary Society meets every Friday afternoon at four o'clock in Adelphic Hall. A program consisting of literary and musical numbers is given. Everyone is welcome and visitors are urged to meet with us and become acquainted.

On October 24, instead of a program, there will be a reception, to which everyone, especially new girls are cordially invited.

October 31, the program will be German, one of a series representing different nations:

THE ILLINOIS

Piano Solo	Irene Goebel
The German Stage	Mr. Held
German Poem	Emma Pursley
German Jokes	Laura Alband
German Folk Songs	Ruth Halliday
The following week will be a Jan	nanese program.

Athenean

Margaret Halett Lang, '11, who is editor of the Athenean news letter, is living in the Illinois appartments, Goodwin and Illinois streets, Urbana.

Florence Harrison is in the Household Science department of the University of Illinois.

Gladys Eade '13 is teaching in Altamont and Ruby Allen '13 is principal of the Monticello high school.

Marguerite Watson, '10, is teaching in Bisbee, Arizona and Irene Parsons, '08 in Huntington Beach, California.

Minnie Vautrin, '12, is teaching in a girls' school at Lu Chou Fu, China.

Edith Hatch, '11 was married September 9th to Mr. Paschal Allen, '05. Her address is Green Valley, Illinois.

Mary Newburn, ex-'12 was married June 22 at at her home in Urbana to Mr. Frank Sherman. Her address is Reynolds, Illinois.

Bertha Bourdette, '13 was married June 25, 1913 to Mr. William Hendrix, an assistant in Romance Languages at the University of Illinois last year.

Twenty-eight Atheneans attended the annual alumnae luncheon on class day. At the election of officers, Miss Grace Dexter was chosen president, and Miss Evangeline Groves corresponding secre-

tary. Leters from absent members were read. Miss Gladys Eade then spoke for the active Atheneans, and Mrs. Constance Barlow-Smith for the advisory board.

The first program of Atheneans this year was devoted to vacation experiences; one of the most interesing numbers was Miss Rutenber's account of her trip to the Geneva conference. A program for freshmen on October 10, which was full of kindly warnings and humorous advice for the unsophisticated newcomers, was followed on October 17 by a reception for freshmen girls, the motto of which was "Get acquainted." The program committee is planning numbers for later dates which will allow the originality of the girls full play.

Philomethean

The coming of a strong man to head our public speaking department, the high aspirations of the promoters of the "Illinois Magazine." The vigor shown by the new Oratorical association, and the granting of "I" emblems to Varsity debators and orators, all point to a great year of literary activity at the University of Illinois.

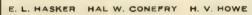
To assist in every way possible the literary progress of our University and to develop her own members in literary work, is the aim of the Philomtheans, and they believe they are succeeding in their endeavors. The joint management of the Star course is of course Philo's greatest undertaking, and indications are that it will be very successful. The University community will be given such a list of talent as was never before presented in a single course.

(Continued on Page 112)



SARGASSO SEA

SEA OF DERELICTS





THE FRATERNITY MAN'S IDEA OF A FRESHMAN

We first meet him before school eclats into our midst, and we gather him joyfully to our collective bosom. We lavish upon him the sacred attentions that should go to our best girl. We buy him grub that drives us almost to suicide, and present him with perfectly good ten centers; which means that we smoke stogies the rest of the year. And the gentlemanly little sport accepts them as just due and saves somewhat upon his boardbill. But he should become jolly well perturbed as one greater than we has so advised this enfant terrible. Those who have not known can little realize or grasp the anguish attendant on digging up conversation for hours to entertain the little stranger from whom we lever words piecemeal; or the joys of obtaining his history without himself ascertaining it. We must slander all others without saying so, and point delicately to the angel's fuzz on our own shoulders; and we must imprison him without force that other Greeks bearing gifts may not corral him. Then amid joyful noises we hail him for our own personal property and proceed to get even for our trouble and our brain fag.

Before: "Mr. Jones, have a cigar; just put your feet on the table and do just as you would at home." (His mother would spank him.)

After: (Crescendo) Jones, get my slippers and be quick about it.

It is to cachinate.

THE ILLINOIS

The county authorities are getting after the University of Illinois because on October 4, we made Old Kentucky wry.

"That's one advantage in being homely," said the coed, as the ticket taker glanced at the picture in the athletic association coupon book and handed it back instantly without a second look.

Coach Zuppke, facing the Illini squad between halves, "Oh I would that you could imbibe some of the spirit of Old Kentucky."

Prithee, give me, oh pray, a professor humane, Who can teach me and lecture without giving pain! "I'm grieved I can't help thee," said Jeff. "But alas There's only one cure,—go to class and take gas."

WARTZY'S Comfort Electrical things for Man Alive are in constant use by the tribe of Illini this year. It's wonderful what a little string of wampum will buy a 'lectrical compfire that will make you forget all about the war and scalping the innocent frosh.

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President Barker, who accompanied the Kentucky football team to Illinois, remarked to an Illinois student, "Down in Old Kentuck is where they have the finest sport in the world."

"Indeed," siad the Illinois student, "What's that?"

"Horse racing."

"Yep, last week I saw the great Kentucky derby, and, Sir, it couldn't be beat."

"It may be; it may be," said the loyal Illini, "but if you want to see some fine trotting you ought to stay over for our Junior prom."

"You may be inthe bench but judge not lest ye be ducked," said the Soph to the freshman who was sitting on the senior bench.

A Hint to Freshmen

Write a letter home to mother every week. You can't afford to neglect the best woman in the world. Now listen! That little girl back home is also interested in you and your University. Subscribe for the Illinois Magazine and have it mailed directly to her. She will get eight big messages that will tell her lots about your big, grand school. Isn't it a good suggestion? Do it today.

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Studies in Contemporary Poetry

(Continued from page 98)

speed or the intensity of human beings. I remember that I had never seen anything of such passionate beauty as those faces, and as I looked at them my melancholy fell away like a rag."

Running water sounds always musically in his ears:

Spanish waters, Spanish waters, you are ringing in my ears,

Like a slow sweet piece of music from the grey forgotten years;

Telling tales, and beating tunes, and bringing weary thoughts to me

Of the sandy beach at Muertos, where I would that I could be.

There is the beauty of leaping vigor, of restless enthusiasm, in his best and most characteristic lines. They run on swiftly and nimbly, carrying us on by the mere force of their spirit. The man himself loves motion and abandonment:

It is good to be out on the road, and going one knows not where,

Going through meadow and village, one knows not whither nor why;

Through the grey light drift of the dust, in the keen cool rush of the air,

Under the flying white clouds, and the broad blue lift of the sky;

And to halt at the chattering brook, in the tall green fern at the brink

Where the harebell grows, and the gorse, and the fox-gloves purple and white;

Where the shy-eyed delicate deer troop down to the pools to drink,

When the stars are mellow and large at the coming on of the night.

O! to feel the warmth of the rain, and the homely smell of the earth,

Is a tune for the blood to jig to, a joy past power of words;

And the blessed green comely meadows seem all aripple with mirth

At the lilt of the shifting feet, and the dear wild cry of the birds.

He slashes his way through such a passage as that matchless description of the rounding of Cape Horn in "Dauber," delighting in the rush of the seas, dipping his head in the stormy beauty of it all. His best work has been done in that description; especially in the following stanza:

All through the windless night the clipper rolled In a great swell with oily gradual heaves Which rolled her down until her time-bells tolled Clang, and the weltering water moaned like beeves. The thundering rattle of slatting shook the sheaves, Startles of water made the swing ports gush, The sea was moaning and sighing and saying "Hush!"

This could well be a touchstone of poetry along with the King's soliloquy in Henry IV, part II.

Masefield knows no restraint; holds no power in reserve; writes always at white heat. For this reason—for his haste and his diffuseness—he can not for the present be called better than a minor poet. Only when his art is less headlong; only when that highstrung, luxuriant sympathy for common humanity is less maudlin and more universal in the appeal of its philosophy; only then will Masefield be more than a passing flame.

LITERARY SOCIETY SECTION

(Continued from Page 106)

In debating and oratorical work Philo is forging ahead. Nine of her members entered the tryouts for the December debates and two of them are still on the squad. Several members are nursing N. O. L. aspirations. The "Chaplet of Pan" the Philo-Alethanai play last spring was a decided success and no doubt another dramatic effort will be made this year.

In her new pledges, Philo believes that she has secured earnest and able men who will help to keep up her long established reputation, and she looks forward to the coming year with pleasant anticipations.

Ionian

The officers for the first quarter are as follows: President, F. M. Cockrell; Vice-President, H. R. Weisenmeyer; Recording Secretary, T. S. Morgan; Corresponding Secretary, E. L. Hasker; Treasurer, O. R. Clements; Sergeant-at-Arms, O. A. Lansche.

Meetings are held every Saturday night in the Ionian room, top floor University Hall. Program lasts from 7:30 to 8:30. Visitors are always welcome. Freshmen interested in debating and public speaking are especially invited to attend the meetings.

Ionian still holds the big society banner for making the highest number of points in the various inter-society contests and University debates. The indications are very favorable for retaining it this year.

The program committee consists of Hasker,

Chapman and Howe.

Ionian is taking the lead in the organization of the new Illinois Association of Literary Societies. The proposed constitution has been sent to every college society in the state. The plan is meeting with general approval from the college presidents and literary society officers over the state.



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is similar to the secret of good business—it happens to some and just misses the others.

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The Illinois Magazine is published monthly by the Undergraduates of the University of Illinois, and aims to print the best literary productions of the campus. Contributions are solicited from students and members of the Faculty in all departments. Discussion of current student questions is invited. Contributions may be left with the editors, dropped in the Illinois Box in Main Hall, or mailed to 712 W. Oregon Street, Urbana.

Entered as second-Class matter at the postoffice at Urbana, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

	Numbers—	Date of Issue
1.	Freshman Opportunity.	Saturday, September 20, 1913
2.	Football	Saturday, October 18, 1913
3.	Home-Coming	Saturday, November 15, 1913
4.	Christmas	Tuesday, December 16, 1913
5.	Post-Exam	Saturday, February 7, 1914
6.	Military	Saturday, March 7, 1914
7.	Easter	Tuesday, April 7, 1914
8.	Interscholastic	Tuesday, May 12, 1914

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THE ILLINOIS

VOL. V NOVEMBER, 1913 No. 3

The Spirit of the Illinois Union

Its Position in Student Self-government

By EDWARD H. BERRY, President of the Union

"The union of hearts, the union of hands, the union of Illinois men forever." That is the spirit of the Illinois Union. But, it is asked every year, what does the Union do? What are its practical aims?

If for no other reason than that it successfully conducts the annual Homecoming, the Union commands the cordial support of every Illinois student. There is no other period throughout the college year, not even commencement week, which affords equal opportunities with Homecoming for old men and women to revisit the old Illini haunts, to renew old associations, to be inspired with a new and deeper enthusiasm for the welfare and progress of the university.

But Homecoming is only one of the many institutions under Union direction. This year many new features distinguish the organization's efforts. The securing of a temporary building is its most noteworthy action thus far. This building is to be, briefly, a home for every student, open at all times, a "general clearing house for all student activities." The Union Council has taken upon itself an onerous responsibility in purchasing this building; but the thing has been done cheerfully for the common benefit of Illinois students. It need not be added that the permanent building project can materialize only

through the aid and genuine support of the students. The building is for them.

Many things are accomplished for which the Union is given no credit simply because the mass of students do not take the time to inquire exactly what has been done before they pronounce an unfounded and not-headed judgment. These are among the more amportant affairs managed by the Union: The class fight; the conduct of all elections; the selection of cheer leaders; the selection of rooter hats; and many miscellaneous items in student self-government.

The Union has been attacked as an unrepresentative body—as a mere inter-fraternity organization. The fact is that any student may acquaint himself with the Union; any student's aid and suggestions are welcome; and every worthy and energetic student has an equal chance with every other worthy and energetic student to come into a Union office.

The Union desires that students feel free to present their several problems for its consideration. It hopes to extend its jurisdiction into every department of student life. Only can it do so when all undergraduates recognize its Council as their Council, and when all undergraduates feel other than indifference towards the supreme aim of the present generation—student self-government.

Illinois Union Criticism

By H. JAMES HOWE

Law Vice President of the Student Council

Practically for the first time since its inception the Illinois Student Union shows signs of life, and takes an active part in the control of the affairs of the student body. The reason is easy to find: the members of the Council are interested in the organization and are willing to give time and effort toward the completion of the plans and the materialization of the ideas born in 1909. The Student Union, if properly handled and organized, promises a great forward step in the government of student activities and the formulation and concentration of student sentiment upon given problems.

The great question is whether the governing body of the Council is now so constituted that the best results can be obtained with the minimum chance of failure. At present the Council has obtained a great measure of authority and power by many and various methods; and may be considered fairly representative of the student body because of its interlocking membership. But we have at present no guarantee of such representation in the future. In other words, the present council is fulfilling one of the necessary requirements—that of authority—while the requirement—that of an essentially democratic governing body, of responsibility is absent. If the Council should become obdurate in the face of student sentiment there would be at present no recourse; should clever politicians secure control there would rise at once the old cry of "What are you going to do about it?" If the candidates for Union offices were all pure as the lillies and knew no guile, the present utopian scheme of things might well endure. But such will not always be the case, sad to relate; and it may be a simple matter for last year's "Tammany Junior" to become not only a possibility, but a probability.

For the Student Council to be always and assuredly a representative body, there must be a check by the governed. To secure this it is essential that the student body may by petition ask or demand the passage of desired regulations, or may request that those propositions be submitted to a vote of the members of the Union. This will provide responsibility as well as authority. It will be well in addition to provide that no more than one member of any social organization might be eligible to the Council.

It is only fair, too, that there should be a slight representation from the sophomore class, possibly with no voting power, but with the right to sit in meetings; so that the class as a whole might feeel that it is concerned in student government. In this connection, the abolition of some of the superfluous senior officers, such as those of vice president and secretary, might be recommended; for these positions may easily be filled by vote of the Council.

Furthermore, the meetings of the Council should be held in such a place that the students who so wished might come and listen to the discussions and votes upon such subjects as might interest them.

All of these things will tend to make the Union a more moving force. It is all well enough to speak of superior efficiency in non-representative bodies; but without a corresponding responsibility to the governed there cannot and will not exist the requisite respect, obedience and support by the governed of the governing body.

A Plea for Student Self-Government

By DEAN KENDRIC C. BABCOCK

The continued emphasis on college or university spirit at rallies and other student gatherings has a subtle significance for anyone who seeks to understand the real meaning of the ambitions and desires of college young men and women. University spirit always stands in contrast to sectional, group, or partisan sentiment. It means a persistent outreach toward an ideal and an inspiration which all must hold in common. But university spirit no less than national spirit requires brains, arms and legs for its effective expression. Without these, it is too apt to be a voice crying in the night and with no language but a yell. Or perchance it is like the foam flowing down the side of an overfull tank; the foam rarely holds substance enough to make steam to drive a piston. One must draw on the great reservoir beneath it, out of which the foam has been pressed. But given intelligent direction and conservation, and given well devised agencies for its operation, university spirit moves the whole student community with increased momentum toward orderly enjoyment and progressive realization of its ideals.

A self-governing student body which determines deliberately and judiciously the standards by which it shall live and move and have its being is the ideal toward which recent movements in the larger universities have been tending. Of course, this does not mean that the student body is to govern the University. As a matter of fact it has quite enough to do if it governs itself in those relations and activities which do not always concern the legal

and academic organization of the University. For many purposes, student self-governing in small groups such as fraternities, clubs and societies may be entirely effective; but for the larger purposes such as the control of the baser and ill-disposed members of the community nothing less than the organized will of the whole student body clearly and authoritatively expressed will suffice.

In larger matters of the government of a great state institution, the organization of its curriculum. the ordering of its finance, the personnel of its faculty, its "foreign relations" as one of the great powers of the State or the world of higher education. its constitutions and statutes, the students in modern universities can have only a minor part. determining standards of student honor and enforcing real conformity to these standards; in the regulation of the development of traditions good and bad, whether of costume or of hazing; in restraining extravagant or indecent exaggeration of wholesome amusements like dancing: in eliminating gambling, drunkenness and all the evil pursuits of barbarism and vandalism—in all these matters, the students must in the long run govern themselves. College authority may suppress some of the evil by prohibiting it. It can drive some practices which it disapproves of into the night, or into the fascination of secrecy. It may gradually weed out the chief offenders. But the students as an organized body, with adequate means of ascertaining and expressing popular judgment, can accomplish more thoroughly than the faculty or police the desired improvement of standards or the exclusion of the wrong-minded. They can do more in a week than faculty committees could in a year. In the single matter of cheating in university work whether in examinations, in writ-

ten work, or in drawing plates, what every student knows, even if the faculty does not, is the simple fact that the ingenious student will steadily outwit the instructor and only a moderate percentage of offenders will be detected by the faculty. student sentiment is strong enough to undertake the responsibility of dealing with dishonesty in examinations and in university work, then this serious evil will be reduced to a minimum if not entirely eradicated. The president of a great state university recently wrote in his annual report "Our system of student self governing has steadily grown with the years in solidity and effectiveness and during the last two years has in part achieved notable strength and success in dealing with cases of dishonesty in examinations. Though this system exists as yet by the help of no written word order, it exists and is strong by virtue of a universal recognition and support."

Though the student body of a great state university is a group of selected young men and women brought into an unusually close relation one with the other, they are rarely a cloistered group walled off from the rest of the world. They are part and parcel of modern civilized society. They are played upon in varying degrees by the same forces as are their elder brothers and sisters. They are metamorphosed by the same pressure, heat, light, passions and visions. They must therefore be governed by the same impulses and express themselves in the same language and organizations. The very size of most institutions precludes truly democratic simplicity and freedom. Some form of representative government, continuously renewed in the course of the changing college generations, vet without interruption of the continuity of its work, becomes a ne-

cessity. Its success or failure like the success or failure of municipal and local government in American cities and towns goes back to a public sentiment. Each member of the community must be stimulated to understand and to undertake the responsibility for the honor and for the transforming power of the institution's social life. Even the callowest and crudest newcomer into the university family brings with him an unwonted sense of his capacity for self direction, of his power to co-operate with others, whether for the good deeds of fellowship or scholarship, athletic and esthetics, or for the evil deeds of the rowdy and ruffian. Far too many of the larger universities leave this enlarging sense of freedom and released power to shape itself in whatsoever way it will so long as the outward forms of peace and decency are observed.

It must not be expected that the ideals of responsibility and activity in the student community will be immediately lifted much higher than those of the strata of society in the state from which the students have come. For example, if the tango is danced in suggestive, objectionable fashion in their own home circles, if it be the "high sign" of the socially elect—or is it the "low sign" of the socially derelict?—it is probably too much to expect the student community to pass impartial judgment on its merits as the chief factor of a university party. Faculty action may reduce opportunities for offending, but not until the Associated Women Students, the Illinois Union or some similar body speaks an authoritative word with the knowledge that it will be supported by the student body as a whole innocent dancing return, making an invitation extended to a sorority girl a matter of pleasure unmixed with danger and perplexity as to the consequences of acceptance. In the University of Illinois, such a question as this should not be put before the Council of Administration, not even to a social group like the Pan Hellenic organization for men or for women; it ought rather to go to some representative, responsible, and thoroughly respected student council whose approval or disapproval would settle the issue for the present in the light of all wisdom and counsel which it could command.

The particular form of organization which student self government should take is a matter of secondary concern. Probably its executive body should contain a majority of persons representing the student body as a whole; it should also contain a minority representing certain great university interests like the athletic association, the Christian associations, and student publications. It must have continuity of membership and of policy. It must have repeated renewals of initiative, courage and tact. Without these, each and all, success will always remain an unknown quantity which may have large value but which may prove to be zero.

An Altitudinous Enchantment

By N. N. K.

The prairies of Illinois boast few eminences. For the most part their kingdom rolls in ripe unending monotony; only here and there dark patches of walnut, oak or hickory grove luxuriate and interrupt the sweep of healthy crops. So that a hill upon these prairies is like a sweet imagination among usurers: rare, and a thing of wonder.

In one of the most prosperous counties of Illinois, and on its richest farm, there rises up out of the plain in a long and gentle slope a modest mound named The Throne. A singular formation, this grassy, regular slope. From its top, strewn with rocks of high and low degree that sifted very probably out of the pockets of an ancient glacier, it descends quite steeply to the West; although the east slope is long and leisurely, stretching its indolent legs for a mile or so into the domains of the neighboring farms. Perhaps it was this abruptness on the west that inspired the first settlers to name the mound a throne. Whatever it was, the name has lived on to this day, although the fancy that dictated it died with its author.

For in these days The Throne is looked upon with little favor by the neighbours; being too steep for the plough, and scarcely suitable for grazing. As for its picturesqueness, as for any majesty which it would seem should attach to its appellation—on those points Illinois farmers are hard-headed, and dwell apart from metaphor. And so The Throne, though easy of ascent, is visited by few; but broods, a silent, solitary monster, in the midst of busy riches; knowing no sentiment, and passing through

few such vital experiences (tragic or no) as those this tale would include.

On this particular evening in early June the Western sky, where the red sun was taking a reluctant leave of the complacent fields, was marvelously warm and flushed, and shed a generous glow over the silent plain at the foot of The Throne. The corn and the yellowing oats spread out their motley riches in proud and checkered regularity. And The Throne looked on, brooding.

But The Throne had a visitor tonight. Curled snugly in an armed and high-backed stone seat his own hands had fashioned, John Furrough, 15 years old, reflected the mellow splendor of the evening in a pair of rare brown eyes. A slight little homelydressed figure he appeared, drawn up humbly into a corner of the chair, too slight, almost, ever to have succeeded in rolling those slabs of rock to the brow of the hill for his present seat. His face was slender and browned by much exposure to the prairie sun. A sensitive mouth, with an odd little capability of smiling at its corners, a delicate nose, and large dark eyes under long lashes—these, with brown hair, long and fine, that lay close to his temples in handsome unkemptness, made up a face haunting and fanciful. If you have seen Raeburn's "William Ferguson of Kilrie," you have seen John Furrough.

These evenings on The Throne were the boy's only delight—after supper and the chores were over, and when the first cool vapors of evening had begun to gather. The fact that the boy's father owned the county's richest farm meant nothing. A living mother, a kindly father, and boyish companions—these would have been his very life had he possessed them. Without them—with no playmates, and with a father more thrifty than tender—it was a self-

sufficing life he had to lead. No wonder that he had recourse often to his high seat on the hill. No wonder that his imagination became one strange to farmers, and denoted him a dreamer compact with lunatics, lovers, poets.

This evening the boy had constituted himself a pioneer's son, dispatched to the brow of the hill by an anxious family to sight what perils or what promises breathed in the West. Not a living thing, not a cultivated thing, in view! How beautiful the untrod plain, green with a rank growth of prairie grass! No boundaries, no corn rows, no windmills, no houses—a tract of God, sobering in its mighty extent! How fine that life must have been; when there were no crops to worry over, no rain to pray for, no corn to be sold at the highest figure, no neighbors to dispute with; when a habitation could be chosen out of an infinite expanse—a habitation with a spring, a little woods for cabin and wind-break, and only beauty to commend it.

The boy's mind was seeing all this, and was thinking—"When I'm grown, I think I'll make this farm beautiful." Suddenly he became aware of the darkness, sprang from his stone seat guiltily, and loped down the hill to the South to the farmhouse. Coming home, and finding his father gone early to bed—the early resort of those not lunatics or poets—he soon was sound asleep himself, dreaming of improvements he should make some day on the farm; of fences he should paint, of landscape gardening he should do, of paintings he should hang on the house's walls, of books he should buy and line the room with, of fireplaces he should set roaring and glowing, of cheery guests he should invite on wintry nights, of a kind and lovely wife who should be his.

The next evening the sun, a burning swollen

ball, set in a clear sky, and made heaven and earth radiant again. The boy, as soon as his labors were past, slipped away for his daily reverie. A lithe little figure his was; and his movements were luxurious and free in the thin farm clothes he wore. He swung up The Throne and came in sight of the seat.

Wonder of all wonders! His eyes widened, and his slender cheeks drew in in consternation. Then his whole face flushed, and his brow puckered in embarassment. A young girl in pink, with a broad straw hat back on her head, sat primly up in his chair!

A young girl! Girls were a chapter of Natural History he had never perused. At church and at school he had never thought the things worthy of observation. And on The Throne they had never entered his head. He resented a bit this pink-and-white intrusion upon his solitude. He felt strangely uncomfortable, and was turning weakly back, when she spoke.

"Oh! This is your chair, isn't it, John?"

The boy turned toward her with a hunted look. She knew his name!

"How nice—John! I wasn't looking for a regular throne, you know, when Aunt Alice said I could come up here and explore. You know her—Aunt Alice Putnam?"

She spoke her words swiftly, sweetly; there was quick music, pure and youthful, in them.

"Of course you know her. She told me all about you—that's why I knew your name. It's a fine name, I think."

"Do you?" he finally could say, thickly, stupidly. He was wretched; felt dull and inferior; and turned to go.

"But shame on me! I'm keeping you from your seat—your regular throne, I ought to say—" and before he could move a finger she had danced to her feet, had laughed a bright little laugh, had come close and peered roguishly at his bewildered face so that he had seen beneath her hat that her blue eyes were dark and live and kindling, that her light hair was soft, that her slender face's complexion was freshly radiant—above all that her dark eyes brightened and glanced and were the finest things in that whole countenance—and then had spun about and tripped with the gayest, most mischievous air in the world, straight down the hill and out of sight.

The boy blinked after her, vacant, his eyes a deep and troubled well of wonder. He found his way over to the seat, dropped into it, and swallowed hard. Here was a new feeling—as of being clutched and pressed and bound by innumerable wires. it was not an unhappy sensation. The thing that had crushed him had been bright, beautiful, complete. And she had dark eyes that fairly paled her cheeks, her hair, and the rest of her slender self. No, he was not unhappy. He sat up, exulting. No. he was not unhappy. Rather, a ray of light had fluttered into his sombre little life. A pair of graceful hands had reached out and patted his very heart. electrified, and warmed it. Would she come again? Who was she? Why had she not explained? But then he remembered his own infernal blankness, and could not blame her. It was scarcely reasonable to expect her another evening—there was too much life and light in that bounding little body of hers to allow an intimacy with flat dulness.

The next day the boy dreamed. His father looked crossly at him from behind his horses in the

field, but John noticed nothing, and ploughed mechanically.

That evening he lost no time, but trotted all the way to the hilltop, blushing, breathless, his heart jumping. No one was there when he came. But as he summoned courage to look in all directions down the hill, he spied her—and grew strangely weak as he spied her—skipping nimbly up to the summit. When she reached him she, too, was breathless. She from exercise; he from plain fear. She dropped into the seat laughing, and pushed her hair back tightly from her face, which was warm and damp. He wished he could say some word. She got herself settled in the seat, and looked at him frankly.

"I'm glad you came again," he said.

"I'm glad Aunt Alice let me, too. I told her about you. I can come other times, I guess."

"Wish you would"—he was bold enough to venture. He sat down circumspectly, a yard or so from the chair, and was moved to converse. But he could devise no plan of speech. He felt cruelly unequal to the challenge of her bright eyes, and looked away. She, he felt, was master of circumstances. He, he knew, was bound and helpless. He glanced like a culprit at her again. Beads of laughter were blinking at her pupils' brim. She laughed. He flushed and looked down again, ashamed of his failure. She quieted suddenly and asked.

"But you don't know my name yet, do you?"

"No, I don't. What is it?" He was curt in spite of himself.

"So you didn't ask anyone today? What on earth were you thinking about all that long time?" innocently.

"Why—I was thinking about you, and what we did here last night. I didn't mention it to anybody."

"Oh! Well, I'm Margaret Braddock, and I'm the widow Putnam's niece. I'm come to stay with her all summer. I live in Chicago. My father's a banker."

This did not tend to put the boy at his ease.

"I shouldn't mind getting acquainted with you if you wouldn't be too uppish."

"Uppish!" He flushed again. "You don't think—why, what—how could I—You bet I want to be your friend, too."

She changed the subject in a flash.

"When did you build this seat here?"

"Two summers ago."

"It must be nice to sit here in the evenings. But don't you get fearfully lonesome? I think I would. I don't know whether I'll want to stay in the country all summer or not—just yet."

"No, I don't get lonesome. I've always been lonesome. Or other people 'd call it lonesome. I wouldn't. I'm pretty good company for myself. But it suits me, you know, just to slip off here by myself when it gets evening and watch the sun go down, and the clouds pile up, and the blackbirds fly over there to the woods to roost. Did you ever know that blackbirds went in companies like soldiers, and all turned and switched at the same time, whenever the leaders told 'em?"

"No, I didn't know that."

"They do, alright, and it looks fine when the sun's shining on all of them just alike. I like to be out here regular, so's I can feel like part of everything. I've got to know all the stars now—not their names, but their places, and I can tell time by where they are up there."

"Tell time!"

"Yes. Don't you ever watch the stars?"

"Never, never! What'd they say at home if I were to walk around with my face in the sky all the time? They'd think I was a fool, or a little snob, or," she had to laugh, "or an angel, a little angel."

"That's the truble with a city," announced John, with unwonted and unpremeditated force. "Too many people in your way finding fault. You couldn't do what you liked."

"That's the beauty of it, John. So many people make it interesting. I think I couldn't live in the country very long. No parties, no streets, no crowds—I'd think it would get awful tiresome."

"Well! I'm certainly never going to live in the city."

"And I certainly won't ever live in the country. So there we are, fighting the second time we've met."

The two looked at each other, a little startled. But now John's imagination had returned to dwell with him again; his self-possession was back, his tongue loosened. Their conversation ran on, their confidences growing more frequent as they talked. John's face responded to Margaret with an enthusiasm nearly feminine; only it was purely boyish. Margaret's eyes shone, now with wonder,

"Mercy me! How late is it, I wonder?" came suddenly from the girl. "Its dark! I hadn't noticed. Why didn't you—"

now with fun, now with the ardor of narration.

"I hadn't either. Wait a minute, though, and I'll tell you how late it is," offered John impulsively, Throwing back his head, he squinted up at his starry companions and puckered his mouth earnestly. The Twins, brilliant brothers hand in hand, had swung halfway over to the horizon. "Nine o'clock," said John.

Wordsworthian Parody

I stumbled rudely as a lout That knocks a knee on doors and sills; And ere that I could tip-toe out, Down fell some collars—starchy frills! Down from the shelf, my blood to freeze, Clattering and clucking me to tease.

Continuous as the stars that shine And twinkle on the milky way, They stretched in restless, rattling line Along the hard wood floor so gay. Ten thousand saw I at a glance, Bobbing their heads in ugly dance.

The shadows by them danced; but they Out-did the ghostly shadows' glee.

A burglar could not well be gay
In such a tell-tale company!
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What shame the show to me had brought.

For oft, now in my cell I lie, In vacant or in pensive mood, They flash upon that inward eye Which is the bane of solitude. And then my heart with fury thrills— I'd choke the neck each collar fills.

A Club of Amateurs

By CARL VAN DOREN, of Columbia University

The first members of the Scribblers Club hoped that they had set going an institution which would mean much for Illinois. Some of them were misty as to the Club's best future, but all the men and women who used to meet in 309 University Hall were at least agreed that the existing literary world of the University needed change. The orthodox literary societies did little but debate, and the English Club only read and studied, not wrote, masterpieces. Moreover, these associations were so large, or, in the case of the English Club, so much restricted in membership to a special group of students, that it was unlikely they could ever quite satisfy the beginning Scribblers. What they wanted was a body of writers, small enough to be intimate yet sufficiently large to carry conviction in the community, who should help and spur each other on to work of an ever-growing excellence. On the whole, one may say that the aims of the majority of the founders were accomplished. To the moving spirits. mostly engineers, were soon added recruits from every department of the University; attendance at the meetings was generally good; and a surprising number of authors who had longed in secret now came forward alphabetically to submit themselves to this amiable jury.

There was, however, before the end of the year, a discouraged minority which still had most of its hopes to seek. The Club remained helplessly heterogeneous. Members, indeed, were always cordial to each other's efforts, but every one went his own literary way as if he were still writing in the dark. No one, apparently, ever felt a rush of confidence

that the judgment of the Club, even when adverse to one's own work, was right and just. Of course, the beginner's assurance had much to do with this state of affairs, but a more important cause lay in the lack of common desires or common literary principles upon which all had united. The cynic of the dissenting minority swore that the Club had been brought together to furnish audiences to authors who would not otherwise have had them. The comment, though unjust, had its sting of truth. Any one who remembers that year must admit that the first Scribblers did not become a body to further any definite ideals. Rather, they drifted into contact under a vague impulse of self protection against a community in which literature has never been one of the first interests.

Natural, indeed, desirable as this impulse was. it was but a step toward the fusion of temperaments and aspirations which alone can make the best kind of literary Club. The Scribblers never felt, at least during that first year, any concerted ardor for some high cause of the mind. Whatever ardor existed was secret, hesitant, ashamed; and public avowals were made and greeted with countenances of equal guilt. Even in the most confidential meetings, warm hopes were left at home, with the result that the Club's whole wisdom always seemed paradoxically less than the part which existed in any member. If only some one had been found to speak out for one single burst of enthusiasm, the others might have caught the fire, and the true sleeping best of every one might have been evoked. But neither the spark came nor the fuel was kindled. Self-consciousness hung eternally low and wet on the horizon.

A little bigotry would have been better. It would have implied at least some concentration on a point

that all desired to reach. New coteries are always springing up to herald and realize a new gospel of art. They do not know much about the long, wise past or about futility or prudence, because they are fortified by the certainty that these things are not worth knowing about. They manage commonly to work themselves into a tall flame of zeal, to amuse or to irritate their nearest neighbors, and in the end to dissolve, nearly always in obscurity, sometimes in unforgettable renown. At least they have found a way to melt, for a brief genial moment, into a common will and desire. But among the Scribblers one would have looked long for symptoms of this bigot disposition. The few who were a little bigoted, subdued themselves to reticence and badly-buried scorn. Tolerance governed the circle with a thoroughness which someone should have wept at, for it showed, more than that their tastes were catholic. that literature was not a very passionate concern in the Club.

That the spirit of the Scribblers was invincibly amateur serves to explain why they never had the sense of being on sure ground which appeared in clubs maintained by the colleges of engineering, agriculture, and law. To the technical students the talk and speculation of their gatherings led straight to a real business of life in which every body had a genuine interest. These various technical problems were native to a world of thought in which their days were spent. When a great engineer, farmer, or lawyer spoke to them, they could feel for him the fellowship of persons in a kindred occupation. But with the abundant majority of the Scribblers these things were never true. Almost no one intended, or even hoped, to live by writing. The general attitude was a liking for literature which had

survived some formal instruction in it, and a disposition to practice it now and then if nothing better crowded in upon one's time. Actual men of letters were remote figures of incomprehensible, often improper, habits whom one could know only through the books they wrote in fitful moods of supernatural possession. Without realizing it very clearly, the Scribblers were in the position of modest amateur golfers who believe that the best of their class cannot match the least of the professionals, and so stand back from any encroachment upon the superior order.

Held thus, by their own thoughts, at arms length from the literary universe, the Scribblers were not likely to put much ardor into concern for its problems. At their gatherings they never plunged to the ears into debate regarding the nature and functions of literature, its place in a prosperous nation, the impulses from which it grows, the moods in which it may be enjoyed. The larger general issues simply did not press upon the Scribblers in such a way as to make any solution an affair of moment. And there was almost never any of the shop talk which tradition has assigned to the first rank in literary conversation. There were members who held that a sentence should never begin with "but" or "and", and defended the principle in the face of usage, but such radicalism was a rare and hardy plant in that secluded garden. Criticism did not exist, for the reason that opinions were nearly always pure impressions. No one seemed to have the time to correlate his tastes and to develop rational ideals. Time, indeed, was not wasted in fruitless wrangling over critical terms, but neither did there ever emerge from such sharpening disputes newer or more precise verdicts than could have been made in solitude. Literary talk came from the assembly with difficulty, for almost no one was fitted out with the tools of such discussions. Literature was not the real trade of these men and women; they had not invested in its instruments.

As literary modes of speech were lacking, so were the modes of thought which commonly appear even in the young of the literary tribe. The tendency to abstract experience a little less than the philosopher, a little more than the man of affairs, abstracts it; the disposition to use the essence of experience thus already stored up in books as a shorter route to the knowledge of life; the capacity for building in the mind a world of enduring truthfulness which allows one to judge, use, or dispense with the world of mere fact; the privilege of interpreting one's universe in terms of beauty and harmony;—these qualities existed but fragmentarily among the Scribblers, as they exist fragmentarily among all amateurs in the universe of literature. For literature is a profession which has never been reduced to a mere amusement of those who make it, even by an array of triflers which, for antiquity and multitude, can hardly be matched elsewhere in intellectual history. The real career of letters continues a direction taken by the mind so early that the choice was not even conscious, and pursued so ardently that the decision to cease or push on can never be made without intense concern.

No just judge could censure the first Scribblers for having an amateur spirit. A certain zest in that spirit vindicates it. It was a sign of alertness and aspiration that so many persons whose vocation was entirely different should have found time to devote to an art. They brought to the meetings unpedantic, if unliterary, minds, open, fresh, kindly; they had

had more varied experiences than most literary clubs could boast of among the members; they were quite without the ugly literary vice of snobbishness. And even those who, though they were anxious to give a life to writing, had not vet outgrown the amateur spirit, could lay much of the blame on lack of opportunity or of fit guidance. The point was, however, that the Club had been established by amateurs for a purpose which only a professional spirit could have realized. As a body of amateurs it did its work, for it undeniably increased both the taste and the audience for undergraduate writing. it was too diffused, too uninformed, too naive in its aims to produce the intellectual revolution which had been the fond hope of some of its most enthusiastic founders.

Futile indeed it must seem to point out how a set of young writers failed seven years ago to do what they never really quite intended to do! But perhaps it is less futile to remember in what respects their lack of vocational concern with literature limited their success in the field they had chosen. To begin with, few felt any particular sense of responsibility in the kind of writing they undertook. One might imitate, as youth instinctively imitates, the nearest classic or some utterly trivial piece of journalism. Even where a degree of judgment existed, there was no feeling that one should guard one's art from contact with things unworthy. Naturally, the odd moments torn from some busy curriculum did not afford much opportunity for the leisurely formation of tastes or for the discipline and experiment which belong to the first steps of any art. So, when conscience nor leisure came to the rescue, work had more than a fair chance of being badly done.

In the various forms of art, of course, the ama-

teur spirit fixed the order of esteem. Not many wrote verse, because the college at large thought verse an eccentricity, and the Club did not take itself so seriously as to defend the practice. Essays were more popular and often well written, but in their ideas or their moods appeared always the spirit of the dilettante, his hasty vision, his hasty thought. It was in the stories, however, that the spirit of the amateur revealed itself most thoroughly. These, as might be expected, made up the bulk of the Club's contributions. The most obvious professional type, the magazine story, did not furnish the chief models, for the Scribblers had studied as patterns the tales of a past generation and were more likely to imitate Hawthorne or Irving or Poe than O. Henry. Strange landscapes clogged the backgrounds; in the middle distance stood types, not persons, shades of literary shades; well in the foreground, obvious as the noon sun, moved the morals and the allegory. There was a common enough youthful romanticism in this, but a more significant trait appeared when one compared these stories with those others which aimed to deal with contemporary life. In both was the persistent neglect. even ignorance, of the truth which best marks the amateur literary spirit. When a Scribbler wrote a story which turned upon some mechanical operation, he would take pains to give his work a scientific truthfulness; but when he was describing a scene on the campus or analyzing a motive, he forgot that fiction as well as scholarship has its unescapable laws and facts. It must be admitted that most of the Scribblers were too inexperienced to perceive or represent the more exact shades of character and conduct. At the same time, lack of experience had less to do with these defects than the lack of any

understanding of the merciless precision which is necessary in the highest records of art. To employ again the analogy of sport: a Scribbler who was trying for a place on the track team would devote the most minute attention to the "form" of his event; he would analyze every needful movement of his body; he would experiment for weeks to secure the full tribute of all his muscles; once having found how to put the minimum effort into the maximum effect, he would devote still other weeks to the development of his technique; yet in writing he seems never to have thought of the need for a similar perfection of the substance and skill of his work. That is, he could be professional in his attitude toward sport, though sport was only an amusement, at the very time he was showing himself to be in literature, in which he might think himself equally interested, a hopeless amateur.

Some of the Scribblers used to love speculation upon the literary future of Illinois. A part of them looked with envy at Indiana and California; others longed to see done for the northern part of the Mississippi Valley what Mark Twain had done for the lower river. A few told over in sanguine caucuses the qualities of the state which they would one day see disclosed to the world: the wide, candid sweep of its prairies; the glory of its skies; the swelling opulence of its industry; its history tangled with adventure; its breathless rush from a bare pioneer community to one of the first among the commonwealths: the unobserved picturesqueness of much of its popular life; the freedom, dignity, humanity of its people at large; that Oriental tale which is the building of Chicago. These set aflame in those days some brains which still burn, more steadily if with less visible furore. Generations of

Scribblers may come and go and the hopes of the founders may not come. Yet sooner or later these hopes must draw nearer than they are today, and in that desired time who can prophesy that men will not see, even if they do not recognize, some fruits of the work which Scribblers past and present may have done? But of one thing this day may be confident: that the spirit which finally avails will be the spirit of truth and of the devotion to truth which can exist only when the truth is pursued with untiring ardor for its own sufficing sake.

Love's Revenge

By LAURA WHITMIRE

When Love first came, I raised my head And beckoned him to me.

Alas! He neither came nor fled—

For he is blind, you see.

I straightway dreaded to confessThat I had been so bold;I locked my heart within my breast,With outward semblance cold.

"Love laughs at locksmiths," as you know;
For then he fixed his dart,
And turning toward me drew his bow
And pierced me through the heart.

A Scientific Inconsistency

By STANLEY P. IRWIN

Professor Philbrick of Harvard was speaking. "You ask me," he said with the scientific penchant for exactness, "whether I believe in the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. That, sir," he continued, drawing his shaggy eyebrows together with annoyance, "is surely a very trivial question. There is no scientist living, in my belief, who will not assent to so well-founded a truth."

There was a pause while I cleared my throat nervously. The man was an ogre, a calculating machine; I felt myself shrinking by comparison with him. Yet there was need of speech; his blue eyes and uncompromising look threatened instant ejection. "Well," I stammered, "what would be your ideas of modern education? Would you devote the entire time to the development of those already fit, or would you spend the time impartially among all the students?"

"That question gives me opportunity to state some of my pet views," retorted the professor quickly. "Here we are, inhabiting a planet crowded for space, with countless untold fields awaiting the investigator, a world in every way demanding all of our physical and intellectual resources; yet we annually spend money and time upon the unfit of our race. It is one of the tragedies of modern science. Educators would have all children trained in the same degree, no matter what their native capabilities. To make ours the highest possible civilization, we must develop genius to the exclusion of the weak, must see that the physically perfect only have the opportunity for existence. In this way only can we approach what has been called the millenium."

I arose to go. Professor Philbrick, the last word in sociological matters, had given me a very good sort of interview. In a moment I was on the sidewalk outside, fighting to relieve my brain of the oppressiveness of his doctrines. "The man is a cold-blooded beast," I thought, "an intellectual monster."

A slap on the shoulder turned my attention to the cheery features of a friend. "Just in time to save me from myself—I've just come from talking with Professor Philbrick," I said with relief.

"Oh, he told you of the perfect civilization, did he?" retorted my friend smilingly. Then he added suddenly. "By the way, do you see that little boy playing over in the park?" I admitted I did. "Well, that's Professor Philbrick's son—he is deaf and dumb. His father has spent hundreds of dollars consulting specialists, and has put the boy in a special school. And all for nothing, too. For it seems that the boy's case is practically hopeless."

I was incredulous; too astonished to speak. "But—but—" I began.

"Oh," laughed my friend, "the doctrine of the survival of the fittest? The doctrine would be satisfactory if people did not happen to be brothers and sisters and parents and children. That is Professor Philbrick's science—this is his son."

A Weight Handicap in Football

By EX-COACH ARTHUR R. HALL

A few years ago at Illinois a change in football rules was suggested which was calculated to remove, in some measure at least, any large discrepancy in weight between rival teams. It provided that the heavier team must gain more yards for a first down. As I look back with the experience of the intervening years, I am more than ever convinced that the suggestion was worth serious consideration.

Football ought, I think, to be so modified that a team, composed of college boys of average size, will have a fair chance to win some games. Mature men, five feet nine inches tall, will, on an average, according to Insurance Company tables, weigh less than one hundred sixty pounds. A twenty-one year old college boy, then, five feet nine inches tall, weighing 165 pounds, is probably larger than four-fifths of his mates; yet what hope, under present rules, may a team which averages his weight entertain of winning from an ordinary large University team?

A few years ago Illinois went up to play Minnesota. Our team met a team whose quarter-back and smallest man was no smaller than "Jake" Stahl, the largest Illini; while many of the Illinois players were pitted against men thirty-five, forty-five, in some positions, even fifty-five pounds heavier than themselves. Our team had been coached by two famous Princeton players; it had "football sense;" it would fight; but human endurance could not stand up for seventy minutes under so cruel a handicap of weight. Minnesota won, of course; did the victory indicate that Illinois had poorer coaches, less brainy players, or slighter physical courage?

Unequal conditions of play should not be per-

mitted to exist in a college contest; for the main purpose of intercollegiate contests is to create an interest in those games proper participation in which will develop the health and strength of the participants. Unequal weight conditions do not count seriously in baseball, or in track, or in class; nor does weight, alone, win many games for us in after life.

Whether or not a practicable weight handicap rule can be worked out, only actual experience will show. When the idea was first suggested, Mr. Huff was sure that the measuring of the unequal distances could easily and quickly be accomplished by using a marked chain with a stake that could be instantly moved backward and forward; and that the weights of the teams, with the possible changes made by incoming substitutes, could be adjusted before the game by the use of scales and a table of weights.

I firmly believe in clean, square football, and in the intensely vigorous kind, too; but the almost hopeless one-sided struggle of a well drilled, light and nimble football team against an equally well drilled, heavy and speedy team does not appeal strongly to me. Let us make playing rules and conditions such that a football coach can pick out players among the boys who come to the University primarily for an education; then develop a team with fair prospects of success against any other University. Only under such regulations will the real merits of coach and players be fairly tested.

Such conditions, too, will tend to remove the temptation to make questionable efforts to secure star high school players, or to play ineligible men. That there is, at times, such a temptation college men will not deny. The almost insistent demand of

alumni and students for victory makes the temptation hard to resist. We Illini want Illinois to win; but we want the victory to be fairly earned by players who are above suspicion. If a weight handicap rule will bring about fairer conditions of play, or even tend to remove the suspicion that sometimes hovers over football victories, it will be well worth enacting.

A SICK EAGLE

If in this life of mine I could arise
Above the ordinary works of man,
And after panting exploration step
With vigor out upon the purple plain—
Now clear, though once o'ercast—of human
truth;

And walking there in solemn meditation, Could grasp with firmness and unerringly That which all men have sought and lost—being blind;

And then, descending, could upon the earth Deliver to mankind my pregnant hoard—With such a consummation could I die.

Studies in Contemporary Poetry

By HARRY G. ATKINSON

What is the secret of Alfred Noves' power as a modern poet? Why do his verses make profound appeal to the non-poetry loving American reader? Why is he able to command the place he does in the rank of English writers? Here is a man who takes rank with the author of Recessional, who was able to dispute with Dr. Bridges the right to the Laureateship, and who is making for himself an enviable reputation on three continents. How does he do it? One critic says that his power lies in his ability to "blend the gay temper and the serious mood", another points to his never-fagging freshness. Both men were right, but neither judgment is of itself quite satisfactory. There are other reasons.—all of which taken together with those already mentioned may give an acceptable answer.

Perhaps the most striking characteristic of Noyes' poetry is its musical qualities. Whether in his Love's Rosary or in his Drake; an English Epic, whether in his addresses to summer or in his lines on war, always the metre is pregnant with music. It is a delightful melody which at once fascinates the inner-ear and lures the mind on from one thought to another, from the first stanza to the last. And this is what pleases the reader of poetry. Even the most proasic man likes to be haunted with musical rhymes.

"All along the purple creek lit with silver foam, Silent, silent voices, cry no more of home; Soft beyond the cherry trees o'er the dim lagoon Dawn the crimson lantern of the large, low moon."

Another quality which immediately recommends

Mr. Noyes to the Englishman, and which excites the admiration of the American, is the note of patriotism which runs through so many of his poems. His Song of a Barrel Organ and Drake; an English Epic are types. It is a joyous patriotism, a contagious patriotism, a patriotism that gets into one's blood and tingles in one's finger-tips. The following from the Song of the Barrel Organ will suffice to illustrate his second characteristic:

"The cherry trees are seas of bloom and soft perfume and sweet perfume,

The cherry trees are seas of bloom (and oh, so near to London).

And there they say when dawn is high and all the world's a blaze of sky

The cuckoo, though he's very shy, will sing a song for London."

A third, and an equally pleasing attribute of Mr. Noyes as a writer of poetry is his ability to handle phrases and epithets. A poet is first of all a phrase maker, says C. F. Johnson in his *Elements of Literary Criticism*. Note these phrases:

"One royal rose-hung night in June."

"Swimming with one bright arm like a wild sunbeam."

"Like a dream

Remembered after long oblivious years."
"Over a shadowy green fern-fretted pool."
"The blinding terrible star-sown infinite."

So we might go on and name a dozen characteristics of style which combine to make Mr. Noyes' poetry charming. They include: an easy mastery of verse form, a variety of material, spontaneity, freedom, joyousness, freshness, musical metres, patriotism, a child-like heart, and an exceptional ability in the handling of phrases and epithets.

Adelphic Literary Society

The different barometers of student opinion seem to show that all lines of literary activity are becoming more popular at the University of Illinois.

F. B. Leonard in the first talk of the year on "Old Glories" discussed the founding of the literary societies, the first Adelphic Banquet in 1869, and pointed out some of the famous men that our society had helped to mold, like James R. Mann, leader in minority in Congress, Lorado Taft, Dean Davenport, Tom Augerstein and Fritz Nymyer.

In this progressive age of ours, before a man can expect to make a success of life and help his fellow-men by spreading the knowledge and high principles that he has acquired, he must be able to express his thoughts and opinions clearly in public. It is upon the University graduates, who have been favored by higher education for which the whole community has contributed, that rests the responsibility of spreading that knowledge so that all can profit from it. Philo, Ionian and Adelphic are working hand in hand to help men develop one of the finest arts of a civilized people.

Though we have suffered by the loss of many of our old men, we are again well reinforced by our new pledges, Davies, Fraser, Gideon, McLaughlin, McKeon, Nilsen, Rugg, Vannatter and White. As long as we can find such men to fill the Adelphic vacancies, her high standards and traditions will never be in danger.

So far we have started the year well. In the field of debate, the following four important questions have been discussed:

Oct. 4. Resolved, That immigration into the U. S. should be further restricted by a literary test.

Oct. 11. The Pushball Question.

Oct. 18. Resolved, That the U. S. trade vessels should not be exempt from tolls through the Panama Canal.

Oct. 25. Resolved, That the U. S. should intervene in Mexico at once.

All University men are invited to attend our regular meetings every Saturday evening at 7:30. They will always receive a cordial welcome at Adelphic Hall.

The Street Player

By S. D. H.

Pietro, do your songs as vaguely sweet
As fretted moonlight on Italian seas,
To minors turn from longing on the street,
With wistful harp notes for the cypress trees?

Dost yearn to play, to mark the plashing oar, Upon the terrace or the smooth lagoon; And not with dwellers 'mid the traffic's roar To live, who never list your wistful tune?

Therese! Marie! the fragrant nights that fall, Dim gardens, lights a-dancing dizzily! Forget, forget the toil, the pain and all; 'Tis kismet. Pray a lilt from Italy.

Jimmie's Journeys in the Land of Truth

THE POLITICIAN

He descends upon us at regular intervals, and lightens our little universe with his Mazda smile, his bright camaradie, and his anxiety for the welfare of the universe. We meet him on the No Smoking reservation, we meet him in our rooms—wherein he apologetically enters to show us the error of his ways.

He is the good fellow who knows you before election time, and hails you by your very first name. How you swell with pride over having prominent personages accost you! And you do like all the rest; you vote as you are told; you help save the nation. And the next day, when he fails to know you, do you simply put it down to a failure of memory; or do you grow peeved and wait to be roped in by the other party at the next election? Did you ever scan the notices of class committees and the Illio jobs? Were you sore when your name wasn't there?

Poor little simpleton, you are always the goat; for our friend the politician isn't in it for love alone. And it doesn't matter which way you vote; somebody else gets the canary and flies away with it. All the same, the little fellow with the euphonious monicker is a pleasant help in time of trouble, and brightens up our lives and money to a great extent. So we should become unduly excited.

"Say, Mike, did you line up those votes?"

"Sure! I can pull thirty-five votes anyway I go"—thumbs in vest.

So wear your tag—"I have voted, have you?" It's all for the cause (but not yours, of course.)

Danny Deever

From "CLASS ROOM BALLADS

- "What's all this meetin' for?" said Studes-on-Parade.
- "To turn him out, to turn him out," the frightened Sophmore said.
- "What makes you look so vexed, so vexed?" said Studes-on-Parade.
- "I'm dreadin' that I may be next," the frightened Sophmore said.
- For they're canning Danny Deever, as you've heard the Prexy say,
- The Council's taken action, they're canning him today.
- They're taken of his Soph lid off, and took his grades away.
- An' they're canning Danny Deevers in the mornin'.
- "What makes the Sophmores look so mad? said Studes-on-Parade.
- "They're cussin' of the luck he had," the frightened Sophmores said.
- "What makes the Sophmores act so queer?" said Studes-on-Parade.
- "It's bitter fear, its bitter fear," the frightened Sophmore said.
- They are canning Danny Deever, they are marchin' him around.
- They 'ave 'alted Danny Deever by his scissors on the ground
- An' 'e'll leave in 'arf a minute for an awful, hazing hound—
- Oh, they're canning Danny Deevers in the mornin'.

- "His seat was right 'and seat to mine," said Studeson-Parade.
- "He'll not be sittin' there next week," the frightened Sophmore said.
- "I've drunk his beer a score o' times" said Studeson-Parade.
- "'E's drinkin' bitter beer alone," the frightened Sophmore said.
- They are canning Danny Deever, you must mark 'im to his place
- For D. Narkle caught 'im hazing—you must look him in the face;
- Nine hundred of his classmates an' the whole school's in disgrace.
- While they're canning Danny Deever in the mornin'.
- "What's that that Tommy's sayin' now?" said Studes-on-Parade.
- "He's sayin' that we mustn't haze" the frightened Sophmore said.
- "What is it makes you nearly cry?" said Studes-on-Parade.
- "It's hearin' Danny say, 'Goodbye,' " the frightened Sophmore said.
- For they're done with Danny Deever, as youve 'eard the chairman say,
- The meeting's in adjournment and they're goin' all away.
- Ho! the Sophmores are shakin' an' they'll need their beer today
- After canning Danny Deever in the mornin'.
 - -Howard Alonzo Chapman.

An Altitudinous Enchantment

(Continued from Page 129)

"So you really can tell," importuned Margaret. "But dear me! Its later than I should have stayed. Maybe Auntie 'll not let me come again. She's awfully good to me, though, Auntie is, and says I'm more full of fun than anything else. To bed, Johnnie, and—Good night." And before he could open his mouth she had tripped off down and out of sight.

John repaired to his throne of gold and ivory nightly, and Margaret came when she could. Confidence was mutual now, and one's experiences became the other's for the telling on The Throne. The boy's early diffidence had left him. For now he was at no disadvantage. At first the girl's supreme self-confidence, her brimming sprightliness, her gayety that had never been blanketed, her eyes that never been conquered or dulled, had fairly bowled him over in confusion. Now he could meet the girl half-way with his own fancy—with fancies never dreamed of in her philosophy, fancies that held her as in a spell, fancies for which she entreated him at every meeting.

Two things Margaret could not reconcile. Possessed of so bounding an imagination, how could he endure this existence in the country?

"Wouldn't it be much better, John, to live in the city, where you could talk to no end of people, and find out what they think?"

"Don't care what they think."

She seemed satisfied.

"Of course, Margaret, I'll always read books—going to have shelves and shelves of 'em in my

house. 'Nd when I'm through farming, you bet I'll travel."

Margaret sighed primly, as if in resignation. "Well, there's one thing. You could enjoy yourself on the farm. But as far as I'm concerned—I wonder if I could! I like it pretty well now, I think, but then—"

John smiled broadly, tenderly. "Sure, Margaret, you'd like it better than anything in the world, if you made up your mind to it. Especially with me. Do you know, young lady, we two could have a mighty good time. We'd never run out of things to talk about, like most couples, would we?"

Margaret seemed suddenly to find all this ridiculous, for she almost convulsed herself with laughter and looked away with a deprecating, superior little glint in her fine eyes. Soon after, when she fled down the hill for home, her perfect little figure carried itself with a new jauntiness, that had something of self-consciousness in it.

John went about his work these days with an exultation and a high riding dignity that could not but be noticed. His father and the farm hands on the place would have had fine sport with another lad upon this point. But with John they had never been intimate, and now they were not disposed to be personal; and so left him to his own ennobled meditations. Strange to say, he peopled all his visions with Margaret. He never planned a minute's future happiness without Margaret. He never visualized his country house without Margaret's being by the fireside, or on the porch shading her eyes for sight of him, or in the library curled up reading—always happy.

Stranger yet, he endowed the girl in her present state with a ubiquity delicious to contemplate. When he worked or when he rested, when he slept or when he read, always there was Margaret in the neighborhood, looking silently though encouragingly on. And he saw to it that all his deeds were worthy of her approval. From every building, fence and hedgerow, from every door that stood ajar, he imagined the sweet girl to be peeping, silent in admiration of his prowess, his fidelity, or his nobility of conduct. When he stroked the horses' noses he fancied she commended him for his humanity; when he stooped to play with the tenant's children, he was sure she was pleased with his condescension. A harmless egoism, as long as things go well.

A month slipped past and brought a day eccentric for its oppressiveness. The sky was overcast all day long with a uniform dull murkiness; the air was thick and heavy and redolent of threatening rain. The sun moped across the sky, dull-eyed and reluctant. On the farm the men, anticipating a rain, worked as zealously as they were able to gather in several acres of hay, cut the day before. No one was in his best nature. Even John was out of sorts. By supper time the boy was too weary for words, and unhitched his horses with a heavy face.

"Margaret surely won't come tonight. She wouldn't want to see me this way, anyhow," he decided.

"John!" called out his father from the tool room at the other end of the barn. "When you're through there come in here. I want to see you."

"Alright." John wondered at the summons. His father and he had few confidences. He went on caring for his horses. They were restless tonight. The threatening atmosphere had driven legions of flies into the stalls. The odor of horse sweat was pungent and disagreeable. Once Molly switched her

tail in the boy's face, and stung him cruelly. "Molly! You old fool!" he bawled out.

He found his father bent over the work bench. mending a piece of harness. He did not look up when John came near, but worked on with that stoop in his shoulders and that hang of the head John knew so intimately. The boy was sure, as well, that the man's eve was troubled and his face was set. They always were. The man lifted his head, though he did not straighten his tall body: he laid off his hat, whose band had matted his iron-grey hair close to his head, but said nothing. A several days' growth of black beard made his countenance a bit more forbidding than usual. His well-made features. tanned and worn, had no smile upon them, and his grev eves looked hard at John. He looked down at his work again, changing from this position during the conversation only when he glanced out of the dusty, cob-webbed window above the bench.

"I don't suppose you'll meander off to the hill tonight, will you?" His tone of voice seemed charged with contempt, and with some vindictiveness.

"I guess not. It might rain."

"She won't be there, I reckon."

John grew red. "How do you-"

"Thought you were keepin' somethin' from your old dad, didn't you?"

"Why, Dad,—I didn't know you cared to be bothered with it."

"Don't you think I've been a mindin' you these nights? You've been goin' every night here lately, 'nd I've had to sit it out here by myself."

"Well Dad, I'm sorry—only, I didn't think you—"

"No! No! No!" And now the boy knew that the softness had gone again—that only the subject and some chance reminiscence had betrayed his father into so much tenderness. The man's eyes already had the squinting moistness of the persecuted. "No! I didn't care anything 'bout bein' here alone!" A pause, and then—

"What gets me's the way you're makin' a fool o' yourself up there on the hill every night."

There was so little sympathy in this, and scorn so whole-hearted, that John flared up in an instant.

"I'm doing no such thing, Dad, 'nd you know it!"

"O hoh! So you're touchy about it, are you? That far gone, eh?"

John could say no word. He was having a vision of Margaret, sobering and flinching with every phrase.

"But I think you *are* makin' a fool o' yourself. The idea o' you, a gawky country kid, a settin' up there evenin's gossipin' with a city girl! One of the richest girls in Chicago."

"That's no fault of hers, Dad."

"O no! No, no! Course she's high 'nd dry o' faults. No worm in that little peach, eh? You just listen to me. She's foolin' you, Johnnie boy, 'nd I won't have it."

John grew suddenly pale. "That's not true, Dad. You don't know anything about her. She's the—"

"Sure! Sure! She's the sweetest, truest, honestest, innocentest, brightest little lady in the land! But looky here. I know, from what Fritz Schroeder told me this afternoon when he come past to town—"

"Fritz Schroeder! That Dutch blowhard! Dad, don't you know what an overgrown, windy lout he is! What does he know?"

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"He's been up there several evenin's, watchin' you."

John could not move.

"He saw how she had you dancin' for her—just by a few little smiles 'nd smirks 'nd sweet sayin's, and a listenin' to you. He knows, 'nd I know, that she's just playin' with her little country friend 'cause she's got nothing else to do. Do you honestly think that a city girl like her, Johnnie boy, with all her beau's, 'nd fine parties, 'nd an automobile probably—d' ye think she's goin' to find anything very extra nice in you?"

"She is interested, thought," broke out John, this time without all his former resentment, and with some trace of misgiving in his voice—"she says she wouldn't mind living in the country herself, if—if—"

The man laughed aloud. "If she could live with you, I suppose, Johnnie boy. Oh Johnnie boy, you're too innocent even for a sucker!"

Then, tiring of his baiting, or thinking he had gone too far, or perhaps inspired to tenderness by a sickness and a deadly paleness on the boy's face, and a wound in the eyes, he added more gently,

"There, there, John. Its only puppy love you're goin' through. Don't take it too serious for a good many years yet. Let's go in the house."

The boy ate with small relish and few words. After supper he pushed back his chair and stumped wearily to bed, the spring gone from his body, the light from his eyes, and the zest from his cheeks. A doubt, a villainous low-browed doubt of Margaret and of human kindness, blighted him. He went to sleep quickly.

When he awoke in the morning the thought of Margaret did not tingle through him happily, as it

had been wont to do. All through the day a great vacancy, a feeling of maladjustment, attended him. No longer did he sense the delicate presence of Margaret. He could not imagine her other than sitting alone at the widow Putnam's, quiet and chagrinned by his doubting.

"Alright, let her sit there," he pronounced gravely—and he could see her blanch at this added cruelty.

That evening the setting sun flung upon the Western sky behind it a deep and bloodred orange. On other evenings John had deemed this very prospect glorious. Now he found it tragic, and did not stir from the house. He pictured to himself her disappointment; and he wondered whether it would be her affection or her vanity that he should wound. He went early to bed, luxuriating in his martyr's emotions.

The next day he fancied Margaret's sober face, slenderer, paler, with eyes darker and intense from mute sadness, imploring his leniency from behind every fence and hedgerow. And he found exquisite pleasure in carrying his body with an inspired dignity that gave promise of no bending.

It was not until towards evening that remorse climbed into his sytem—remorse for a judgment perhaps hasty, for his own morbid sentimentality, and for his silence so disrespectful of Margaret.

"I'm a pretty man, I am!" he declared. But he had not the conviction to impel him towards The Throne and so let stagnate another flawless evening.

The next morning found him deeply contrite. He reviewed his attitude of the days preceding, his attitude so overbearing, and blushed furiously. Of course Margaret was not playing with him! Or if she were, she merited a statement of it, and not

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this craven sulking. And he could find out for certain at this next meeting—for he would observe her—observe her, oh! how closely! Poor Margaret!

The sun set gloriously again, and John, his heart beating high and his face flushing intermittently, set off for The Throne. Margaret—Margaret, with her fine bright eyes—Margaret was to be there! Unless, of course, she had been disappointed those other evenings, and were offended. But no; she was sensible, she was sunny, she had never been clouded—of course she would be there, sitting blithely up and waving a welcome at first sight of him!

At first sight of him! Why not come up the East slope this time, slip up to seat from behind, past the boulders scattered there, and surprise the girl? That would delight her, and would do away with any hesitance, any awkwardness of feeling, too.

Up the East slope John trotted, eager to come in view of the chair, full of high hopes of her greeting. To the summit he came. His heart fluttered painfully, and he dropped flat on the ground. There, sure enough, was Margaret in the seat, only her broad hat showing. But who was that broad-shouldered youth planted opposite her, arms akimbo, feet spread self-sufficiently apart? Who but Fritz Schroeder?

Fritz had not seen John—nothing external to Margaret seemed able to arouse him, curse him! John crawled desperately ahead; he must hear this conversation. A boulder lay just a few yards back and to the left of the chair; it was scarcely as large as he would like, he thought; but Fritz, oblivious, would never detect him, and Margaret, he hoped, would surely not turn suddenly and spy him. In a moment he was flat on the ground behind the rock, straining his ears in mute desperation. Their voices sounded

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strangely hushed and cautious; but this, he knew, came only from his position next to the earth. How mean a position for one who had contemplated so shortly before high magniminity and warm greeting!

Why was Margaret tolerating that Fritz Schroeder? Why was he here at all? The boasting hulk—he was far too coarse for Margaret, with that shaggy German head, those broad rough shoulders he was so proud of, those vulgar red cheeks, and that Bruin-like forward tilt of the head. Tonight he was tricked out in his best, too. Could it be possible he had driven over especially to see Margaret? Why, coming to think of it, there was no other solution! He had played the sneak several nights ago; and he had suggested to the lad's father those insulting remarks in the tool room—all for a purpose! To keep John sulking at home, while he fed on the spoils.

But why did Margaret tolerate the fellow?

For the fact stood that Margaret was listening quite closely to that very fellow—listening with painful intenseness, and giving him maddening encouragement with her eyes. The boy knew by the carriage of her head.

"Yep," Fritz was saying, "I think I ought to make a pretty good thing out o' those picture shows, You see, I 'nd Archie, we've been travelin' 'round quite a bit to the different little towns, and we've picked out just about the places where we want to locate. You see, we'll go into a town, put up a neat little brick building, advertise some, and then run first-class pictures every night—comics, dramas, historicals, everything. We ought to make a nice little pile, I figure."

To John's amazement, the girl was wrapped up in the braggart's story. "How fine!" he heard her



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exclaim, and he condemned her bitterly as she spoke. "A picture show all your own! And would you let your best friends in free?" All this was coquetry all uncalled for, John thought.

"You bet I would—I'd let you in every night, Margaret—see if I wouldn't."

Margaret bent forward with laughing delight and ogled Fritz basely. John's emotion was dead now; he could look on coolly. "How good of you! Course I wouldn't be your best friend, but then—"

"Don't know but what you would, Margaret," volunteered Fritz, grinning widely, delighted. Then the fool—the fool kneeled and made as if to kiss her hand!

Even at this Margaret was not angry; she only drew herself in with sweet reluctance and chided him playfully, "Why, gracious me, Fritz, what are you doing?"

"Wasn't that alright? I learned it when I played Shakespeare at the high school. I was Bassanio once. Shucks! I was the only one in the whole school big enough for a hero."

"Fritz, where are you going to get the money to go into business—won't it take a good deal?"

"Oh yes, but Archie's got that alright. That's exactly why I picked on him for my pardner. He's got the money, 'nd' tapping his head significantly, "I got the brains."

"You must be smart," responded Margaret with something like awe in her voice.

"Well, I woudn't say it myself. But I got along pretty well in school. Say, ever try any poetry?"

"Mercy, no!"

"I been doin' a good bit of it here lately. I got one piece that's pretty good. Its on the subject of suicide. Part of its iambic pentameter, and the rest

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is trochaic—but I guess little irregularities won't hurt much. Its pretty hard, you know, workin' in them meters just right. Want to hear it?"

Without waiting for leave, he squared off and recited:

Why all the suicide one reads about? How can a man be happy when he's dead? 'Tis but a weakling's part to sigh and pout, And end it all by bullets in the head!

> Awake, thou suicides! From out the coffin's sides Narrate the penalty Of suicides who dee

By their own hands' infliction. Pronounce the benediction.

"Why, that's splendid! Haven't you another one?"

"Yes, lots of 'em. But I really got to go now, Margaret. Dad said to be home by 8:15 sharp, so's he could drive to town after the folks. Come again, can I?"

Margaret stood silently up and shook his hand sweetly. "Good bye," she called out to his strutting figure as it stalked off down the West slope to the road where the horse was tied.

"She didn't ask him to come back!" observed John.

The girl sat down again, slowly and thoughtfully, and rested her elbow on the chair's arm, chin on hand. She seemed to be awaiting something. John wondered what. Of course she didn't expect him. As if he'd consider coming now! As if he'd ever look her way again!

He lay quiet for another fifteen minutes, watching her. Why didn't she leave? What made her sit

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there so still, as if she had just been scolded, or grieved, or beaten into subjection, or something?

Why was it this demureness was taking hold upon him?

Why was she becoming so plaintive, so sorry a little figure in his eyes?

What was melting, scattering, his anger?

Why was his heart beating again in that delicious warm fashion of a week ago?

What was inspiring him so irresistibly to run out and hail this little friend so forlorn?

What, but Margaret?

From his supine position the boy suddenly doubled up like a measuring worm and stood erect. The girl seemed oblivious. He started toward her, but caught himself, started again, did not go past his toes; took a step, then balanced himself on tiptoe, blushing. Should he not turn back, and forget this girl? Was he not acting the maudlin gull to his feelings just now? Was his violent clemency justified? What explanation could she ever give?

But there! Her face had gone down into her hands, and her back curved maddeningly in delicate melancholy. The boy breathed hard, set his lips, marched around before her, and folded his arms on his chest.

"Margaret."

Margaret looked up, happy, no whit startled. Her eyes only shown more wonderfully than before, as she said quaintly, sweetly,

"John—I'd have been asleep in another minute. Why did you wait so long back there?"

John's heart gave a great thump. He reddened guiltily, while his features softened into a hesitant odd smile.

"How'd you know I was back there?"

FROM THE DAILY ILLINI

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"THE LIAR," by Miss Needham, Praised By Columbia University Instructor.

An instructor in Columbia University, New York City, and a graduate of Illinois, writes highly commending the story written by Miss Lucile Needham for the last number of the Illinois Magazine. The story was called "The Liar and analyzed very skillfully the motives of a feminine egotist.

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"Could see you all the time out of the corner of my eye. How silly, to try to hide behind that!" And now she laughed as he had heard her laugh before—a beautiful, beautiful laugh that welled right up from her throat and seemed to sparkle all through her sweet body.

John stood, self-dispossessed, undetermined, his face a picture of embarrassed perplexity. Margaret looked at him a bit wonderingly, grew sober, but said no word. John thought his arms—his whole self, in fact—sadly out of place. But he feigned coolness as well as he was able, and began.

"Look here, Margaret."

"I've looked at you till I'm ashamed."

"Margaret. When I'm grown up I'm going to make this farm the best place on earth to live."

"The best place? For you, you mean?"

"Yes, for me, and—well, there's another person I'm thinking ought to like it."

He looked at her sternly—as much so as he was able. She returned the stare without a quiver in her features.

"How are you going to do it?"

"I'm going to have a brand new house, and its going to be so almighty comfortable that city people 'll want to come out and visit me. I'll lay soft rugs all around on the wax floors, and I'll have great big roaring fireplaces for the winter nights, so's my company can keep snug and warm and tell stories. I'll have pictures and books—no end of books, rows and rows of 'em going around most of the rooms. Then I'll have servants, and hunting-dogs, and fine chambers upstairs. And outside there won't be a lot of other houses crowded up close—all free and open and honest. My wife's window will look right out here on The Throne."

He paused and looked at her eyes, full of bright wonder and inquisitiveness. But she was non-committal; only a wan little smirk at the corners of her mouth was pregnant with awakening mirth, perhaps.

"And now there's one thing I want to ask. I don't know how you'll take it, because—well, blamed if I can ever tell *now* how you're going to take *anything*. But I got to ask it. Do you think my farm will be a good enough place for you? Do you—think—"

He was hardly as brave as he had anticipated. His face burned hotter, his tongue grew confused, and he had to look suddenly down at Margaret's feet, while he plunged his hands desperately down into his trousers pockets. His voice emerged from out the confusion—

"What do you think, anyway? Could we—could we—make it, do you think, Margaret?"

He looked quickly up in apprehension, for Margaret's feet had whisked away, and she was standing off, her face turned from him. He wondered if she were angry, or—. She turned back, and her eyes were full of roguish tenderness, and her voice was full of laughter.

"John, if it had been Fritz Schroeder asking that, do you know what I'd have done?"

John kicked the sod with his toe. "No, I couldn't say."

"I'd have said," she spoke with affected hysteria, "Yes, Fritz. Oh! How lovely you are to ask me! and then I'd have laughed like everything, right in his face. But since you've asked me, can you guess what I'm going to do?"

"No, course not—what, Margaret?" She answered with quaint precision.

"When I'm with persons I like very much and they talk too seriously, or ask questions I can't answer, or ask about things when they know how—how I feel already—why then I jump and run away from 'm."

The dear girl wheeled swiftly, like a good fairy at dawn, and in an instant had whisked away and down the hill, laughing happily and tossing her bright head.

The boy stared after, until her pink form had passed into the night. Then he breathed his chest full and walked home, smiling, exulting, trailing clouds of glory as he went.

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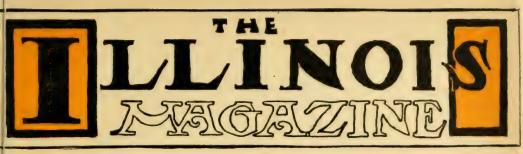
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Coming Numbers:

Numbers-		Date of Issue
5.	Post-Exam	Saturday, February 7, 1914
6.	Military	Saturday, March 7, 1914
7.		Tuesday, April 7, 1914
8.	Interscholastic	Tuesday Mars 19 1014

Entered as second-Class matter at the postoffice at Urbana, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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THE ILLINOIS

VOL. V DECEMBER, 1913 No. 4

Woman

By F. E. WALKER

Last night I dreamed a dream that in all my life I shall never forget. As I dreamed, I asked myself "why should that flirty little butterfly-like thing called woman so influence man's thoughts and actions?" And then I heard a voice say softly: "O man, how can you be so blind to truth? you continue to talk lightly of the most perfect gem of creation, whose exceeding beauty is dimmed only because of your ignorance and want of appreciation of its inherent qualities? Man, to beautify woman you must raise your ideal of her. Woman is not a mere human created less perfectly than man; she is strong where man is weak and weak where man is strong. Man relies upon his physical power; woman upon that softening influence from her mind which is so strong that it may over-power the brutal nature of the rudest man. Woman knows those deeper feelings of sentiment and kindness which come to the relief of man when he is suffering, and without which the world were a sordid existence. She feels that pure artistic sense which sees beauty in every unit of God's creation, from the little weed to the tinge of red in the sky at the setting of the sun. Think, man, how far from heaven this world would be but for that influence blending with the cashvalue viewpoint of men. Just because woman cannot depend so much upon a physical power she tends sooner than ever to seek influence through strength of character and deep feeling. It is through this influence, the only one that can really improve the world, that man too, is tending more and more to work; till love, goodwill and charity will be the natural laws of mankind. Man, lift up your ideal of woman and you will uplift her till she becomes for you a unit of creation, ten thousand times more beautiful and powerful than any other living being." Thus the voice continued sweeter and softer till it died away and I awoke from my dream.

Man

By FRANCES KEEN.

Dear Reader:

In reply to your request for a bit of information upon that very loathsome but indispensable creature, man, of which we see so much at this big university, I take my pen in hand to write you a few short notes. I should like to state in the beginning that the subject can never, as I see it, hope to be fully understood. For after three years of experience in so good a field of experience as Illinois, I must confess that by me at least the subject is still not fully comprehended. There are, however, certain things which I have observed in this period, certain types which I have learned to recognize.

Man like Gall is divided into three parts. First, the "Regular Fussers;" second, the "Men with the Girls at Home;" and last, the "One Girl Men" at Illinois. Let me note right here that the last class is deserving of the deepest sympathy available.

I shall first, dear reader, attempt to give you some idea of the species known as the Regular Fusser. This type has been prevalent in the past; but recent statistics show that it is rapidly dwindling. It is the most useful but least admirable of the species. Something that the sorority girl cannot do without but which does not command her highest respect. The chief characteristics of the type are a fondness for clothes, a fondness for girls, and a fondness for society. Such creatures can usually be found in large numbers at open houses. On pledge day they are to be seen in the first row looking over the new recruits. They are generally seen along

with Freshmen, but stand in pretty well at the same time with all the upper classmen. They are particularly noticeable at sorority dances. It is estimated that a poor fusser can make three of these in a single session, while experts have been known to appear at nine or ten. One thing is to be observed of them; they make no showing in the Student Rank. For some reason, unknown to the general public, none of the species has ever been found at a Phi Beta Kappa conclave.

The next species which I am to discuss is the Man with the Girl at Home. This type is, I regret to say, numerous at Illinois, and, according to our most responsible authorities, is increasing yearly—a constant menace to the social happiness of the Fair Co-Eds. For it is they who lead on the fair ones with Club Dances and Cadet Hops; and later on appear at the Prom with the Girl from Home. This type is generally to be discovered in the library of nights, or in their rooms writing copious letters to Father. In dealing with men of this class I should advise you to jolly them along, and go to their Club Dances; but never to take them seriously. It doesn't pay.

The last type, the One Girl Man at Illinois, should be, as I have hinted before, an object of tremendous pity. The man who in this university is so near-sighted or narrow of mind as to be in love certainly has no prospect of an easy life. He is seen walking with this lady of his of warm Spring evenings, is observable at a dance in some secluded corner, holding her hand and whispering sweet nothings in her ear. Indeed we might liken him to Shakespeare's last stage of man. Sans looks, sans taste, sans friends, sans everything.

Gypsy Love

By LUCILE NEEDHAM

"The white moth to the closing vine,
The bee to the opening clover,
And gypsy blood to gypsy blood,
Ever the wild world o-o-o-ver!"

As she sang, the slim strong girl in blue raincoat and hat swung the door shut behind her. The last climbing syllable of her song tumbled down in a laugh as she came face to face with a big young man, likewise raincoated, on the porch. In a rolicking voice he caught up the queer, primitive melody:

"Ever the wild world over, lass, Ever the trail held true,— Over the world, and under the world, And back at the last to you!"

"Not back to me, but with me, maudlin!" she cheerily corrected; and while she stuffed a paper-wrapped box into one of his generous pockets, she trillingly hummed the martial refrain of the song:

"Tra la la la, tra la la la; tra la la la la, la la!"

"And what care we for winter and rough weather?" she added, chugging her ungloved fists mannishly into her pockets as she leapt from the porch of the big low farmhouse and struck off diagonally across the yard to the road. Slight though she was, her stride was as firm and swinging as his, and step to step they tramped away through the thin morning fog.

"Tra la la la; tra la la la," they hummed as they strode along. And then,

"Oh, they are so furious that their nutting party is spoiled," laughed the girl. There were mock-prim quotation marks around "nutting party." "Caught in the country in this horrid weather! Poor things!" She talked quickily and irregularly, and quirked her chin, and twisted her mouth as she mimicked the dainty friends indoors. She was given to altering the tempo of her words at every phrase, and she smiled much when she talked, though in silence her face grew whimsically serious. And when laughed aloud she tilted one eye-brow ever so slightly. She chattered on, and the man laughed heartily now and then: not at what she said—he wasn't listening-but partly because she looked so quizzical when she smiled and always surprised him, and partly because they were gypsies for the once and out of the world of work and study.

"... They are so dull on a day like this," she finished, and for a moment her face went into an almost gloomy repose. Then light rushed into her eyes and vibrant voice. "I love it!" she cried vehemently; "the country,—the lonesomeness,—the gray! It dares one to be jolly and full-blooded and—and fierce!" Her whole slim self intensified with life; even the dull brownish curls around her forehead seemed to twist themselves tighter for joy of living. "Days like this I love Kipling,—"

"Or Treasure Island,-"

"Or Jane Eyre!" Already she was gay again. "Except—" And her thoughts were off in reverie.

"Except—" prodded the young man, breathing deep of the autumn air and pounding the matted grass of the path with his sturdy steps.

"Except"—seriously—"when I'm blue, and hang over the fire with Van Dyke. But today"—airily— "I am not blue; and I hate books!" she exulted. "Tra la la la; tra la la la; tra la la la la,--"

"And so we go adventuring this gray day?" she asked fancifully; "O, fair Sir Knight!" she finished up in mockery;—as if she had let her thoughts run away with fantasy and had caught them, shook her finger at them and brought them back to reason all in the scope of the sentence.

"With sword and buckler?" responded he with a gallant flourish.

"With only fancies!" she declared, half serious. "And the quainter and madder the merrier!"

"To the gypsy trail!" he called.

And they tramped on, now silent, now chatting; noting that the total sky was an even gray; that the fog was thinning; that the air smelt of March more than of November, though a little raw; that winter was ever so slow in coming; that it surely would rain before night; that the fences and grasses and hedges were dripping wet with dew.

They called "Howdy!" to a stolid farmer who drove past, and rescued a youngster who having forsaken the safe but solid grassy foot-path had sunk in the mire of wagon-ruts. And the raincoated gypsies remarked that the day boded well.

Tra la la la; tra la la la; tra la la la la, la la!

"Already we have walked a crooked mile!" decided the man as they came to a lop-sided tier of steps teetering maudlinly against the fence.

"And I have found a crooked sixpence against this crooked stile!" retorted the girl, picking up a pebble and shying it futilely at a tree across the way.

"The winning of a quest is hot by haste; and the way that is opened unto ye, that way shall ye take!" quoted the man. And they climbed the stile.

"The forest primeval! Poor, shaggy old woods, with its leaves half gone and the rest just trying to cling till the next frost!

"See how the heavy underbrush is bursting with buds,—and there, see?—actually new shoots started up since the warm spell!"

"It's a lonesome old timber, and it'll be glad to have wild company like us today," said the girl. "See how the sweet briar and the ragged raspberry stretch out their thorns to embrace us!"

"And the poison ivy is doubtless at home, besides!"

Frivolously chatting they entered the wet gloomy woodland. The greedy briars caught them now and then; and they made a game of going different ways to see who could get through most quickly, laughing most heartily when one or the other got tangled or scratched.

"How rich and springy the dead leaves feel underfoot!" called the man after a little.

"I feel guilty walking on them," shuddered the girl in mock stealth, "as if I were caving in some poor gnome's thatched roof. Are you up in the technique of gypsying?"

"I have the spirit— Why?"

"We ought to do something technical, oughtn't we?—say incantations or run from pixies or gather poison herbs and charms, or chant."

"Tra la la la, tra la la la,—" he whistled, teasing. And they frolicked on.

Before they knew it, a feeble sunbeam tried to come through the cloudy wall straight overhead. "You'll never get through today!" they laughed at it. "But" added the girl, "do you know what that sunbeam means?"

"Dinner-time, ma'am!" he answered promptly. "Then we will pause in the quest long enough to eat," she decided. "Who'll find the best place?" With the zest of children they scampered away on the search.

"Ah! A little spring singing away to itself," crooned the girl, and she dabbled her fingers in the little brown pool that had tried to run away but got choked by leaves.

"Tramps, by gum!" yelled the man in glee. "The ashes hardly cold, and a battered bucket—" Before he could finish she was beside him clapping her hands. "And big fat logs for furniture!" Out of his pocket she jerked the lunch-box, tore off the paper and twisting it into loose rolls, piled it lightly in the middle of the half-dead ashes. "Now," she ordered, scurrying about the logs in search of some dry twigs, "while I make the fire you fill that bucket with water. For looks only," she reassured him, "we won't drink from it. We have to have the kettle boiling, you know. And," she warned the retreating figure, "if you drink you gotta use your hands. Cups no fair!" She began to sing:

"Follow the Romany patteran West to the sinking sun, Till the junk-sails lift in the homeless drift, And the east and the west are one!"

By the time he returned with the water and an armload of branches she had built a tiny tepee of the twigs and was sitting beside it waiting for a match. While she cupped her hands over the flame and held her breath till a corner of the paper blazed, he hunted two forked sticks and whittled the ends to points.

"Follow the Romany patteran," he hummed, "East where the silence broods
By a purple wave on an opal beach
In the hush of the Mahim woods!"

She thrust one stick and he the other into the ground on opposite sides of the fire. She held up a straight branch, and he slipped the bucket-handle over it; and they bridged it over the fire on the two forked sticks.

"There!" triumphed he girl, and she patted the handle approvingly. Her fingers bent from the palm so that they made dimples at the knuckles; and the man laughed at the pretty quaintness of the movement. "Now aren't we cozy? And now while the kettle boils we'll sort our stolen viands. Though they do look rather prepared," she admitted as she lifted out sandwiches and fried chicken and other picnic dainties all wrapped in waxed paper. "But dear me! civilization will intrude even to our gypsy pranks. And we can suppose, if we like, that we're eating rye bread and venison, if that's what gypsies eat." And straightway she leapt from her childish patter to sober abstraction.

While they are and hovered over the fire they chatted, playfully, wildly, seriously, fantastically; argued, and agreed, and laughed. The girl fell to coaxing a little draggled bird to eat from hand; and failing crumbled a sandwich on a log, and begged the bird prettily to come and eat while she shut her eyes. And then she grew restless and eager to be off.

"Gormandizer!" she scoffed, with sparkling eyes, and leapt to her feet. "Throw everything on the fire and let it burn as long as it can, for it's going

to rain, I say! Reuglar gypsy weather. And I'm going out into the open fields before it starts!"

"Out of the mist of the gorigo camp, Out of the grim and the gray, Morning waits at the end of the world,—

Gypsy, come away!" she begged, and climbed on a fence to wait till he caught up.

"Quick! Into the fields!" she laughed. And over they both went, stumbling through the heavy mud of the plowed field. Away from the trees the wind was raising and the sky showed iron-gray. "Now!" she panted, "now let it pour!" And almost before they could brace themselves and gasp, the storm came down, like a summer rain, cool and drenching and impotently furious. The wind whipped her cloak around her and wrestled with the strands of hair at her brow: the rain beat full on her face, and she lifted it higher. The man stood rugged against the blast, his hands in his pockets. The wilder the wind raged, the sharper the rain beat upon them, the more radiant and vivid grew their eyes; their faces glowed. They nodded to each other—they could not talk against the wind—to signify "Great!" And after the wind had veered and charged from every side, using all its tricks in vain, it drifted despondently away; and the rain lost heart and followed.

"Ah!" vowed the girl. "It takes that to make one live! To stir one's blood!"

"To rouse one's courage and fire ambition!" he added.

"A battle with the elements! We were cavefolk not long since!" They stood breathless with their triumph.

And then they started to walk.

"Ugh!" grunted the man, as he sank to the ankles in slush. "Ugh!" echoed the girl, as she tried to lift her feet. Then they laughed at each other for the change in spirit, and went matter-of-factly at the job of wading out. Half-way to the fence, the girl slumped. "If there were a stump handy, I'd sit down and cry," she quavered, pathetically like a lost child. "But there isn't,—and we're far from home." She giggled at herself for getting herself into the mess, and philosophically started on.

Back by the drenched camp-fire they stopped to clean the mud from their shoes,—silently except when they caught one another's eye, when they chuckled a bit at the ludicrous plight. At last they wandered on back through the woods, no longer defying the briars and brush but avoiding them. They climbed the stile, and silently started towards home.

"It's nearly night," said the man.
"But it's lighter," retorted the girl.

And with one impulse they turned and looked back at the western sky. The winter sun was shining dully. They smiled; and their steps were more spirited.

In sight of the farmhouse at last. It was unlighted. "Of course, we're gypsies, but—"

"But home does look good."

They chuckled over their mutual oddities.

"The adventures were great," sighed the girl, as they turned their weary steps toward the porch. "They were indeed," he admitted.

"Tra la la la, tra la la la; tra la la la la, la, la!"

They laughed at the echo of the morning. As gaily as they started out, so gaily they came home—in spirit.

"Both to the trail again, again, Out of a clean sea track," they whistled as they stepped on the porch, and, flinging open the door,

"Follow the cross of the gypsy trail, Over the world and back!"

The room was dusky with the palpable shadows of twilight, and the vigorous entrants seemed to emit a flavorous, wholesome, almost lustrous life into it.

"Ah!" It was a tenuous cry from the girl, surprise enveloped in joy, and that all wrapped 'round with tenderness. There sat a man by the fire, immersed in thought or sleeping, his back towards them, his face towards the fading flame. A few swift steps brought the girl beside him. "Tired?" was the simple word she spoke, with eager humility. She lifted off her dripping raincoat, and with it seemed to lay aside her gypsy spirit. Very quietly she stirred up the fire, fluttered around the chair patting the pillows without waking the occupant; and like a gentle Quakeress slipped to the stool at his feet.

The young man by the door watched the transfiguration. He had forgotten that. All day long, while he and the girl had played together in the woods and fields, he had not once recalled the fact that his playmate belonged to another man. He stepped to the western window, so that his back was half turned on the group by the fire, and stared at the sturdy red sunset and at the rugged trees against it. He wondered vaguely why it was that girls always chummed with a fellow that could answer her moods but liked the fellow better who couldn't, the

fellow you wouldn't expect her to like, the fellow that had no time to gypsy, that was keenly practical all of the time.

How could he know that it is the delicate cruelty of woman to demand response of many, to chum with, but to kneel to only one; to shake hands with the characters like hers, but to yield homage only to those attributes that she has not; and that when a woman loves, she always kneels.

How could he know the fervent hero-worship that glowed in the heart of an erratic, ever-shifting, kaleidoscopic gypsy-girl mind for just steadfastness,—calm, reasonable, analytic, brilliant sureness, without tangential moods, without fantasy.

After a little the girl came and stood at his side. She smiled not at him but at the firm blank trees and the steady red sunset sky. "Isn't it wonderful?" she sighed; but he knew she was not thinking of the view.

"The wild hawk to the wind-swept sky,

The deer to the wholesome wold," she sang under her breath,

"And the heart of a man to the heart of a maid,

As it was in the days of old!"

With a start she came out of her reverie and caught him staring at her abstractedly. "Well?" she demanded with a defiant blush and a saucy smile, half-embarrassed at her sentimental mood. She shrugged her shoulders as if to say, "I don't care!" and slipped out of the room. He knew she was singing the rest of the gypsy song,

"The heart of a man to the heart of a maid,— Light of my tents, be fleet! Morning waits at the end of the world, And the world is all at our feet!"

And some ironic little wheel in his mind went on strumming the weird, uncivilized, haunting refrain.

"Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la la, la la!"

The Sea

Low level waters sleep,
Scarce lapping on the shore,
Soft little wavelets creep,
To kiss the sandy floor,
Calm sleeps the powerful deep;
Without loud haste or roar,
The mighty sea floods shoreward evermore.

Wee children on the sand
Fear not this playmate vast,
And weary toilers stand
To gaze—find rest at last
From strife and heat of land;
Sweeping all barriers past,
The forceful sea brings heart to all downcast.

Such strength in peace we crave,
When noisy flatterers pall,
Virtue and honor brave
Seem after pain to fall.
Some source of strength to save—
Would that we might recall,
With powerful quiet helpfulness toward all.

University Women in Student Activities

By BERNICE POWELL, '14.

Does the average woman student of the University of Illinois concern herself merely in a daily routine of preparation and recitation of lessons with little week-end flurries of gaity, or does she take advantage of the many opportunities for her social development in the broadest sense?

One of the first opportunities which comes to every University woman is the privilege of using her influence in student politics. College men who have electioneered at girls' dormitories, rooming houses, and sororities testify to lack of interest, ignorance, and indifference in regard to college politics. college women maintain that this state of affairs is due to several causes. In the first place, there are strong traditions and prejudices that actually do bar girl students from ever occupying any high office depending on the student vote, and they must remain contented with only such an office as a secretaryship. which consists of much work and little glory. They further maintain that women students have little opportunity of learning the merits of the men candidates or the mysterious methods of student politics. If these are sufficient reasons for the neglect of the women students to use their influence in the various college elections, have they compensated for this failure by giving their support and enthusiasm to those organizations open to all women that they may be of value and influence in the University life?

A representative of the Woman's League reports an average attendance of about 200 at the

weekly teas given to the 900 women students of the University. In the literary societies to which every girl belongs by right of registration, an average attendance of 100 is estimated generously by the President, while 30 girls is given as the average attendance of the other society, and there are approximately 450 enrolled in each.

It has also been shown that the University women have not taken the advantages offered to them in student activities open to both men and women in the University. The editor of the Illini stated that only one girl of the approximate 900 enrolled "tried out" for a place on his staff.

If it is rightfully maintained by many University women that college sentiment, especially among the men, is too strongly against women seeking offices of honor in student elections for them to succeed ever in such an attempt, if it is true that no energetic, clever, well-liked girl with plenty of force and initiative backed by the general societies of women students individually and collectively has no chance for defeating for an office a slightly-known man candidate, the mere tool of political rings and cliques, if the average woman student has no opportunity to learn the methods of original college politics, then she should do all in her power to increase their strength and value to her Alma Mater, while incidentally she may develop her own social efficiency.

A New Kind of Senior Memorial

By CARRIE HERDMAN.

What shall the senior memorial be? Every year at this time each class begins to agitate the question; several heads are put together; and finally the decision is reached that it must be the best ever given to the University—it must stand over and above other class memorials at all costs. And so it does, but at times with little regard for utility and sometimes at the expense of art.

There has been tried at a few universities a plan of turning class memorial money into a common loan fund to be at the disposal of students of the university at the discretion of a faculty committee and under the conditions named in the gift. There is at present such a loan fund at the University of Illinois given by the Class of 1895 which July 1, 1913 amounted to \$130.78. In addition to this fund there are three other loan funds—one established in 1899 by Edward Snyder, Professor of German at the University; the second, by William B. McKinley of Champaign in 1912; and the third by the Woman's League of the University in 1911 to be used particularly for women students. In the case of all these loan funds there is a minimum and maximum amount named; the loans are made at five per cent interest; and in the case of the Snyder and McKinley funds it is especially stated that this money be loaned only to upper classmen or to graduate students. It has been found wise to place this last restriction because underclassmen are likely to follow the line of least resistance and when borrowing early

learn to borrow late. Moreover, there is much time ahead for them. They can, in most cases, well afford to take a year or so off for work.

These funds have not only been used, but they have proved successful—that is from the point of a good investment, for the proportion of non-payments to payments is very small.

This is not a plan which will advertise the class to the University; nor one which is likely to stir up competition among subsequent classes because of the great show it will make; but it is a plan which may lay the foundation for a splendid investment for our University by making it possible for one to finish one's education without too great a sacrifice of time and effort. And should it be looked on with favor, the small amount which can be given this year will be but the beginning of a larger fund which as it grows may be used for bigger purposes in advancing and furthering the work for which the University stands.

This is but one plan; many others will be springing up shortly; but let us above everything else be reasonable and sane in our judgement of them. Let us discover what those who have been longest in the University and who have its welfare nearest at heart and plans for its development nearest in mind, believe to be needed in the buildings and on the campus either for use or beauty, before we invest our money in anything. Above all may it not be necessary for these same men and women to spend university money in covering up the bareness or possible ugliness of any piece of work we leave; and may the alumni in visiting never be able to accuse the class of nineteen fourteen or the classes following of having erected a "job lot" memorial.

When the Christmas Chimes Rang for "Irie"

By OLIVE DEANE HORMEL

"Ye're welcome, ye white and feathery flakes, That fall like the blossoms the summer wind shakes!"

Miss Frances and small "Irie" Hobbs chanted it gaily, as hand in hand, they danced, slipping and sliding, down the broad stone steps of the big square library. It was a soft, wet, misty snow, sifting sifting silently through the great elms which arched the avenue. Miss Frances loved those elms; and once in the spring as she and "Irie" walked beneath them, he had said in a wee small voice, his thin little hand aquiver in hers and his big grey eyes alight, "Don't you think God lives in trees like this?" Tonight in the mystery of the snowy dusk they seemed bestowing a kindly blessing upon those who passed in their shelter. To "Irie" and Miss Frances, the sparkling white world was radiant with the wonder and magic of storyland from which they had just come forth.

For an enchanted hour Miss Frances had told Christmas stories to a circle of wide-eyed, happy-faced youngsters. "Irie", a drab little figure in that rosy-cheeked flock, had been her most fascinated listener,—as always since that dark day last spring when she had found him. Sometimes to small "Irie" it seemed the world had begun on that dark day in June, and what a terrible beginning it had seemed! There had been an accident at the mills and they had carried home his big, kind father, all torn and bleeding. Lots of people had come then in big shiny automobiles, but no one seemed to notice the shrinking

little fellow who peered at them from a corner of the room, his large grev eves full of dumb misery and At last he had crawled off into the very darkest corner to be by himself, and try to under-Then Frances Foster had come with her father, the owner of the mills. He had gone in with the doctor, while she waited in the dark little-parlor; and that is how she happened to discover two little black legs protruding from the battered old piano. But "Irie" only tied himself into a knot and burrowed farther into the corner, when she tried to talk to him: and he almost frightened her away when he burst into violent sobbing. But she gathered him into her arms, and he vielded at last to the comfort of her soothing voice, as she told him how brave his father had been, when the other men tried to run away; and what a hero his little son must be, now that he was needed to help Daddy get well. That night he had gone home with Miss Frances, for they feared his father might die. And so it had all begun.

This afternoon when the stories were done and the children had gone romping and tumbling homeward through the snow, "Irie" had lingered behind to talk with Miss Frances. He had liked best of all her story of the Christmas chimes, which hung in the high white tower of a far off cathedral. On Christmas Eve they were rung for him who placed upon the altar the most truly beautiful gift for the little Christ Child. Kings and princes and the nation's rich and great vied with each other in leaving costly gifts. Yet neither silver nor gold nor jewels without price brought the coveted approval of the chimes. Then a little peasant boy who had trudged miles through the snow to lay his mite on the alter. at the very door of the great cathedral, had given the tiny coin to a wretched beggar; when lo! the silvery voices of the chimes thrilled all with their heavenly melody, as the child slipped away unseen. "Irie's" starved little mind did not quite comprehend it all, but he felt that beauty of it in his soul, and a something within him was strangely aglow.

They parted at the corner and "Irie" trudged off toward town, his lips pursed in a queer breathy little whistle. As he dug his small hands in the pockets of his coat, the merry jingle of pennies set his feet adancing. For in the month of December, by dint of utmost economy, "Irie" had accumulated a little hoard of twenty-two pennies over and above his paper funds, all this to be expended on a present for Miss Frances. The selection of his gift had been a source of much worry, till small Agnes Puff across the way had furnished inspiration when she said that her sister "Pearly'd rather have green perfum'ry 'n nothin' else in the store." So "green perfum'ry" it was to be and this was the night of its purchase. Truly no frankincense or myrrh had ever been offered in spirit more devoted than that of "Irie's" loving little heart proffering its scented tribute.

Christmas day drew on apace. The precious bottle of colored scent reposed on a chair close to his bed, where for nearly a week "Irie" had feasted his eyes on its shining crystal and gilt and green. He whiffed its crabapple sweetness on waking each morning and sleeping each night. At last came the thrilling morning when he wrapped it carefully in green paper, tied it with a red string, and fastened on a gay Christmas card he had made at school. On this he wrote with labored hand:

"To my dearest friend—from Ira Hobbs." and gazed on his work with shining eyes. That night Johnie Puff had promised to take "Irie" and

Agnes to the Fosters on his delivery rounds. It was a beautiful white world—and Christmas was a happy time—even in the shadow of the mills!

Yet even as he skipped out into the snow, a dreadful sound arose—a sound all too familiar in that unhappy district. It turned his heart sick and cold; for just so had it thundered on that terrible day last June—when his father had been carried home so—. He shuddered—though father was now safe he knew—a crippled door-keeper in the storage house. Yet all his Christmas joy had fled away, and he was the same little wretched grey mouse of a boy who burrowed behind the piano, that day months ago.

It was a dreadful day. Three men had been killed, and among them Mr. Puff. All day "Irie" watched the little house across the way, as people came and went, but he had never a glimpse of Agnes. At dark he could stand it no longer. There was mighty resolve in his sturdy little heart as he crossed the snowy street, a green and red parcel clasped tightly in his hands. He slipped in through the kitchen door and passed unnoticed through the stuffy, grief-laden rooms till he found Agnes, just as he felt he would, curled up in a forlorn heap in the darkest corner by the folding-bed. Her big eyes, dark with horror, smote him to the heaart. He reached toward her the hand with the package. "Keep it. It's your'n," choked "Irie" and fled.

All numb and aching with disappointment and tragedy, "Irie" lay long awake that night. Somewhere a clock struck—many times. He heard his mother slip in and knew that his Christmas shoes and bit of candy had been placed on the chair by his bed, where his eyes would rest on them first the next morning. But at last the roar of the mills grew

THE ILLINOIS

fainter, and a vague peace came over all. The tired child relaxed, and by and by the clock struck again, and then away off across the city, near Miss Frances' house, a church bell rang. Another and another took up the glad refrain—till their silvery music drifted through the still white night to the house where the little boy lay. His face lighted up. The chimes had rung, and "Irie" slept.

The Prophecy of Amos

By ALBA MOHR.

From far Tekoa to the north he came
A herdsman rude, with flashing eye,
At Bethel's altars, in Jehovah's name
To prophesy.

No wealth has he, or fame; Nor proud nobility of birth could claim Or priestly station high.

Dead silence, tense and long.

He burst upon that joyous festal scene
Amid the pleasure-loving throng,
And in the hush that came, with austere mien
Entoned his song;
A plaintive dirge, between
Whose wailing cadences, would intervene

At last in fierce denunciation bold,

The anger of a righteous God

And awful doom of Israel he foretold—

The land they trod

No longer as of old

Would be their home, and they, as captives sold,

Should feel His chastening rod.

He finished, and but one there was who cared
To lift a voice in protest vain.
His mission ended, gravely he repaired
Southward again.

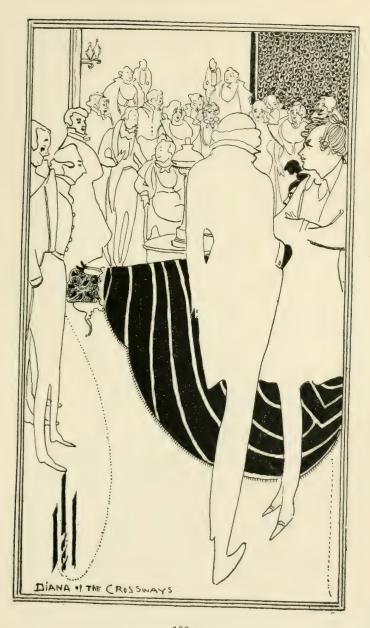
Once more he humbly shared
A herdsman's life; but what for God he dared,
Immortal will remain.

FIVE DRAWINGS

- I. In the Kingdom by the Sea
- II. Becky Sharp
- III. Diana of the Crossways
- IV. Tess of the D'Urbevilles
 - V. Annabel Lee











The Lions In The Way

By ELIZABETH FULLER.

"Be Jonas Griggs a sellin' tickets?" demanded Mrs. Pratt.

"Of course!" Mrs. Denny responded crisply thru the soapy steam. "Don't you know yet that our Ladies' Aid suppers are the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, world without end, Amen?"

"Well!" grunted Mrs. Pratt, "I only hope they get hold of the money-box before he gets it out of the church. Miserly old skin flint!" And she wielded her dish cloth so forcefully that the lurid chromo above of Daniel confronting three ravening lions received a dash of soap suds.

"You don't mean he would keep it!" gasped the other.

"Oh, not keep it, exactly. But you could easier pull sand burs out of Jonas Griggs whiskers than a dollar out of his pocket after it once gets there! He'd call that supper money of ours church money and never turn a hair. You mark my words! I know Jonas Griggs of old."

"Well I sure do admire the preacher's grit in standin' out agin Griggs and them two other men he's got under his thumb, but he's got a piece o' work cut out for him all right," declared Sarah Denny.

"Why-e-e, Danwul's got his dress all wet!" announced Bob, the curly headed son of the minister, as he rushed into the room.

"Oh, you stick tight!" ejaculated Mrs. Pratt. "Well, take the cake then, and git out from under foot. Look out, don't knock against the plates!"

As Mrs. Denny and the plates reached the upper (Continued on Page 210)

Autumn

By LUCILE REESE.

Her kirtle like Eve's is all of leaves,
She lays her hand on mine,
The golden crown on tresses brown
Is of autumn dande-lion.

She understands the wild woodlands,
The lonesome charm of its call;
Her fairy feet as the foam are fleet
That rides on the waterfall.

She dips her brushes in sunset flushes,
And the wild blue grape paints red.
She sings as she weaves of the forest leaves
A shroud for the summer dead.

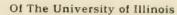
In the western wind is intertwined Her musical, olden rhymes, Mystical lays of the hazy days Of forgotten Autum times.

The songs she sings on the wind's fleet wings
Are borne at once along;
A rhapsodic time and suggestion of rhyme
Are all that remain of her song.

But the fancies fleet are strangely sweet,
Tho the thought I can never keep,
As visions wild in the dreams of a child,
By an angel kissed asleep.



THE ILLINOIS





WOMAN'S NUMBER

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THE ILLINOIS MAGAZINE is published monthly by the Undergraduates of the University of Illinois, and aims to print the best literary productions of the campus. Contributions are solicited from students and members of the Faculty in all departments. Discussion of current student questions is invited. Contributions may be left with the editors, dropped in the Illinois Box in Main Hall, or mailed to 712 W. Oregon St., Urbana.

Published by the Students of the University of Illinois

Despite all opinions to the contrary, the women of our university really have a large part in the life of the institution. The popular idea that Illinois is primarily a university for men cannot be based upon fact. It is true that during the first two years of its existence only men were allowed to enter; however, from the time of their admission, Illinois women have taken an active part in collegiate affairs. During the year of 1870-'71, when the first twenty-four women began their work here, they formed less than one-tenth of the entire student body: now the names of women students comprise more than one-fifth of the total enrollment. as has their attendance, so has their interest in all the activities of the campus increased. The Woman's League, the Alethenai, and Illiola literary societies, besides the two new ones, and the Y. W. C. A. have been formed expressively for the development of women students, while many other organizations place them on equal standing with the men. The impending question in regard to women's dormitories, the discussions concerning girl's athletics

and their relation to school politics—all these matters signify the place women hold at Illinois.

Every Wednesday the "Illini" reads somewhere: "The Woman's League holds its tea as usual in the

Woman's Building from 3:00 to 5:30." The newspaper has done its part, somebody with a scientific flourish has put the water on to

boil, and the rest is up to the girls of Illinois. is just where they are found wanting. They have not availed themselves of this opportunity to get acquainted. The sparce sprinkling of girls only makes the emptiness of that great parlor more apparent; and the crisp lemon slips spiked with pungent cloves lose very little of their fantastic arrangement on the plates. You say you don't know anybody. Never mind. Prance right up to a girl and start talking. If you're rebuffed, keep on talking just to show you're free. Perchance the nose tilts higher, you still have your tea left. And truly tea is the best mixer in the world. It radiates cheerfulness like a depot stove, brings out all the warmth and friendliness in one. As you go down the board walk Wednesday afternoons sing out to the girls passing by— "Going to the Woman's League Tea? No! Why you don't know what you're missing. The tea will warm the cockles of your heart, loosen your tongue, bring roses to the cheeks, widen the streets, strengthen the police force. Oh la la—anyway—Come along."

Does everyone understand what the girls are trying to do in the new movement of having senior advisors for the freshmen? ComSENOR ADVISORS ing down first to particular and personal benefits derived, the freshmen ought to be materially benefited by the

scheme. Each spring the Dean of Women appoints a committee of Junior girls who have been actively interested in girls' affairs in the University. ideal beginning is in the summer—for the seniors to-be-to write to the freshmen who have already their permits-to-register and have been assigned to certain seniors. The rest are assigned immediately after registration. The senior girl is to look up her freshman as soon as she has her name, and "take her under her wing"; she is to do her best to keep her from being lonely, to show her about the University. and to help her become acquainted and interested in the worth-while things she will enjoy. The freshman has someone to depend on for friendship and advice. On the other hand—to get away from the personal benefit, and take up the more general and broader view, the girls are seriously working to increase their standard by this method. The seniors will help younger girls to become the serious-minded, sensible girls that Illinois girls should be-to mix pleasure and work in the right proportions, and to set the standard earlier in their college life-of what we Illinois girls want to be known as to the outer world as well as in our University.

Some conjecture has arisen among the girls as to why tickets for athletic events are no longer sold at the Co-Op, and also why they were removed to the men's gymnasium where indeed they appear very remote and inaccessible to just one quarter of the University. Of course, one quarter is not the majority, but the minority is usually at least given a voice in matters; and it is raised to ask why, when the other three quarters are usually so eager and glad to discover and call attention to any lack of support on the part of the remaining quarter—why was this action taken which almost precludes the

THE ILLINOIS

possibility of any growing enthusiasm. True, tickets to events are not unavailable, but the awkwardness and unpleasantness of running the gauntlet at the men's gymnasium under fire of comments by bystanders does not present a very attractive outlook. Might it not be better to try out the scheme of placing a certain number of tickets for disposal at the women's gymnasium or at least to have "sign-ups" there so that minority may have an equal chance with the majority to express and foster interest in athletics?



LITERARY SOCIETY SECTION



Philomethean

Philomethean has made much progress during the past month. Two of her members, R. E. Himstedt and L. W. Reese, secured places on the Varsity debating teams. About ten of the members have been working for the tryouts for March debates which are to take place this week. Committees have been appointed to arrange for the annual Phio-Alethanai play, the Declamation Contest, and the Intersociety Debate. The attendance at the meetings has increased very much, and a better class of programs are being given. The programs for the past month which have been given by the pledges have uncovered much talent in musical, literary, and debating lines.

Probably the most important thing accomplished during the past month was the hiring of a faculty member of the public speaking department to act as professional coach and to criticize the work of each member after he had appeared on the program. The old system of criticism by older members did not accomplish much as the criticisms were mostly praises and the critic did not feel that he could take the members to task. By the new system, a responsible critic and coach is assured who is no way subject to influences which would make him mix too much praise with blame. This will no doubt secure better programs, more conscientious work, and more rapid improvement on the part of the members. Following are the new members:

J. C. Swanson '14, E. Tinzmen '15, P. H. Brown '15, C. P. Winters '15, G. S. Underwood '16, L. G. McAfee '16, W. B. Schroeder '16, L. J. Ludwig 16, E. Ernst '16, A. A. Gilbert '17, Stanley Ott '17, Percy Ott '17, Ralph Schecter '16, Charles Palmer '17, K. Epstein '17, M. J. Faletti '17.

Illiola

Illiola Literary Society meets Friday afternoons at four o'clock in Adelphic Hall, fifth floor of University Hall. Visitors are cordially invited to attend the meetings.

The Teacher's Conference recently held at the University brought back a number of Illiola alumnae whom we were glad to see again in their old places.

The society was pleasantly entertained at the home of Mrs. W.A. Oldfather on Friday, December the twelfth.

Owing to the fact that the meeting for Friday December the nineteenth cannot be held, it was thought advisable to call a meeting earlier in the week, for the election of officers. Members will please watch the Ilini for notice of the same.

Ionian

The following were initiated into Ionian Saturday night: E. C. Hamill, Lyman Booth, L. V. Sporlein, E. J. Bartz, H. W. Dodge, H. B. Fites, G. C. Darrell, G. E. Potter, D. A. Grossman, M. C. Johnson, C. A. Miller and J. Herman.

The attendance at recent meetings has taxed the capacity of the hall. The programs have been unusually good.

The Lions in the Way

(Continued from Page 202)

room she stared at the entrance, gave a cry of astonishment and almost dropped the plates.

"Do ye see that?" she gasped weakly. "Old Madam Vincent, and in the church!" But Mrs. Pratt's equilibrium was not easily disturbed.

"Yes!" she snapped. "A talkin' to old Griggs. No good'll ever come o' that. Both of 'em a suckin' money like blood out o' them poor Eyetalians what live in their shackly old tenements! But what's a happenin'?"

From the small group near the entrance came the stubborn tones of Griggs.

"I tell you there's no use a-handin' the money over to you. I can jest as well bank it with the rest."

"Thanks! we'll take it ourselves. You banked our money with the rest once before and not a smell of it did we ever have again. Give me that box!" Mrs. Murphy's voice was uncompromising.

"Nonsense! I aint agoin' to do it! It's church money, ain't it? Got nary a mite o' use for this Woman's Right foolishness nohow. Women 've got no mortal business a-handlin' money!" The flash of Mrs. Murphy's eyes and the tilt of her chin were plainly Irish, but just as she was about to blaze forth a retort, the pastor quietly entered the group and turning, she appealed the case to him.

The Robert Dean saw the veiled threat in Frazer's glance his answer was decided and unhesitating.

"You have no right whatever to that money, Griggs. The women earned it and it's theirs."

"Have to ask you to keep out of this, parson.

You don't understand the situation. We need the money, and Frazer as church treasurer is going to keep it for us." His narrow deep-set eyes flashed a quick command at the two men nearby. Landee stepped forward.

"Yes, you don't understand the situation, Mr. Dean, and this raising of a money dispute in a church is most unseemly."

"You women don't get it," came the chronically mournful tones of Frazer. I'm a-goin' to do accordin' to my conscience in carin' for and disposin' of church money."

"Conscience seems to take a rest while we women earn the money." flashed out Mrs. Murphy's parting shot as the stooped form of Griggs walked doggedly away—with the money.

Entirely aware of the enigmatic, almost mocking gaze of Madam Vincent's shrewd old eyes, Dean walked abruptly past her stately figure and out of the church.

"Was it not enough," he asked bitterly as he bared his head to the cooling night breeze, "to fight single handed against Griggs and his two vassals whose personal grievances Griggs used with such diabolic cunning? Was it not enough to cope with a passive people vainly? Must madam herself, whom he had so longed to reach, only to be rebuffed, ally with his opponents because of sordid financial enterprises, even come to his church to confer with Griggs and to smile cynically at his own discomfiture?" And weary at heart, Robert Dean entered the lonely parsonage.

But as Dean swung round in his study chair the next afternoon to face his three visitors, the firm chin, the flash of the grey eyes, showed that he was entering a losing fight with his head held high. "Might as well tell ye right out, parson, your work here ain't satisfactory. This business of dingin' everlastin'ly for money to send to furriners when—"

"Griggs!"—Dean's voice cut sharply into the grumble,—"we've had this out before. You know my stand and you know I won't change it."

"Your stand is to squander money on worthless heathens when the church is goin' to rack and ruin."

"By the way, Griggs, how much do you give to running expenses?"

"Humps! that's neither here nor there!" The ejaculation was so nearly a grunt that Bob stopped his play in the adjoining room and gazed big eyed thru the half-open door at Griggs.

"And this idea of preachin' 'practical Christianity' aint suitable for the pulpit, neither," was Frazer's melancholy lament. "We want the good, old fashioned gospel."

"Shoe pinch, Frazer?" asked Dean, laconically.

Just then the conference was interrupted by a sudden growl from the next room, a growl so nearly the echo of Grigg's "Humph!" that Dean's lips twitched involuntarily. But chairman Landee, a pompous, important little man, went on,

"Your policy of opposition to the lodges of our little city has been most unfortunate, to say the least. In these days—"

But now came such a volley of terrific growls punctuated by little girlish squeals, that Dean with a brief "Excuse me," went into the next room.

"But dad, dad," came Bob's expostulations. "I wants to growl like Mr. Griggs." The door closed quickly. There was a low, masculine murmur, then

a little whimper from Beth. But Bob's defense defied all such barriers as doors.

"But see here, dad, it's a Bible play, it is! It's Daniel in the lion's den and those men 're the lions. And I'm just tryin' gwowling, Dad! Why not, dad?"

When Dean re-entered, the color of the three men had deepened perceptibly, but Landee proceeded with some asperity,

"The whole thing comes to this: the church is going down, finances are behind, people aren't satisfied,—" Then uprose on the air one last, rebellious howl, so suggestive that Landee's harangue dwindled into an incoherent murmur. Still the pastor said nothing and finally the three man, ill at ease, arose as tho to escape that disconcertingly piercing gaze. At last he spoke.

"Your meaning is perfectly clear. You wish my resignation."

"Of course," suavely interpolated Landee," we do not wish to—"

"You mistake me. I have no idea of resigning." As he looked at Grigg's satiric smile his very unministerial temper broke bonds. "You,—you scoundrel! If I could only fight—." His fists clenched, as with difficulty he got himself in hand. "But you're not going to use this church for your own private ends," he threw at Griggs. "Do what you please; I intend to stay here!"

"We'll see, we'll see," muttered Griggs, as the three men pased out.

Their departure did not escape the shrewd eyes of Joe Davis, village prophet, sage, and news-monger, as he went up the long hill toward the imposing mansion of Madam Vincent which crowned it. Mad-

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On South Race Street Over in Urbana am was examining her hedge that hazy October afternoon.

"Some hedge you've got here, but your Japanese trees be'ent nowadays as fine as the parson's. Say, the way he keeps them things in that shape is nigh a miracle, sure." Madam Vincent made no reply, but Joe's flow of conversation did not require external stimulus.

"Jest been down there; saw the trustees a-comin' out of the parsonage. They mean business, too. I'll guarantee you that there house is empty one month from today." Joe smote the stately gate pillar with emphasis.

"Rather rash, aren't you, in your prophesies this time?"

"Believe me, no! Griggs runs this church and he won't stand for no buttin' in. And since the parson publicly told Landee's Red Men they couldn't hold no Sunday lodge service in his church, and since Frazer saw all them perfectly good dollars a-startin' out to leave town, why they got so all-fired mad they jest make nice little chunks of putty for old Griggs to use."

"Well, why does the church let itself be walked all over?" He looked at her shrewdly.

"You know enough about Grigges' business to know why people don't tackle him. And who's goin' to tell Frazer he's a graspin' old grouch and a whole funeral cer'mony all to himself? And since Landee's president of the Merchant's club he's jest natur'lly expanded so that if you stick a pin in his idees you'll have a sure-nuff bust-up. And the church, they reckons the parson, he aint worth all that trouble." "Milk and water! Always their pocket books! their beloved pocket books."

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"Well," drawled Joe, "ye see your pocket book, and Griggs's pocket book, they're gettin' all nice an' plump, but 'taint so with everybody. He wont last long, anyhow," he concluded in passing, "he's got too much ginger to suit the Grand Mogul."

Madam worked on in thoughtful silence. Suddenly she saw striding past, the sleight, tense figure of Robert Dean. He walked as tho striving to walk out the tumult of anger, grief, and perplexity which so plainly showed in the grim, set, face.

"Wait, young man! I want to talk to you!" With visible reluctance he halted. He was in no mood to go thru yet another gruelling from one whose power was so plainly cast with his opponents. As Madam studied him keenly there was a twitch of pain in her inscrutable, cynical old face.

"I hear you are entering the lists with your worthy trustees."

"I am."

"I would like to hear your opinion of the affair."

"What is the use?" he asked coldly. It is not the sort of thing to interest you."

She smiled. "You plainly class me as allied with Beelzebub and his angels. But even one who has 'fallen from grace' can appreciate a good fight."

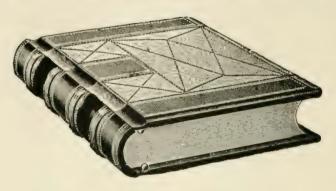
"It's my duty to stand by the church thru this crisis and I'll do it in spite of all the trustees created since the days of Adam."

Madam paused a moment, smiling at Bob, who had just come up from a breathless pursuit of his father.

"You may have the spirit, but you seem to consider yourself a sort of Daniel. In these hopelessly ordinary days zealous young leaders aren't divinely insured against the craft of the wicked world."

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Dean's face flushed again with unministerial anger. But Bob stirred restlessly under a sudden recollection. "Dad, why wouldn't you let me play 'lion's den' when the men were there? Don't you 'spect that when Danwul was in that big hole, those lions gwowlled way, way down deep in their throats just like Mr. Griggs?"

Madam's face twisted spasmodically, as Robert Dean answered with gravity equalling his son's, "Wouldn't be surprised if they did, Bobs."

"I thought so," triumphed Bob. "Can't fool me on lions. Come on Beth, throw away that old doll, we're goin' to play Danwul and the lions again, and you got to be Danwul 'cause I want to gwowl. Hurry up, come on, Beth! Gr-r-rr!" They departed amid echoing howls. With an almost tender yearning Madam looked at those grey eyes, that resolute mouth that brought back so insistently another face out of the past.

"Well, young man, out with your side of the case!" she demanded brusquely in an attempt to conceal the eager interest that threatened to overmaster her. But Dean's tense nerves snapped. "I tell you it's no use! Oh! the wrong of it. Men steal money from their fellows, grind it from the poor, hoard it up or squander it on their worthless selves. And then are 'pillars of the church' and 'leaders in the community!' Hypocrites! And then wonder that their own children laugh at their mockery and go straight to the bad." As he almost flung himself down the hill, a sudden half-memory stirred in his own heated brain, a memory of a story about Madam's son, who had been aflame to enter the ministry —till that flame had been quenched by the mother. Would she, could she think that he had meant to



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wound her? Well, what could he do now? They were separated by an impassable gulf; she could be no further alienated from him and his losing fight than she was before. And Madam stood there in the twilight, alone with the bitter memories and haunting pain that made the sight of Robert Dean a torture.

On that bright Sunday morning a most unexpected thrill ran thru the peaceful church-goers as the dignified old horse drew Madam Vincent's coach up before the church door, and Madam herself walked with stately dignity to the long vacant family pew. But as Bob, rushing in from the other room, esconced himself unafraid and unconcerned beside her, the haughty bearing relaxed.

"Sunday school?" she queried.

"You bet, and we had Danwul today. Picture of him in there. But say, lions don't amount to much now. Why Jack Griggs said he saw a man with a whip go in a cage where there was 'leven of them and they never did a thing! Dad said any thing what scares us awful bad when we're in a straight and narrer paf is lions. Say," as a sudden thot struck him," "You aren't a lion, are you? Cause you can be kind o'scary sometimes." An indefinable little pang struck Madam, but she drew herself up sharply. The boy's prattle meant nothing. Not a detail of the music, the devotionals, the very atmosphere of the congregation escaped this non-committal observer. But not over Madam Vincent alone, over the whole audience came a tense hush as Robert Dean entered the pulpit and looked for a long moment into the faces before him. A quiver of surprise ran over him as his eyes met those of Madam Vincent. Then, with a look of challenge toward her and toward Griggs, he threw himself into a sermon

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He first painted graphically, in all their wretched details, the tenements which stood on Exchange Street. He made his audience thrill with horror and disgust as he pictured their unbelievable dangers, filth, and almost unendurable conditions. He made their eyes moisten as he told simply of little Mary Anderson, and how she lost her life from the collapse of a rotten stair way. He made their hands clinch as he portraved those men and women, painfully starying themselves and even sacrificing their children, in order to avert the threat of the rent collector, and as he portraved the owners of the tenements hoarding that money, or spending it to build more tenements. Then he turned direct to the people before him. He charged them with criminal blindness to their duty as citizens. He placed on them responsibility for Mary's death. They quailed and shrank back under his keen thrusts. And now his voice changed. As man pleading with man he appealed to them for heart's interest, for co-operation, for brotherhood in this crusade for justice for these men and women; this crusade for clean business, for a clean city. There was a pause as he ended, then the solemn words of the benediction.

Madame's expression was unreadable as she looked upon the white face and glowing eyes of Robert Dean. Suddenly up toward the pulpit, strode Jonas Griggs. As he faced the minister his sullen ugliness flamed into hateful bitterness.

"This ends it! It's not enough to go against us in every way you can. You think you can defy us; you think you can even preach about us in the pulpit, do you? I warn you here and now we'll stand no more. You go peaceably, or—Well, there'll be a trustees meeting, mebby, and the pracher won't be



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is similar to the secret of good business—it happens to some and just misses the others.

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invited, mebbe," he threatened with an ugly sneer. "Anyhow, you'll go, and the sooner the better for all concerned. We'll show you who's runnin' the business in this town, and who's running' the church." And with a gleam of malignant triumph at Dean he turned to Madam Vincent, who stood near him. The blaze in Dean's grey eyes smoldered and the muscles of his mouth were drawn tight and he faced Madam to meet her words, less brutal than Griggs; but probably far more mocking and stinging. As tho Griggs were not there, Madam walked passed him and offered her hand to the pastor.

"Robert Dean, that was indeed a searching sermon. There was much in it for thought. I congratulate you on it." And wit ha glint of lurking humor in her shrewd old eyes, she turned from the church to her coach.

Monday afternoon the warm, hazy sunshine, the languid, mysterious brightness, the evanescent autumn odors lured Madam Vincent farther and farther until she reached the boundaries of the orchard. From the great apple pit strange noises were ascending. Approaching softly among the trees she saw the angelic face of Bob Dean upraised as he stood in the middle of the pit, while around him twisted and stretched three other youngsters, emitting all the while most unearthly and deepthroated howls. Bob's enraptured expression changed not. Finally Vernon Landee cautiously approached from above and enquired solicitously as to Bob's welfare. In Bob's reply, to the effect that he never felt better in his life. Vernon assisted him from the pit and there was mutual rejoicing.

Madam's face quivered uncontrollably, but her voice was calm and matter of fact as she asked,

(Continued in the February Number)

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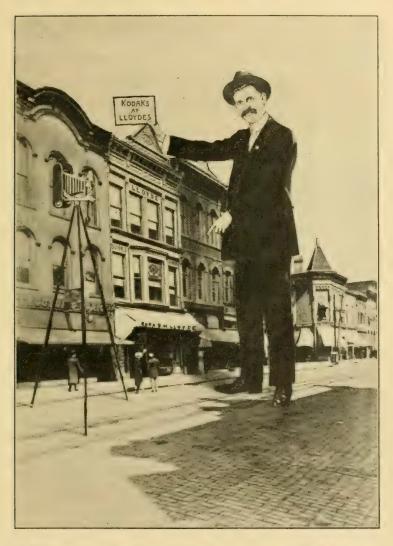
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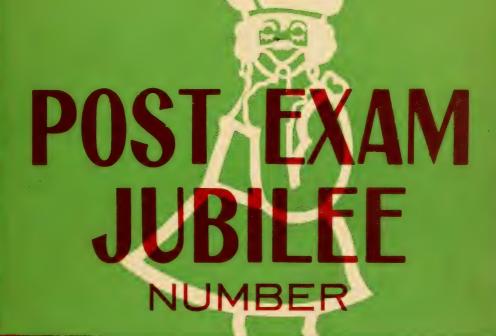
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HISTORICAL.

The Post-Exam Jubilee was originated in 1902 by P. A. Conard, General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. It was planned as an outlet for surplus enthusiasm of those who passed the mid-year exams and a solace for those who flunked. It was a success from the start.

When Mr. Conard went to South America the local Y. M. C. A. pledged \$100 toward his support. In 1907 the amount was raised to \$250 and in 1908 to \$350. In 1909 an attempt was made to raise \$500 by the usual subscriptions. This fell short about \$170 and it was decided to ask for an offering at the Jubilee. The response was so encouraging that in 1910 the mark was set at \$1000. Every year crowds were turned away and the plan of charging an admission fee was proposed.

In 1911 a silver cup was offered to the organization putting on the best stunt. In 1912 and 1913 three cups were given. The winners were as follows:

1911-First prize-Agricultural Club.

1912—First prize—Chi Beta Club. Second prize—Zeta Psi Fraternity. Third prize—Acacia Fraternity.

1913—First prize—Kappa Sigma Fraternity. Second prize—Phi Kappa Sigma Fraternity. Third prize—Acacia Fraternity.

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CHARACTERS

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The	guy that whistles
The	leading man. W. J. Blum
The	quartetteF. J. Naprstek, W. J. Blum, T. M. Heath, W. G. Broehl
The	dancers E. S. Block, I. Countryman
rm1	
The	Seasons—
	Summer Block and Countryman
	Fall Woodyatt and Meyer
	Winter Senneff

The chorus—L. F. Armstrong, N. Stuit, J. M. Silkman, O. J. Neslage, I. Countryman, E. H. Westlund, A. Gonsier, P. N. Davis.

Finale:--"Illinois Spirit".

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Mr. A. G. Shorthorn arrives in the city and applies for membership in the Club. He has a good time, also a bad dream.

Scene 2-The initiation.

Mr. Shorthorn makes the acquaintance of old Doc Pluto. A hot time in Brimstone. Never again!

CHARACTERS

A. G. Shorthorn	H. C. Wolf
Old Doc Pluto	F. M. Cockrell
The Illini Club	L. J. Nye, F. A. Busch, J. K. Tuthill,
	R. P. Hall, Joe Feldham, R. I. Shawl
Pianist	E. J. Tompkins
Waiters	G. P. Vaughn, E. F. Miller

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Brainless broodings by Willing Ramsey.

Howlings and explosions by Floyd Mohlman.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Jene Fulton, a college flunker	Edwards Tiedeman
President Bachelor's Club.	Willing Ramsey
T. A. Clark	Samuel Smith
Dean Kyle	Herbert Steinmeyer
Street Violinist	Herbert Brannon
Pianist	Floyd Mohlman
Sufragette's son	Dean Chase

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A farcial college skit by CHI BETA

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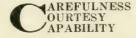
CAST

Stu	F.	H.	Bergland
Billy	A	. R.	Rohlfing
Boggs	Т	. W	. Tolmie
Speck	1	I. M	. Martin

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Music by P. D. Amsbary '16

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

Dad A. V. Essington, '14
William, his son Hale Byers '17

College Boys.

 W. L. Schlueter, '16
 C. M. Crain '14

 P. D. Amsbary '16
 A. M. Metzler '16

 C. B. Anthony '14
 Edmund Burke '16

Town Boys

H. P. Vandercook '14 L. S. Brodd '16 H. L. Morehead '15 R. W. Bunge '14

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Hamlet, a college graduate, avenges the murder of his father by reciting to his uncle, the murderer, a selection from a course in public speaking. The plot is complicated by the accidental killing of Polonius, Lord Chamberlain, and the subsequent death thru grief of his daughter Ophelia, on whom Hamlet has a desperate "case."

CHARACTERS

		Elliot
		. Kidd
Queen C.		tearns
Polonius E.		ohman
Ophelia B. M.	Kiss	elburg

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Featuring "Let's do Some of those New Dances," "That Fraternity Rag." Words by N. McK. Kneisly. Music by W. L. Ashbeck

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

Prologue—In the quarters of the United States Counsul at Colombo, Borneo. The Dream—The Dolly Varden Tea Room at the University of Illinois. The Epilogue-The same as the prologue.

Orchestra under the direction of W. L. Ashbeck.

L E Frailey

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Dhillin Duran a Maited States Concul in Roymon

rinip Drew, a United States Consul in Dorney.
Johnnie Huyler, a negro waiter in the Dolly Varden Tea Room
N. McK. Kneisly
Jack Hollingsworth
Hannibal Whitman, an Ag
Frances Clarington Phillin's fiances H. M. Hager
Mary Stapleton, a small-town girl
Louis, Philip's valet
Other girls E. J. Novak, R. C. Swope
Waiters C. M. Ferguson, L. G. Hall
Doorman G. C. Feller
Other men Chas, Richardson, N. T. Mallett, H. J. Moore,
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Entered as second-Class matter at the postoffice at Urbana, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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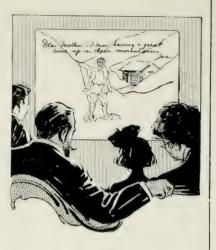
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She—Yes.

He—This you Helen?

She—Yes.

He—Can I come over tonight about 8?

She—Sure—but say, Harry, better bring another box of "La Vogues" along. Haven't had any since yesterday.

He—I sure will—I like 'em myself.

She—All right, Harry, Good bye.

He—Good bye.

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608 East Green Street

Young Men in a Young Country

By P. A. CONARD

Impressions of the Opportunity and Need. As I have been home on furlough about half of this year it seems an opportune time to write of some general aspects of our work in South America as one stands at this distance and tries to appraise the relative significance of some of its features. The first striking reaction one gets on going to South America is that of the great distances and immense sizes of things. The continent is as long as from Key West to the North Pole, and as wide as from Washington D. C., to San Fancisco. It is composed of ten republics, the largest of which, Brazil, is larger than the United States (barring Alaska), and the smallest, Uruguay, is as large as New England plus Maryland and has a capital city the size of New Orleans or Minneapolis. Argentina is as large as France, Germany, Austria, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, Italy and Ireland combined—nations that support a population of more than 200,000,000 while Argentina now has about 10,000,000 though she is rapidly growing and is capable of sustaining a vast people.

The second impression is that of the magnificence of the great cities. One may have read a good deal on the subject and yet be ill prepared for the sight which bursts upon his vision as he enters the harbor of Rio Janeiro. The entrance is narrow but it opens into a great bay dotted by a hundred beautiful islands and surrounded by the majestic Organ Mountains all clothed in the most gorgeous of tropical verdure. Rio lies on the South shore, a city of a million people, a gem worthy of its marvelous setting, beautified by the hand of man as well as by the

hand of God. For miles along the water front runs a sea wall, esplanade and parkway, on which a profligate use of electric light sheds brilliancy by night. Splendid avenues, on which the automobiles are as thick as in New York, cut the city into sections, and give frontage for a display of achitectural beauty unsurpassed in the Western Hemisphere. Behold the transformation! The synonym for a pest hole of yellow fever and other tropical diseases only a few years ago has become a health resort, the modern queen city of a continent. Or take Buenos Aires, that metropolis of the Southern Hemisphere, a city of a million and a half, growing at the rate of 100,000 a year, the gateway to a vast and rich country that exports more beef and beef products than the United States and is so rapidly coming to the very front rank in the amount of grain placed on the world's market. Costly and stately public buildings, transportation lines intricate and vast: excellent and extensive systems of hospitals, schools, banks, railways, hotels, department stores, postal and telegraph and telephone service, and shipping industries: a well-equipped university of 5.000 students: the gay fashions and handsome equippages seen in the popular "corsos" in the parks; the hundreds of populations of all kinds; the variety of clubs, societies and organizations, social, scientific, commercial and educational—in short, every material feature of the greatest of modern and progressive cities is to be found in Buenos Aires. And these, the largest, are but typical of the chain of capitals that constitute the dominating influence in the nations. They form the heart and head of their respective republics and dominate them as no city in North America dominates any part of it, and in every phase of life.

A third impression is that these cities are in the hands of young men. The men you meet in the business world, those you consult professionally, or who run the government, or through the press make and guide public opinion, are young men. One of our secretaries was invited by a Cabinet Minister to accompany a government party on a five days' trip to dedicate a new school building. There were thirty in the group, three of them Cabinet Ministers and the others senators and representatives, and none of them over forty years of age. The incident is typical and significant.

Another impression that even a casual visitor will not fail to get, is that the young men of the continent are subjected to terrible temptations. Each nation has its national lottery. The proceeds are used to support institutions as the charity hospitals. children's homes, orphan asylums, etc., but it is done at the cost of raising a generation of gamblers, as attested by the records of the race course, the licensed and unlicensed gaming houses, and the inclination to gamble seen in even the youngsters on the streets. Embezzlers and suicides are but a part of the harvest that comes from the thoroughly respectable and honest lottery seed. Some firms positively refuse to employ men who even attend the races. they consider the risk too great especially if the employee is likely ever to come into a place of responsibility.

A leading temptation is that to a life of immortality. This is fostered in many ways, such as the flaunting advertisements and exposure for sale of vile literature. The double standard of morals is found in an aggravated form, the girl is most carefully guarded and chaperoned every minute of her life while the boy at the age of fourteen or sixteen

is given free rein to run the streets at will without let or hindrance. There are many splendid exceptions, but in general, even the boy's mother does not require or expect him to spend his evenings at home, and as social custom does not permit him to spend them in the homes of his friends, he is shut up—rather shut out—to the streets, the cafe, or worse. Well, what would our own sons or brothers do in such a case? If they were the vigorous and adventuresome lads of whom we are proud, they would soon find all—even the worst—there is to be seen in the city, and would thereafter carry the marks of their investigation.

But there is a grave temptation yet more fundamental, that to unbelief and pure materialism. The Hon. James Bryce, ex-Ambassador of Great Britain to the United States, than whom there is no more discerning observer, says in his recent book on South America that "Both the intellectual life and the ethical standards of conduct of these countries seem to be entirely divorced from religion . . . Men of the upper or educated class appear to be wholly indifferent to theology and the Christian worship. It has no interest for them." And the author concludes, "This absence of a religious foundation for thought and conduct is a grave misfortune for Latin America."

Yet another element in the situation makes exceedingly difficult a religious appeal. Our religious terminology does not call up to mind in the man of South America the association of ideas with which we clothe the sacred terms. Whose heart does not bleed at the mention of "the tears of Christ"? In South America there is a brand of wine called "The Tears of Christ". One Good Friday a weekly illustrated magazine carried on its back cover an adver-

'isement of a brand of cigarettes. The picture was of Christ and some of the disciples. The disciples were smoking, and Judas was saying to the Master, "If I had smoked this brand, I would not have betrayed you." In North America that would not make good advertising. "Jesus' is not an uncommon name for a boy. Such sigs as "Christ's Corner Grocery", "The Drug Store of the Three Crosses", and the like are to be seen here and there. It is hard to find language that will present our conception of the religion of Jesus Christ.

Now, given this combination of young and rich and prosperous nations, dominated by their great and modern cities, those cities in the hands of the young men, and these men overwhelmingly tempted, and you have a field for the Young Men's Christian Association.



Col. Roosevelt speaking at the Y. M. C. A. of Rio Janeiro

A Remedy: The Young Men's Christian Association. The missionary forces working in these South American capitals and leading laymen, in view of the need for work among young men, sent an urgent request to the Associations of North America to establish work there. Through their International Committee, the Associations of North America, therefore, sent representatives to organize the work. Already, it is established in seven cities; four in Brazil, and one each in Uruguay, Argentina and Chile. Other insistent calls are still to be answered.

The response to the organization in those centers is most encouraging, though the progress is made against great difficulties, as seen in the early section of this report. For example: In Buenos Aires the citizens raised \$140,000 to meet the offer of \$1000,000 from North America, for the building which the Association there now occupies, with its sixteen hundred members. The Association at Rio de Janeiro has an equal membership, and last year had six hundred and fifty men in the night classes. This latter figure means not simply a great educational institution like a large high school or college, but when considered in the light of the facts of moral conditions already mentioned above, it is tremendously significant as a moral factor in the life of young men. The response to the financial needs is also encouraging. The North American Associations loan the services of two secretaries to that of Buenos Aires at a cost of \$6000 a year, but the Buenos Aires Association raises a budget locally of \$35,000 a year. What business concern could be controlled by the stockholders which invest one dollar in six?

The religious work, though the most difficult because of the attitude of men toward religion, is mak-

THE ILLINOIS

ing real progress. For instance, in Buenos Aires of the eight men taken on the staff locally seven of them became Christians in the Association there. One man converted and taken into the employed force in that Association proved so successful a winner of men, that he was called by the International Committee to take charge as general secretary of an Association in India—the first example of one foreign Association contributing a man for another foreign field. The preparation and adoption of Bible study courses in our Association is of no small import in a "Continent without a Sacred Book."

The physical department has received wide-spread attention. In Rio de Janeiro the physical director has had a part in organizing large athletic interests; in Montevideo the physical director was asked by the National Committee of Physical Education, to take charge of their playground movement as its technical director. He was also made director of the physical department of the Women's National University and of the leading boys' school of the country. He wrote recently that he had under his supervision one hundred twenty-five classes a week,



Students of the University of Buenos Aires present at the opening of the Y. M. C. A. Building.

conducted largely by volunteer leaders whom he had sought out and trained. It seems that just now our physical directors can determine the type of physical manhood based on Christian character, among the young men of the nations;—an opportunity that may not come again.

Government Students. But the feature of our work which has gotten widest attention is the work for university students. There are in the national government institutions of higher learning of South America some forty-five thousand men. In the University of Rio, alone, there are five thousand; in Buenos Aires, as many more; in Sao Paulo, Santiago and Montevideo, some two thousand each. was begun among these government students in Buenos Aires; first, in general Association work, educational classes, etc., later in a small Bible study circle, and still later as a definitely organized branch for students. The most striking feature of this work has been the university students' camp. This year we held the third annual encampment in January. The governments of Brazil, Chili, Argentina and Uruguay all paid traveling expenses for part or all the delegates coming from their universities. had over eighty men in camp. Not only did the state stand behind our work financially, but the diplomatic representatives of these and other nations made us official visits, besides, the Secretary of State of Uruguay, who had furnished us with one hundred railroad tickets, roundtrip, to our camp, for the whole party, and the Minister of War who had loaned us from his department the tents and necessary equipment for our camp, came out to see us in a gunboat of the Uruguayan navy. All were unreserved in their commendation of our work, especially this international feature of it. The Chilian Minister reported to his government in an extensive state paper, his observations of the camp, and the press in the various countries gave us very extended notice. In his address, the Secretary of State said that the government was glad to do what it could for our work in view of the contribution we were making to the moral life of their students, and he went on to say further that he believed we were making in this way, a larger contribution to international peace among the South American nations than any other agency now at work.

The owner of the estate on which we were encamped was so impressed by our work and organization that he offered a section of his woods, which in the plans of his estate, constitutes a public park, as a permanent gift, if we would but put up a building as a guaranty of permanent use. This land is worth some \$25,000 and the offer is good until next April. Some friend of international peace will, we hope, see the opportunity for productive investment here.

Another feature of great significance which may be counted as a branch of either North American or South American activity, is that among the Latin American students studying in North American universities. There are some fifteen hundred such men of university grade, and no one konws how many in preparatory schools and other institutions. During the months of March, April, May and June Dr. J. M. Rua, professor of biology in the University of Buenos Aires, and I traveled among the universities of the East and Middle West, in which these men are pursuing their studies. In general, they have not been entering in any considerable numbers many of the best phases of our student life, and it was our purpose to become acquainted with the conditions and help relate them not only with our own work but in some measure with other helpful features of the voluntary student activities of our universities. In this work, Dr. Rua proved himself a clever and constructive Christian statesman, Among other things we helped to organize a special section for Latins in the Northfield Student Summer Conference. Some forty attended, representing fourteen different countries, and all who took part or came into touch with the work there carried out, feel sure that it has opened a door of opportunity for patriotic as well as international service of large and significant promise for the future. No one who knows the influence of a man trained in our universities on his return to his native country, can overestimate the importance of this movement. The testimonies of the men themselves, as to the impressions they received, were strikingly similar to that quoted above from the South American Student Camp.

North Americans in South America. There is another feature of our work which comes closer to the heart perhaps of the average North American than even this unselfish service for the men of other lands. I refer to the fact that our own young men are going South in an increasing number, and it seems probable that on the opening of the canal and the increasing trade relations, they will be going in vast armies. What kind of influences shall they meet in those great and wicked port cities, depends in no small measure, on the North American's willingness to promote in those sister republics, the work of the Young Men's Christian Association along the lines which have proved so successful in winning the confidence and building the character of the young men in our own great cities.

Those Who Fool Themselves

A Study

By H. W. WEIS, '13

"Drinking too much is no worse than eating too much—absolutely," said my room-mate as he clicked shut the pewter cover of his stein, and blissfully located his feet among the lecture notes on my desk; which, I may add, were not of sufficient value to cause me any great concern. He had drunk just enough of the amber stuff to make this first sentiment seem both novel and logical.

"Drinking to excess," he continued with much pleasure, "Is morally no worse than eating to excess. Why!—is gout a more refined disease than alcoholism? Both of them come from the same human weakness. Yet if a man overflows his stomach with fluid he is put in the calaboose, while if he overcrowds it with roast beef and salt pork they tie a banner around his swollen foot and give him an easy chair to rest in. This world is unequally divided." And he took a long, frothy pull from his stein. You see he had himself fooled.

"Yes," I sighed, as I carefully placed my dripping mug on a five-dollar copy of Professor Boo-Hoo's Text Book on Sociology. "Overeating is a terrible thing—in comparison, intoxication is but an indiscretion. Many times do I see old, grey-haired men lined up in front of the counter at a meat market consuming rare beef, and treating one another to salt pork until they can't hold themselves straight, and so spill meat all over the floor. Then they go home and beat the mother of the family, take a whirl at the family itself, and end up with a couple of kicks at the baby. In the dim light of the dawn you can see

them grope stupidly to the meat market door long before the shop has been opened, and call hoarsely, 'Salt pork! Give me meat! For God's sake more salt pork!'"

"Yes," I said, "Eating is a terrible habit." And I too made the bottom of my glass show a half circle. But you see I was not fooled.

My room-mate looked at me suspiciously from over the rim of his mug. He put it on the arm of his chair.

"How—" says he, looking at it—"How can anyone say evil of anything that brings as much pleasure into the world as *that* does? Music brings no more pleasure and they laud it to the skies: books bring no more pleasure and great men buy them by the yard, and are praised for it. How you do suffer!" And he fondled the handle of his poor, misused friend.

"Yes, music is a terrible thing!" I said. I went on to tell of the families I had seen ruined by music; of the poverty, and the crippled and blighted children I had seen—the result of a too eager use of cloth bindings. Before I fiinished I became sarcastic, and had a great deal of pleasure. And by the time the two steins were empty my room-mate become extremely suspicious of my sincerity.

Then each made a little speech in which he expressed his sorrow that the beer was gone; both felt secretly glad that it was. And while we undressed he told me the story about the time the Devil met an old maid on a narrow ledge, and I told him the one about the Bishop who was arrested for swiping a burglar's kit.

When we went to bed he was very happy because he had fooled his conscience, and I was not quite so happy because I had stifled mine.

On the next day we both attended classes, drank an ice-cream soda, and returned home. When I came in at four o'clock my room-mate was seated, with his feet caressing the mantle, busily engaged in watching the fire attend to its business. His conscience was visibly soothed by the memory of a hard day's work.

As I eased myself into the warmth of the fire, he nonchalantly handed me a blue covered examination book with a blue penciled 90 perched self-right-eously in one corner. I looked from the ninety to him. His eyes were closed blissfully. A poorly concealed smile of supreme self-satisfaction was plastered about his lips. I knew that behind those lids he was seeing rosy clouds, and pearly gates, and purple heights. Ninety!

"It's easy," he said as he reluctantly opened his eyes, "Easy! I've figured it all out. I've entirely given up getting anything lower than ninety. It's a shame the way some men loaf through school. All you have to do is to put from ten to twenty minutes a day on each subject every day except Saturday and Sunday. Nothing to it." And just to show how easy it was, and how little he cared for a paper marked ninety, he tossed it into the open fire place. You see, he had fooled himself again.

"Yes," said I, and I drawled a little, as is my custom when I am sarcastic, "Yes it's a very easy thing. Why, I knew a fellow once who only studied nine minutes on each subject, and rested on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays as well as Saturdays and Sundays, and he got along splendidly. In fact he got along so well that he used to get letter after letter from the Dean, and used to visit the Dean in his office. His grades were so good that he was finally forced—literally forced to leave the Univer-

sity because he was putting so much time on his work. I once saw him throw a paper marked 90 into the fire. Poor fellow, how often since has he rued that act!"

My room-mate looked at me distrustfully from over the edge of his rosy cloud.

"I have no patience," he said, by way of amplifying his self-deceit, "with these fellows that try to get every little point in a course. Why bother about insignificant details? I'm satisfied with a general education. All I want is a sort of general knowledge of my subjects."

"Yes," I replied, "That was all Charles the First wanted—and they beheaded him." I chuckled at this, for I thought it was neat.

Then he told me the story about the young fellow who got drunk and wanted to kiss the Pope's toe, and I laughed as though I had never heard it before; which I think was very kind of me considering how intimate we were.

A little later we went down to dinner. He was very happy because we had steak, and French-fried potatoes, and ice cream. And I was almost happy, seeing how he had fooled himself in believing that steak and potatoes were sufficient cause for happiness.

* * * * *

Twenty years after graduating I met my roommate at an inexpensive middle-western summer resort. We met on the unpainted pine porch of the hostelry. He felt ill at ease because of the bag in his trousers and the frayed edges of his cuffs. Would I smile inwardly at his want of prosperity, he was asking himself? I smiled to myself because he was fooled again; he could not see the two shiny spots on

my coat just over my shoulder blades, nor the seat of my trousers which had been replaced for the third time.

We had both left our wives and families at home.

Although inexpensive, the little hotel commanded as fine a sunset view as the most expensive inn could boast. We stood watching it.

"My first vacation in twenty years," he said.

"Mine too," said I.

As I watched him watch the sunset, I saw the old light come into his eyes. His chest swelled, his chin lifted a trifle, his arm extended itself.

"By George!" says he, "It's a great old world. Everyone in it is good. Everything in it is beautiful. Work is fine; rest is fine. It's great to be alive."

I eyed him suspiciously. Was it possible that a man whose cuffs were frayed, whose trousers were baggy, and who was spending his first vacation in twenty years at a fourth-class summer hotel, could still really fool himself?

"Yes," said I, as my fingers touched the twenty dollars of vacation money in my pocket, "Yes, its a great old world. Work is fine—wonderful. Why, I knew a man who used to get worlds of joy and excitement out of working as a clerk at ten dollars a week. One day he actually got so exhilirated that he went home and shot his wife and then shot himself out of pure joy. It's a great old world." And I could feel my upper lip curl.

Then my room-mate did a peculiar thing. He put his hand over my mouth and smoothed the curl out my lip.

"Don't do that, room-mate," said he. "Listen. If you'll forget hard enough, and dream hard

enough, and be brave in imagining, and look often at the sun,—Well—"

He took my hand and drew me down off the porch.

"Let's run," says he, "Let's run all along the beach, and wade in up to our knees, each in his only pair of trousers, and splash water on each other, and then sit on those rocks and watch the sun go down. We'll think pink and rose-colored, and dream white fleece. Come on."

I went. And we skipped along the beach keeping time to a little tune he was humming. As we splashed each other with water turned pinkish by the setting sun, I laughed from low in my throat, and forgot the twenty years of pen and ink, and the price of butter. I forgot to worry because my oldest son was reaching the college age. And when we sat on the lonely rocks I forgot to watch his face. I stared straight into the red, red globe, and dreamed myself beyond the low, lavender clouds.

When we arose to go back to the hotel my hand inadvertently touched the twenty dollars in my pocket, and I knew that I was about to remember that it would cost fifty cents to have my wet trousers pressed. So I hastily told my room-mate the story about the stutterer who was in a hurry to buy a ticket at the railway station, and he told me the one about the Irishman who met the Kaiser, and we both laughed a great deal harder than the stories deserved. For such, I then learned, is the way with men who fool themselves.

The Limit

By LUCILE NEEDHAM

The creamy roots of a lily bulb

Crept thru the water that covered them 'round,
A myriad waving delicate tips

Tapering down thru a pebbly mound;—
Drank what they would from the water blue,
Gathering food for the lily's soul,
Food from the water and clean brown sand
To the utmost curve of the crystal bowl.

And the lily grew. From the bulb's white heart
Leaf after leaf sprang into life,—
Leaf after leaf, like slim green swords
Cutting their way to beauteous life.
Taller they grew and ever taller,
Proudly erect in the warmth of the sun,
A loyal, vivid guard of glory
To encircle the greater glory to come.

Ah! the leaves could grow, but the soul had fled,
Tho the roots drew sustenance hour by hour,—
And who shall say why the lily failed?
Alas! there never bloomed a flower.
The plant still drank of the water blue
Gathering food for the lily's soul,
Food from the water and clean brown sand
To the utmost curve of the crystal bowl.

Tendrils of thought from a growing child Reached toward the world that wrapped him 'round,

A myriad sensitive spirit-roots

That clung with fervor to all they found,—
Drank what they could from the thoughts of those
Friends 'round whom its affections curled,
Drank food for the thought and food for the heart
To the utmost rim of its little world.

And the child grew. From its white heart

Ideals, beliefs sprang into life,
The food it had drunk transmogrified
Into the frame of its own life.

Stronger they grew and ever stronger, Vivid but wayward and full of caprice,

A proud hot mind, sincere in doubts,

Bitterly longing for trust and peace.

Ah! the thoughts could grow, but the soul could not. The thought-roots still drank unbelief,

And who can say where the blame belongs If never, not ever, should come relief?

The roots still drink from the thoughts of those Friends round whom the affections curl,

Drink food for the thoughts and food for the heart From the utmost rim of the little world.

The Simple-Minded

By N. N. K.

I know, and so offer, no statistics that concern a certain sort of inmates here and there about the world. I cannot say just how many are the ones whom rum has sent there drivelling. I have to recount no asylum visit from which I came a sadder though a sociological man. Idiots are few with whom I've passed the time of day. For idiots have never interested me. My title? Oh, the simple-minded are not idiots! Idiots are not simple-minded! Men. it seems, are idiots when their minds are ultra-complex, when there keeps running pellmell through their heads such confounded items as "the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet," and "Pillicock," that "sat on Pillicock Hill." But the simple-minded I have always been schooled to esteem. From the first they have told me that the truly great—they were simpleminded. And I have always been interested in proving the thing out.

At first I was incredulous. The great men I had read about, I concluded had executed a most bewildering and a most dizzily interlocking series of deeds which all the land's professors couldn't put together again in a consistent and sensible whole. Where was the simplicity in that? These men were pretty great, I understood—but exactly how simple? And then, when I had heard a very commonplace speech by a very commonplace public man, who actually got no more said then my disputatious uncles could have said if they had happened to think it all up, up bobbed my high school teacher, a hero worshipper, and pronounced with frowning brow that the speech had been "simple—the secret of the truly

great!" Now the man had been simple, without much doubt—but, I wondered, how great?

These days, I do believe the thing; not because I have added infinite cubits to my stature, and have felt with my own feelings how it is to be great; nor because I have connived with greatness at frequent dinners and in learned club rooms; nor have I now a recipe for greatness for philanthropic publication. But I have experienced most mystically a bit of truth in this sober connection. And shall, summoning great and wise men to my side, and wrinkling my brow, leisurely disclose it.

The two most remarkable facts that concern great men are that they are not born, and that they do not make themselves in a day. Whether men have ever been born great, no one on this earth knows. For the only great men we have known have not had their dimensions suspected until a very considerable period after birth; and who shall say whether birth or later experience was the means of exalting them? Great men, like lesser men, are made by the world they live in.

Most comforting of all facts to contemplate, great men are made slowly, leisurely, gradually. A great poet, to be sure, got famous over night. But that is fame—another thing than greatness. That poet's greatness, which it is to be supposed was responsible for his fame, had been a lifetime in the making. That greatness would have towered up just as high, even if the maid had flicked the manuscript into the grate, and the poem had not been reproducible. Greatness cares no whit for fame. Our great men are not chosen president, an ambassador has said.

Socrates, simple sage and unadorned, pursued the truth, the simple truth, with the steadfastness

and the discernment of the great. Socrates looked to neither side, but saw straightway past smaller and busier men to that truth he wished to see. He was always at his task-and so was of the simple who are great. Said Alcibiades: "In one instance he was seen early in the morning, standing in one place, wrapt in meditation; and as he seemed unable to unravel the subject of his thoughts, he still continued to stand as inquiring and discussing within himself, and when noon came, the soldiers observed him, and said to one another-"Socrates has been standing there thinking, ever since the morning." At last some Ionians came to the spot, and having supped, as it was summer, they lay down to sleep in the cool; they observed that Socrates continued to stand there the whole night until morning, and that, when the sun rose, he saluted it with prayer and departed."

The simple great man is satisfied with progress that is slow. He aspires to no seven league boots that flounce you with slow haste from hill to hill, and over lakes and rivers. For seven league boots are fatiguing to the wearer; and besides, they make that wearer lazy; as witness the notorious ogre who grew so heavy he could not get about without them, and lay in the sun until the crows came and picked the skin off his bones. The great man does not intend to be overtaken with this sort of lethargy. His progress is gradual and assured; his strength accumulates most steadily.

The plodder has been given tremendous credit ever since the tortoise raced the hare. The quickest lads at school will always be reminded that the laggards have it in them to pass them by; and always will regard the prophesy as a colorless pronouncement with an altogether conciliatory purpose.

But the plodder, granted certain capabilities of locomotion, and a certain beginning push of enthusiasm, is bound sooner or later to come into his own. "There be some," said Bacon, "have an overearly ripeness in their years, which fadeth betimes." The world is full of a number of such fadings—of those who leap up high and frantically early in their careers, and all the sooner flop down on their faces in the dust. The blank and guileness countenance may supplant the crafty eye; and the clumsy-witted, taking certain advantage of every item in his environment, picking up gradually elements strength and of understanding, the quick. They who move slowly must never be ignored. There are countless brilliant youths of promise who do not prove men in the end; there are scores of authoritative and flippant sophomores whom no one will know as seniors. It would seem that Montaigne grew great in spite of himself: for he said: "It never befell me to wish for either empire or royalty, or the eminency of those high and commanding fortunes: I do not aim that way; I love myself too well. When I think to grow greater 'tis but very moderately, and by a compelled and timorous advancement, such as is proper for me in resolution, in prudence, in beauty, and even in riches; but this supreme reputation, this mighty authority, oppress my imagination." And it would seem that the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, as well, had come quietly and indifferently upon fame at the end of a long and patient journey. For the newspapers say that the prime minister of England spoke of him in this tenor: "He was not at all a genius, as genius is ordinarily defined. He had no striking personal gifts, whether of oratory or individual charm or political adroitness. A simpleminded man, he had early formed his political convictions, and clung to them with extraordinary tenacity, through good report and through evil."

Now great men do not all move slowly. I have been hanging back among the laggards only to show that the progress of greatness is an orderly, logical thing, never incomprehensible, and often heavy of foot. Just as often it is fleet and dazzling; and then it is more attractive, perhaps. Always it is simple, simple in its intentions. Youth prides itself on its complexity—its disdain of the specific—its grasp of the whole universe of opportunity. But Youth, from Age's standpoint, and therefore, I suppose, the world's, will amount to nothing until it discovers the specific to be a venerable thing; until it begins to look for a job. The swaggering young pugilist, the meticulous intriguer, the winking politician with his marvelous and fragile "system," must sooner or later yield place to the coolly calculating urchin, the logical adversary, the statesman with a principle. I know a youth who would read all the best books within the next year, and who would organize the whole world at once. He writes that he has got him a position in a new city, and, for avocation, is already "editing a house organ and a student paper, doing advertising and editorial stunts, spending a little time among the Big Brothers and the Boy Scouts, teaching a class at Sunday School, studying a correspondence course in advertising, writing 5000 words of real literature a week, organizing a reading class among the older boys of the neighborhood, teaching a class in short-story writing, and conducting a mock city council for discussing municipal questions." It must be that this man is the unpardonable egoist. If he succeeds in all this, he is supernatural.

Journalists pity the poor specialist who sticks to his subject without hope of riches and misses the glorious life of shifting adventure that is theirs. "Why," they say, "when we want to write up what you specialists know, we'll come and pump you for it. We can make it all ours in a jiffy, and then be whisking off to something else, generally more interesting." Journalists are not of the simple-minded; they do not pursue the truth for its own sufficing sake. Come to think about it, what more are they than complicated and ingenious implements which specialists (we should call them scholars) use to improve the world?

Hasty, if high sounding, generalizations, are neither as simple or great as their makers would have us think. They take too great a stride, even for seven league boots, and end up abruptly, humiliating their creators. The dullest books are full of vapid half-truths; the brightest bristle with facts laboriously mined from obscurity. The dullest fiction turns on outlandish, inconsistently fanciful wheels and cogs; the deepest creates no impossible situations of its own, but deals powerfully with the materials in its environment.

Our modern philosophy of dynamic, constant change and self-educating experience does nothing so much as glorify simplicity. A world that will never cease to change, a good ambition that can never be realized, an intellect that will never be surcharged—how much more human are these than the static society of two hundred years ago, or the frenzied schemes for perfectibility that floated about a century past! The perfectibility of man is as unattainable and frothy a conception as Infinity. Why, then, grow husky-throated shouting after it? Why

not button the coat and throw oneself with a warm heart and high, smiling hopes, into the immediate gaping, sliding, future?

When I was very young I overheard much talk about "thought"-more talk, in fact, than thought itself. I felt tall awe for anyone who was credited with a capacious intellect—a man who was reputed to be a thinker. I thought thinkers were mystically inspired, that thoughts sped to them in their arm chairs much as the gods once winged to the top of high Olympus. But now I see that learning, too, is a matter of experience; that the man is most widely and deeply learned who began with a single intellectual principle—curiosity; that the scholar is most to be respected who keeps his few aims most clearly in view, who enters an inquiry with his wits best about him, and sees most singly the precise ground to be gained, who is least confused by the superfluous, who spends no time upon nor remembers the insipid, who feels his way most surely and safely into the future, whose steady accretion of sentiment and fact is most pertinent and wise, who makes the most of his experience as it comes to him, and who remembers best the long wise past.

Now I wonder if I have made the simple man out enviable? I wonder if he does not stand out as a wholly unblissful martyr seeing the dim light away at the end of a long dank tunnel? But the simple man is enviable. There is a pleasure in simplicity's pains that no giddy by-player may appreciate. The deep-colored satisfaction in a principle faithfully obeyed, in a gradual and a powerful progress, in a life that has sounded the depths, repays the petty sacrifices which half the world cannot endure to make. The simple-minded smiles last, is content (if striving is contentment) longest.

Jimmie's Journies in the Land of Truth

The Open House

It (the Open House) is designed primarily as a chance for the dear girls to get acquainted with as many fond fathers' liabilities as possible, the objects being to save on "AA" coupon books, to bolster up Harrises trade, and the like. Confirmed habitues grow to like it (the taste is acquired like that for olives), because they can eulogize platonic friendship with any soror in the chapter without the chaperons calling time.

Practice and procedure is simple. First obtain one of the nicely engraved cards they send out by the bushel. (If you get one, don't swell up; for they don't know you from Adam; you're a probable prospect.) Then on the momentous Sunday, you hook up your new slit trousers, put on your monacle and other baggage, and forage forth. Be not alarmed when from the highway you hear a racket; its only some freshman they've captured, who is showing off; but enter looking as if you had been there before.

Over the door should be written "Leave all cash behind, ye who enter here!" for you can't duplicate Ali Baba's performance. It's much like Tennyson's verses, only ten times more murderous; and the bright brigade is larger. Of course you can't have a good time, for the ratio of fellows is too high; but jump right in, pick out a rose bud, and fight the rest off. The fellow who hangs on longest wins; and he deserves it, for it is a real endurance contest.

Ever try to flit moth-like from politics to tango to "TA", then caroon to religion, maintaining all the time the grace of a Beau Brummel; and have the brown (or blue or any color you prefer) eyed darling retort a dimpling "yes" or "no"? It takes a Hobson to do it; an amateur messes things. So your life of crime commences; you write crooked checks, tinker with your accounts, flunk with mathematical regularity and usually drive your dear old Dad to a premature grave.

As Caesar said: "Oh girls! how many fools you have made!"

Humanity

A wind-shook cobweb intricate spun;
The dance of dust-motes in the sun;
Bright mica grains in the gray earth-stuff;
A ripple startled by light wind's puff;
A touch of mud and a glimpse of star;
A riddle—the answer forgotten—we are.

-Wisconsin Magazine.

Class Solidarity and Class Memorials

By FRANK W. SCOTT

In both college and alumni life the most homogeneous and permanent unit of association and organization is the class. From the day when the recruits from far and near fall in line and pass through the registrar's machine and are looked upon by the somewhat condescending and amused upperclassmen as a comedy in one long reel, until the far-off day when the oldest living graduate passes the title on to his successor, the class is, or may be, a fixed and unchanging body. The amount of recognition given this feature of the class group varies, however, among the universities and in the classes themselves.

In many places, particularly in the smaller and older colleges, and those admitting men only, the bond which holds a man to his class is for obvious reasons more clearly recognized and more fondly maintained than it is in newer and larger institutions, especially in those where co-education obtrudes a degree of cohibition. Furthermore, despite the palpitating ardor with which the freshmen and the sophomores sometimes clumsily assert and maintain their identity as militant units, the real spirit of solidarity, like all others of lasting human relationship, comes of slow growth and development. The undergraduate can, unless confused by the interference of flunks and other misfortunes due to no fault of his own, tell precisely whether he belongs to '16 or '17; but he is more often impressed in his undergraduate days with the fact that he is a freshman, a sophomore, or a junior. In changing his title and his headgear once a year, he is sometimes almost unaware that he belongs, and will always belong, to the class with which he began his college life.

One unfortunate result of the lack of continuity in the class organization through the four undergraduate years is that the many are lost sight of who fail to graduate with the class with which they entered. Under our system at Illinois alumni are regarded as members of the class with which they obtain their degrees. In nearly all cases arising from irregular graduation the graduate wishes to be classed with the men with whom he entered college. A still larger number drop out of college and never graduate. Under the present system these persons are entirely lost as members of the class organizations, and almost so as alumni. The University is now engaged in an effort to compile a directory of all former students, the difficulties of which task are increased many times over because the classes have not kept in touch with the members who did not graduate.

To prevent such losses, each class should form a permanent organization as soon as it begins to exist, that is, when it holds its first class meeting, and should appoint an officer whose business it will be to keep a continuous and permanent record of every member from that time forth. The class secretary as now constituted has no such duties. It may be said, of course, that some such records are kept now by the registrar, including matters of birth, parentage, and a few others, and that still others are exhibited in the *Illio* if the student completes his senior year. But those are meagre records at best, lacking the thousand and one interesting and spicy facts that ten or twenty years later would

make the best part of a class dinner review or throw a side light on the college days of the great man of the class. It ought to be impressed on each incoming class that the secretary is a very important functionary, with definite and manifold duties.

The undergraduate class secretary should secure early in the freshman year a full memorandum of the vital facts concerning each member of his class, one much fuller than is required by the registrar. This should be obtained by means of a printed blank, which, when filled by the member should be filed as the nucleus of the class record. To these should be added other items as they arise concerning the career of each member. Most of these, perhaps, would be clipped from the Daily Illini and other current publications, easy to obtain at the time. but hard to recover later on. The class that should have such a secretary would seldom lose a member. even though he should leave the University, and it would have a consciousness of unity such as no class in the University now possesses, and few of the early and small classes feel. Of course the records of individual members should be supplemented by a scrap book or other repository containing accounts of all affairs in which any considerable number of the class were concerned. Whether the secretary should serve for one semester or for a longer period is a question that should be answered in accordance with the usefulness of the incumbent. A good secretary should be kept as long as he will serve; a poor one should be chosen sergeant-at-arms or keeper of the key to our campus gate at the end of the semester, and another secretary chosen in his stead.

It is customary now for the permanent class secretary to send out a memorandum blank to all seniors just before graduation. Many of these are returned, many are not, and the graduates have scattered before the secretary can follow up his request. This incomplete record, together with the Illio and such data as he has time to transcribe from the registrar's books are all the graduate class secretary has to begin business with. If the record had been kept through the four undergraduate years he would have very much more; and if the senior memorandum were still considered valuable as a means of correcting possible omissions, it is fairly certain that a larger proportion of seniors would submit theirs than at present, because they would be used to the idea of a class record and would better appreciate the desirability of keeping it complete.

Undergraduate acquaintance with the class record would send the graduate from college with a lively sense of class solidarity, a feeling of responsibility and of kindliness toward the class secretary. and a pride in the records and memorabilia of undergraduate days. The chances are very good, therefore, that the large percentage of students who on leaving college sever all ties with class and Alma Mater would be materially reduced, and that the secretary would find his leisure well occupied in keeping the records of his classmates in order and in answering their inquiries, rather than, as at present. in spending time and money in ungrateful efforts to win responses from a scattered flock who have caught the class spirit, and who ignore the class secretary, or regard his occasional note of inquiry as an impertinence.

Of what the class secretary should do after graduation, and how he might do it, nothing need be written here, though it may well be suggested that later on, when occasion arises for giving a sketch of a classmate, he will discover that nothing will be

more eagerly read than the record of his subject's undergraduates days, and that such a sketch can be made fuller and more lifelike than could be done otherwise if the writer has at hand the *Illini* clippings, the freshman memorandum, the senior memorandum, and perhaps the photograph from which the senior Illio picture was made. Such photographs, now merely thrown away, would make a valuable feature of the class archives. And whatever the secretary should do, he should not have to do it under the incubus of such ponderous and futile machinery as several recent class constitutions have displayed.

Of what the class secretary should be after graduation, something definite should be said, because the permanent class secretary is now chosen by each class before graduation. It may well be questioned whether it would not be better to choose a secretary for a limited time, since under the present scheme it is very hard to rid a class gracefully of a secretary so inactive that he will not even resign. Of course a good secretary after graduation, like the good one before graduation, might well be re-elected. What follows in this paragraph and the next is largely quoted, with grateful acknowledgements, from "The Class Secretary's Mission", by Frederick J. Shepard, Yale '73, printed in the Yale Handbook of Class Secretaries. The loyalty of the alumni of those universities having the strongest alumni organization and support depends more upon the fidelity to their work of the class secretaries than upon anything else. It is the class secretaries who keep the men and the women in touch with each other and with the university, who maintain the class solidarity, who bring their classmates together at the stated reunions, and who preserve the old class ideals

with which the boys and the girls started out upon their commencement day. The faithful class secretary has a right to rank himself among the men who build dormitories and endow professional chairs; and if a class is noticeably lacking in loyal support of the university, it is fair to ask if its secretary is not neglecting his office or doing his work halfheartedly, and to wonder why he does not turn it over to more efficient hands.

The class ought to elect the right man or perhaps the right woman, and the right one is born, not made. Besides possessing the qualities of loyalty and persistence, he ought to have a genius for pothering, a passion for exactness, an antiquarian's zeal for details, and enough imagination to know what people will be interested in reading. He need not be a journalist, or a "lit"; he need not have been a popular leader in college, though he may have been such and still be a good class secretary; he need not live near the university—in fact he may know more surely what are the needs and desires of his classmates if he lives outside of the atmosphere and the immediate influence of the campus. He should know his class, he should be by nature methodical and careful, he should have sympathy and tact, and above all he should be everlastingly but inoffensively persistent.

It ought to be unnecessary to say that the class secretary should not be permitted to bear the expense involved in conducting the business of his office. He will need money, and he should not have to ask for it. The needs of the undergraduate secretary would be relatively small and would no doubt be looked after with other class expenses. But upon graduation the class should leave a substantial fund at the disposal of its secretary. Four or five hun-

dred dollars would not be too much, and the class might well have such a matter in mind in its undergraduate days, when some of the class affairs are leaving comfortable balances in the hands of committees which sometimes have difficulty in finding the proper channels through which to dispose of them. It is still too early to know what the reorganized *Illio* will do in this direction. In the hands of a faithful secretary the money would yield great returns in class solidarity and loyalty. Probably no one doubts that; but many a senior who knows the condition of the class treasury will realize that such a fund means an assessment which added to the penultimate straw of the class memorial assessment will break him.

There is the very nub of the matter. With many demands upon their slender resources, the seniors will probably choose between the memorial fund and the secretary's fund, in which case the second is likely to suffer. Would such a choice be wise? Have investments in class memorials been satisfactory? Have many classes reason to feel that their memorials are more creditable, more expressive of class spirit, or more effective as a core and center for class affections than a tree, or a tablet, or some other simple and inexpensive thing would have been? How many memorials have satisfactorily or adequately represented the feelings or sentiments of the class? The fact is that our classes are trying to do something they cannot well do. They are trying to do a worthy thing, but at the wrong time. They cannot afford at graduation to leave a memorial that will either immediately satisfy their ambitions or permanently represent their generous feelings toward the University.

The difficulty is due in part to the looseness of class organization which prevents the class from agreeing heartily in any program, partly to lack of means. Both of these obstacles could be removed if the class would leave what sum it could for the secretary and postpone the erecting of a memorial until a really worthy one could be built. Instead of grudgingly depositing any sort of memorial and scattering, unorganized, to the four winds, it would be much better to leave instead some provision whereby class solidarity will be encouraged to grow and strengthen while the resources of the members of the class are increasing, until by and by, ten, twenty, or twenty-five years later, a unified, loval, and grateful class can return in force to Old Illinois and leave a memorial that will stand a perpetual monument to their loyalty and their judgment.

Afraid of the Dark

By BERTRAM SMITH

Afraid of the dark!
Do you know what that means?
Can you tell me what scenes
Are evolved from my brain
When I hear the remark,
Afraid of the dark?

Afraid of the dark!
There are volumes untold
That those simple words hold,
If we only could read,
If we only could hark:
Afraid of the dark!

Realism and Arnold Bennett

By MYRTLE A. CRUZON, '14

"Know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," says an ancient and revered piece of literature. And many, in the long train of ages since these words were uttered by the Master, have given their lives to the search for this same Truth, content, indeed, if they might taste, if only for a moment

"the raptured fleetness"
Of her divine completeness"

and get a glimpse of her "sweet, stern face unveiled."

Science, knowledge—these are the catchwords of the century, the open sesame with which Truth would unlock the prison doors of ignorance and delusion.

We would fain follow her; we would walk under the clear sky, but we are afraid to give up the accustomedness of our cells. We venture a few steps, and then retreat, frightened. We dare not face the facts of our lives as they are. We can not bring ourselves to look at them in the open and naked light of day. Twilight with its illusion and half-truth may add a lustre. If the maker of a tapestry which represents life weaves for us what he really sees, we look it over and then declare, "we have enough of that every day. Put in a little falsehood now. We know that monotony and petty details and disillusionment and unbeautiful old age and pitiful death do exist, but for Heaven's sake, let us not face the fact; let's pretend they don't."

But once in a while some great writer rebels against this order of things. "Nothing could be

more interesting than life as it is;" he says, "nothing more exquisite than petty details, nothing so infinitely pathetic as old age and death. I will weave the tapestry of truth," he says. And behold, when we look at his tapestry, we see a beauty in the drab and gray web, and we discern in it a mysterious pattern of love and birth and death symbolic of a deeper meaning.

Arnold Bennett, perhaps more than any other living writer, has dared to face the truth of life. The subject-matter of his most successful books is the ugly pottery district of North Staffordshire, England, where he was born, May 27, 1867, and where he grew to manhood. It is this pottery district, which, for the purpose of fiction, he has named "The Five Towns," that he has drawn again and again both in his novels and in his short stories. It is difficult to estimate the effect of this quaint, outlying district with its old customs and its eccentric characters upon a man of sensitive temperament and retentive memory. It has done much more for him than to provide him with an unusual setting for his stories. It has left stamped upon his mind the very life of a section of the country.

Arnold Bennett arrived at authorship by no unusual route. After a brief experience as a newspaper man, he went to London and entered a lawyer's office, devoting his leisure to the writing of chance articles and to the study of the French realistic writers, the De Soncourts, De Maupassant, and Flaubert. It was while he was under these influences that he wrote his first novel, "A Man from the North," in which, no doubt, we find some autobiographical material in the picture of the lonely young man from the Midland counties who is trying to make his way in London. In 1893, Bennett gave

up law altogether, and became the assistant-editor of a London paper called "Woman." Of this part of his training, Bennett says, "I learned a good deal about women's frocks, household management, and the secret nature of woman." The last point mentioned is significant in view of his wonderful understanding of the inner life of woman as evidenced by his characterization of Hilda Lessways. In 1900, Bennett resigned all his editorial work in order to devote himself to literature.

That has been little more than a decade ago, but in that short period of time he has produced some thirty-two volumes, an imposing list in any case and indicative of a career of unusual and strenuous industry. The difficulty that presents itself in beginning the study of his fiction as a whole is that this is exactly the way in which it cannot be considered. Bennett has produced two types of fiction that are so vastly different that, except for the style, they might be the product of two very different men. One type slowly, carefully, painstakingly constructs life itself for us; the other type consists of stories that cater to the popular taste. "Buried Alive," published in 1908, and "Denry the Audacious," published in 1911, might be taken as representative of this second class. These works seem to have been written as mere "pot-boilers" or as a means of recreation after more serious work. As they are really a prostitution of Bennett's genius, we are not concerned with them here.

Arnold Bennett has written three great novels: "The Old Wives' Tales," "Clayhanger," and "Hilda Lessways." These are monumental works of realism—big novels in more than their exceptional length. They are novels in which the author has attempted "to see life steadily and to see it whole."

They draw for us, stroke by stroke, the little world of the Five Towns until it becomes actual to us. Far more important than the story of the novel is the spectacle of life itself from its early promise to old age and death. The effect produced is one of largeness—a largeness that comes from the multiplication of seemingly trivial details. To Bennett life is made up of something more than a few out-stnding characters, a few dramatic situations, and a few purple moments of emotional excitement. His theme might be said to be the life of a whole community rather than the life of an individual. His method is always studiously non-sentimental and non-dramatic. From all of this it is clear that Bennett's chief aim is to tell the truth about life—"to make us see the nakedness of humanity under its clothes."

At the age of forty-one, Arnold Bennett produced "The Old Wives' Tales," which is perhaps the best of all his works. It is a book that is convincing in its accumulated evidences of character and situation. Slowly, carefully, distinctly, Arnold Bennett pictures to us his main characters, their neighborhood, and the town and province in which they live. Here we watch in a single novel the spectacle of the lives of two girls from the care-free age of fifteen to their pitiful eclipse in death. The old, old story of the conflict between youth and old age is told here as it is in a second novel by Bennett called "The Price of Love." Youth rebells against old age, but vouth in turn becomes old and has to endure the rebellion of the next generation. There is a trenchant irony in the situation.

This same theme of the conflict between youth and old age is used in a much better known novel, "Clayhanger," and its companion work, "Hilda Lessways." Here the theme is expanded to include the revolt of a new, progressive spirit in a community against the old order of things. These two novels have the same thread of fiction running through them, but in the first we see Clayhanger from his own point of view; in the second, from the point of view of his sweet-heart, Hilda Lessways. The effect is unique. Edwin Clayhanger is the son of a narrow-lived, prejudiced shop-keeper who fairly snorts at any sign of progress; Edwin possesses the expansive spirit which informs the new order of things. The portrayal of the conflict between the two shows a real, imaginative insight into human nature. A mild, ironic humour plays over the whole situation and makes the work more piquant and more poignant.

Few writers have had the power to give us, in this way, a cross-section from life. Few have had the courage to attempt the Herculean task of telling the truth. William De Morgan, among contemporary English novelists, best approximates the power of Bennett, but De Morgan was sixty-four when he wrote his first book, and his works lack the great vitality and virility which characterizes Bennett's works. Bennett knows the value of life and he gets a glimpse now and then of its exquisite mystery. But he does not sentimentalize; he is too vigorous for that. We might say of him what has been said of Shakespeare—he is a "splendid barbarian," one who proves that, after all,

"Life's no blot for us nor blank; It means intensely and means good."

The Lions in the Way

By ELIZABETH FULLER

(Continued from December Issue)

"This is the new play? It is-"

"Oh, it's Danwul and the lions," Bob informed her. "It's great, too; you see the lions gwowls all night and the next mornin' the king, he comes and asks Danwul is he all et up yet."

"You know," and Jack Griggs swelled visibly with pride, "Bob says my dad can growl bettern' most anybody!"

"Sure, but you just ought to hear my dad roar," and Bob hastened to nip the bud of vain boasting. "Gee, he roars so in church that it makes my back tickle just like a 'lectricity thing. An' you better b'lieve my dad can fight lions, too. He told me last night when I was goin' to bed he was fightin' them. And I asked him didn't he have no pals like Danwul, and he said no, he was all alone. And what you think? He said there was somebody he had liked and wanted to be a pal, and that person, they turned right into a lion, and he had to fight them, too, as well's the other lions."

And now the fleeting pang Madam had felt Sunday at Bob's innocent remark returned and her whole body quivered with pain as she realized the inescapable fact. Then came the memory of that other one, who had regarded her in the same way. Her head bowed and she turned away.

"Say, I bet you my dad'll take me with him way out in the woods tonight to listen to 'em roar." Jack's eyes grew very big. "Cause I heard my dad say this noon that he was goin' way out tonight to that school house what's clear out by those woods! And they do growl nights sometimes. I, I heard 'em once."

Madam's gaze grew sharper. She started to speak, then stopped suddenly. Laughingly she waved the youngsters toward the house. "Come on, animals. Lions are always hungry, and I'm afraid Dinah has been careless and left some more sandwiches and cookies on the back porch." The boys needed no broader hint, but left a la circus stampede.

The amusement faded from Madam's face as she looked far over the orchard wall toward the sunset sky of blended rose, dim purple, and mysterious opal tints. So this was to be the end. They would force him out, and the gallant young soldier would leave in defeat. Somehow it hurt her to picture him in defeat; that clean, open gaze, that whimsical smile brought back so insistently that other face so hauntingly, so bitterly like it. Was this what her boy would have been, had she not tried to crush him into her desired mold? Oh! that ever-present past; and she powerless, her last chance gone! Then, on that face turned toward the sunset, strove pain with the old pride; strove a strange and beautiful tenderness with the old cynical haughtiness. It was long that she stood there while the conflict within her went on. At last she straightened herself suddenly; going toward the house, she ordered her coach. As she walked slowly toward it a few moments later she saw Robert Dean marching with lifted head and blazing eyes toward the edge of the town. At her imperious gesture he halted.

"You are going then to meet them?"

"Yes, I guessed it from Bob's story. They are

holding a secret, illegal meeting. They are laying their plans for—"

"Go back, boy! I shall meet them myself."

She smiled rather sadly at his frank stare of amazement.

"You see I have determined to be a lion no longer." In spite of the warm glow her words brought his answer was decisive.

"It is out of the question, Madam; what could you do if you went? It is for me to face them and I shall do it."

Her eyes darkened with pain, and when she spoke it was slowly and with difficulty.

"You have heard perhaps of a, a son of mine? Then you know the story. Lad, won't you let me do this,—for him?"

Slowly he stepped aside, his head bowed, as she entered the coach.

Out in the school house on the edge of the town the three men had held a most satisfactory conference. Their faces in the flickering light of the high lamps were smiles of triumph. They tasted victory and it was good. "Yes," repeated Griggs, rubbing his hands in satisfaction, "we've got him now just where we want him. One week more and he won't be carrying that head of his quite so high. Our little scheme works allright and no one is ever the wiser about what happened here tonight and what nobody knows won't hurt—" Some premonitory chill must have struck him, for he stopped suddenly and they all looked up at once—straight into the mocking eyes of Madam Vincent. Three pairs of feet fell heavily from stove to floor; in blank amazement they gazed upward. Still silence, as she looked at them with that inscrutable flicker of a smile. Finally Landee recovered partial consciousness—"You, you

have perhaps lost your way, I, er,—regret it deeply, and will be g-glad to accompany you home."

"It is quite unnecessary," again there was silence. At last Madam Vincent spoke.

"I understand you are holding a church conference here this evening. It would give me great pleasure to listen to your plans for the welfare of the church." The tones were those she might have used at an afternoon tea.

"We're sorry, but it's hardly, well, the customary thing," and Frazer gallantly attempted to cope with the situation. "You know what Peter says about, er, women refraining from voice in church matters."

"Oh, was it Peter?" Madam asked with a sweetly inquiring deference. "I had an idea that was a remark of Paul's." Frazer subsided into helpless passivity.

"I suppose I might as well tell you what I intend to do here," she went on in honeyed accents. "Well, for reasons of my own I wish Mr. Dean to remain. Now I sha'nt argue with you, for to argue with a man is sheer waste of time and breath. But you're going to call on him tomorrow morning and you're going to pay up back salary. Mr. Griggs may possibly apologize to him," she went on calmly, as outraged incredulity began to dawn on the faces before "You will probably invite him to remain indefinitely, and you will promise him your hearty support to missions and whatever other projects he may enter upon." She mildly waved back a choking sputter from Griggs, "and if perchance you do not see fit to carry out my suggestions, I fear I shall be obliged to withhold my five hundred a year. For I must refuse to pay toward church expenses unless Robert Dean is pastor of that church."

"But Madam Vincent; this is unbelievable! this is folly! Why, just suppose the rest of us were so rash as to stop our contributions merely because we—"

"I presume, John Landee, that if you stop yours I could afford to add the extra five dollars a year to mine." Landee subsided also.

"Why, don't you see what's going to happen to your business interests, and to your income, if you go over to the side of that fanatic?" growled Jonas Griggs. "And some of your business is pretty well locked up with mine, and if I choose to make things unpleasant,—"

"Jonas Griggs, if I ever was on your 'side' I'm there no longer. And if it's a question of making things unpleasant, I imagine I can do about as much of that with your affairs as you can with mine." Her tone grew more imperious; more peremptory.

"Answer me; do you accept my terms, or not?" Frazer moved uneasily.

"I reckon we'll have to do it."

"Yes," agreed Landee, "since you resort to compulsion."

"We will *not* do it," snarled Griggs as he sprang upright and faced her. "Keep your five hundred! Ruin your business if you choose! Once for all I tell you I'll run this church in spite of any thing you or any body else can do!"

She shrank back slightly before his black wrath. She had failed, then; it had all been in vain.

"And if it's a question of bein' too nice about one's business I reckon you can't say much," he sneered as he saw her draw away. "Seems to me I remember a son of yours; looked like this upstart, didn't he? Your son, who—"

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"Yes, Jonas Griggs," and her voice was quiet as the flame in a white hot furnace. "And I believe, Jonas Griggs, that you know still more about that sordid story to which you refer."

He whitened, perceptibly, and began a gruff denial.

"Yes, Jonas Griggs. You do know still more about it. And I have just sent word to that son; he will be here in three days. If that story is brought forth again, Jonas Griggs, justice will be done this time to all. You little know what it will cost to do this thing, but you are no more anxious for it than I; you very well know what the results will be. Yet I may find it necessary. I shall decide at nine o'clock tomorrow morning.

Her eyes met his sullen, angry, shifting ones squarely.

His wavered, then fell. She turned to the others. "And now, gentlemen, I will bid you goodnight; you may go."

They shuffled slowly out before her; bowed heads, averted eyes, cringing attitudes, except Griggs. As he passed he cast one last look of malevolence and fear at the sternly erect old woman.

Early the next forenoon Joe Davis hurried up the long hill; his whole bearing, even the rakish angle of his ancient headgear proclaimed that he was the bearer of great and startling news. Madam was again working over her hedge, but there were deep lines cut in the tired old face that had not been there twenty-four hours ago.

"Oh Madam Vincent!" he cried when within hailing distance, "have you heard the news?"

"What is it?"

"The preacher's goin' to stay. Jerusalem! I thought I would fall over in a faintin' spell sure!



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(Overheard in the Conservatory)

A Masculine Voice: Yes, ah young Van Bloom has just returned from, ah, home school in the west. Looks perfectly ripping, what?

A Feminine Quaver: He surely does—perfectly civilized looking chap too—wonder how he managed it out there—must have had his clothes shipped out to him from heah, eh?

Same Masculine Voice: Well, ah no—y'see I was talkin' to him this ahftehnoon—seems they have some very smart shop there managed by some chaj—believe he called him "Zom", Scotchman I should say—who relly keeps quite, er, "up-to-snuff," as Van B. says.

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Frazer apayin' up back salary as meek as any lamb! Landee apromisin' 'hearty s'port to missions'! And old Griggs apolergizin'! By the great horn spoon! I thought I was havin' spells myself. I sure did!"

"How do you know?"

"Fixin' the parson's hedge! Couldn't help a hearin' every word. Gosh, talk about miracles!"

Madam turned from the parting blow of comments and in her strained, tense face was visibly a great relief. Thank God, she could still veil her sorrow from the curious world. And it had not been in vain, after all. A curious feeling of tender warmth came over her as she thought of that boy, so like hers, in victory instead of the dreaded defeat; and as she thought of his little curly headed lad who would still continue to appropriate as his own her drearily empty old house. And as unconsciously as a starved. entombed plant reaches upward toward the gentle rain and the sunshine, so her hardened, walled-in old heart turned for a moment from its bitterly loved memories to these gently besieging, these strangely sweet influences, as she breathed again "Thank God!"

A little later, as Dean stood on his doorstep striving to adjust himself to the bewildering developments crowding upon him, Madam Vincent's coach drove up and Madam, evidently in the best of spirits, descended.

"Well Bob boy, how goes the new lion game?"

"Oh! it's doin' fine, thank you. But I don't see, I been a-wonderin' all night, what for didn't those lions eat up Danwul when they had such a dandy chance? They didn't have lion tamers then, did they?" And Boy planted himself firmly to wrestle with this perplexing problem in motivation.

Madam's face glimmered with sudden amusement; then she laughed out right.

"Oh Bob boy, I expect that when the lions grew too dangerous to other people there were usually tamers somewhere around."

Bob's face wrinkled in a puzzled frown.

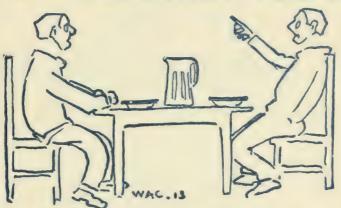
But as her quizzical, laughing glance met the questioning look of Bob's father, that look deepened for a second, and then to the young face and to the old came the whole-souled, all-comprehending smile of comradeship.

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(SEE FOLLOWING PAGES)



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—Major House.

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—Captain Meyer.

S. O. S. !!!

S. O. S. !!!

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M. A. VAN DOREN. Editor-in-Chief F. M. COCKRELL. Business Manager E. F. PIHLGARD. Circulation Manager

Entered as second-Class matter at the postoffice at Urbana, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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START ONE WITH

The Urbana Banking

URBANA, ILLINOIS

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Friday Night-studies over-uptown. Then a

feed at

MARTEN'S

You know the place—across from the 1. C.

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If you can get a good suit made to measure from us at \$20 Why wear ready mades.

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Some Metaphysical Tactics

(Culled from examination papers)

Question: Define "interval."

Answer: The distance between elements is measured from the left elbow of the left man of the right element to the right elbow of the right man of the left element.

Question: Define "line."

Answer: A line is a group of elements formed in a straight line with one another. To be a straight line, the different elements must address one definite element.

—Adjutant Giebbs.

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Does not issue insurance on the lives of women. For that reason, and because of the many calls I have had for such insurance, I have established a connection with the

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Stop at Our Fountain
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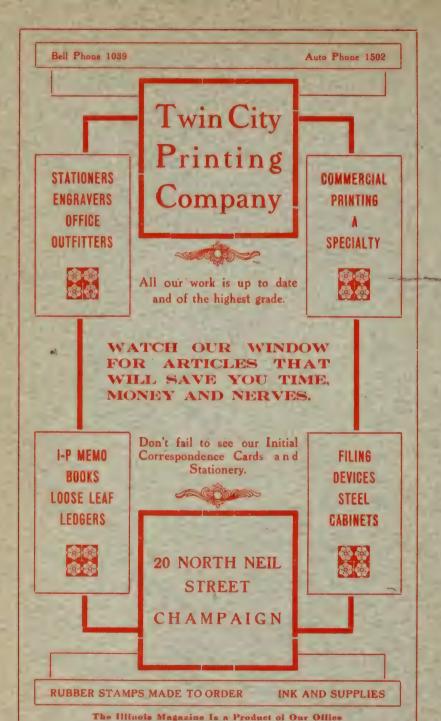
Our athletic department has been enlarged, and improved.

All makes of the best tennis rackets are ready for your inspection.

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THE CO-OP

IN THE NORTH ROOM



Military Camp Life for Students During Summer Vacation

By F. D. WEBSTER, Major 20th Infantry, Commandant of Cadets.

(Editor's note: Since writing this article, Major Webster has received notice from the War Department that he is to be in charge of the summer's camp for students at Ludington, Michigan, next summer.)

Two camps of military instruction for students of educational institutions were established by the War Department last summer during the months of July and August. These camps were at the Presidio of Monterey, California, and at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. So great was their success that four similar camps will be established during the summer of 1914 at Monterey, Cal., Burlington, Va., Ludington, Mich., and in Virginia. The localities selected have good swimming, boating, and fishing facilities and a healthful, cool climate.

These camps will continue for five weeks, and will cost each student \$17.50 for board, payable in advance, together with a deposit of \$5.00 to cover loss or damage to Government property. A service-khaki suit for each student will cost from \$5.00 to \$10.00. Students will pay their own transportation to and from the camp. Cooking will be done by trained army cooks under the supervision of army officers.

The object of these camps is to give to the young men of the country an opportunity for a short course of military training not obtainable at the ordinary educational institutions. This will better fit them to discharge their duties as citizens of the United States in times of need. It is unnecessary to emphasize the increase in the student's business efficiency, acquired through habits of discipline, obedience, self-control, organization and administration.

The government will furnish free cots, blankets, tentage, cooking outfits, a complete infantry outfit, a mess kit, and all necessary field equipment, as well as everything conducing to the health and comfort of those attending (including instruction in personal hygiene and camp sanitation.)

Troops of the regular army will be in camp nearby to co-operate in the military instruction.

Target practice with the service rifle will be a feature of the activities, and the prescribed badges of markmanship of the National Rifle association will be awarded. A trophy will also be competed for by teams representing the different colleges.

This instruction is open to all students of good standing and to recent graduates of colleges or universities. They must be citizens of the United States, be from 18 to 30 years old, have good moral character and be physically qualified.

President Wilson in a letter to Dr. Drinker of Lehigh University said:

"I am very much interested in the successful working out of the idea of these college camps. I believe the students attending will derive not only a great deal of physical benefit from the healthful, open-air life, but also that they will benefit from the discipline, habits of regularity and the knowledge of personal and camp sanitation which the experience in camp will give them.

"The camps will also tend to disseminate sound information concerning our military history and the present policy of the government in military matters, in addition to giving the young men themselves a very considerable amount of practical military instruction, which would be useful to them in case their services should ever be required."

The camp at Ludington, Mich., will be the center for students from the Middle West, and will continue from July 6 to August 7. I cannot commend it too highly and nothing would please me more than to see a large contingent attend from the University of Illinois.

A Letter from Colonel Morse

It was once the intention of the Illinois Magazine Board to print in the Military Number an article by Lieutenant Colonel B. C. Morse; but the late commandant of the University Cadets has been so busy commanding a regiment on the Mexican frontier that he has been unable to write one. A Military Number at this date, however, would not be complete without at least a brief greeting from that commander who has done so much to build up the Illinois regiment to its present point of efficiency, for to Colonel Morse all the commissioned officers of the regiment owe their training.

Daring the risk of a breach of confidence, we publish herewith a letter from Col. Morse to a member of the magazine staff explaining why he could not write an article. The letter well illustrates the "Major's" usual way of saying in a few words all that he thinks necessary to be said.

Texas City, Texas, Jan. 10, 1914.

My dear ——.

Your letter of December 13 received. You never expected me to write an article for your magazine and I am not going to disappoint you by writing one.

You no doubt have seen that the war depart-

ment is going to forbid officers writing on debatable subjects along military lines. The only thing that is not debatable is the fact that I am at Texas City.

But really, I have all I can do, am quite busy, and I am afraid that I will not be among the contributors to the Military Number.

I am in command of the 23rd U. S. Infantry—the very best regiment in the army. I am very proud to command it. I joined it when just out of West Point, and so am glad to get back to it.

I am very glad to hear the regiment at Illinois is getting along so finely. I have no doubt but that it will do more and better work each year. I hope the armory will be ready for your use this winter.

Remember me to any of the officers, who may happen to inquire for me.

Wishing you every happiness for the new year, and for every year to come,

As ever yours sincerely,

B. C. Morse.

University of Illinois Rifle Club

By H. E. HOUSE, Major First Battalion

The organization of the University of Illinois Rifle club last November marked the beginning of a new sport at Illinois. The project of establishing a rifle club has been discussed in previous years but was dropped each time because of a want of range and of gallery equipment. A plan was devised by Major Webster last autumn whereby the armory could be equipped for use as an indoor range. The establishment of a rifle club became a fact.

The club was organized with fifty charter members. The membership is now one hundred and twenty-five. Immediately after organization the club affiliated with the National Rifle Association,

an organization fostered by the War Department to encourage rifle shooting.

Membership in the club is open to all students and instructors in the University. The instructors, however, may not represent the University on rifle teams in competition. The dues of the organization are nominal, and barely sufficient to cover the incidental expenses. Through the National Rifle Association the club offers its members the opportunity to qualify as marksmen or sharpshooters. Bronze and silver medals are given respectively to those qualifying in each class. The University has provided targets and has installed a lighting system in the army which permits enables the range to be used at night. Thirty new gallery practice rifles were secured by Major Webster for the use of the club and of the regiment.

After affiliating with the National Rifle Associotion the club entered a team in the Intercollegiate Gallery Championship matches. This team represents the University, and not the rifle club, in intercollegiate competitions. It is composed of the ten best eligible riflemen. The same eligibility rules apply to members of this team as are applied to members of any university athletic team. These ten shoot in a match and the five highest teams are taken as the team score.

Illinois was placed in class C of the intercollegiate contestants. This class contains ten schools this year, namely: University of Illinois, Kansas Agriculture College, Norte Dame, Oregon Agricultural college, University of Louisiana, University of Arizona, University of Pennsylvania, Pennsylvania State College, Worcester Polytechnic Institute and University of Missouri. Illinois prospects were not bright at the beginning of the season. The club was

late in organizing and had only two weeks before the first match to select and train a team. In addition to this the team had to be selected almost entirely from untried men. Since only one man had had previous experience. This one man, B. P. Reinsch, was "discovered" when the club began practice. He was a member of the University of Iowa rifle team which last year placed second in the gallery championship matches. He has acted as team coach for Illinois this year, and the team owes much to him. Illinois won the championship of class C handily—winning every match and finishing two "shoots" ahead of their nearest rivals. The score made by the team have increased steadily as the season progressed—which is a good indication of the kind of work the men are doing.

Successful rifle shooting requires steady nerves, a good eye, a clear head and constant practice. Too much credit cannot be given the man who shot for Illinois this year for their faithful practice. The men on the team have put in from one to one and one-half hours practice daily.

The Rifle club owes much of its success this year to Major F. D. Webster, our commandant of cadets. It was largely through his aid and encouragement that the club was made possible. He has devoted a great deal of his time and attention to the furtherance of its interests and has made it successful to a degree that it could not have been possible without his aid.

The Rifle club has not accomplished all that it hoped to this year; but the prospects for the future are splendid. The club must arouse more general interest in rifle shooting among the students and induce more men to try for the Rifle team.

The Commandant

By EDWIN L. HASKER

NOTE—The germ of this story was an incident in the life of the late Lieutenant-Colonel E. J. Fechet, commandant of cadets preceding Lieutenant-Colonel B. C. Morse, which was related to to the writer when a freshman. As the story ran, Colonel Fechet was fighting in an Indian battle one day and in a fit of justifiable anger used profanity to an officer. He was court martialed and reduced many grades in rank. Had that not occurred, he would have come to be one of the first generals of the American army before his death.

If Lieutnant Colonel Edmund James Bentley, the old commandant of the University cadets, ever had in him the element of gentleness, or had ever been swayed by the power of love, one never would have suspected it by his general appearance or his customary attitude. If the "talent" of tenderness existed in him, it was hid beneath the "bushel" of gruffness.

On a certain afternoon late one fall Colonel Bentley sat at his desk making orders for the cadet regiment. He was puzzling over the grammar he ought to use. He never would have trouble *speaking* what he had to say, for he could blurt it out some way somehow, and "woe be unto him" who dared to smile. He could stand before an army and tell it what to do; but this matter of writing an order for publication in the daily student paper bored him, for he could not be present everywhere to command respect when the notice was read.

First Sergeant Henning of Company B, First Battalion, entered the office followed by a private. The sergeant stood quietly at attention awaiting word from the commandant. The private glanced nervously from one to the other, as if expecting something dreadful and knowing not what shape the unexpected would take. Colonel Bentley paid no at-

tention to them. His broad shoulders, his military carriage, the perpetual scowl of his shaggy eyebrows, screening a pair of steely black eyes, gave him an appearance that was indeed fearsome to anyone with a conscience at all guilty.

Presently he put down his pencil and said gruffly, "Well?"

"I have been sent here by Captain Swern," said the sergeant, "with Freshman Private G. W. Davis, this man before you, on the charge of insubordination and profanity to an officer."

The colonel whirled about in his chair. "Insubordination and profanity to an officer!" This man?" he demanded.

"Yes," said the sergeant, "this afternoon he—"
"Never mind. You may leave. I'll get it out of him."

As the sergeant left the room, the commandant turned his eyes full upon the private, eyes that in the past had made many a man wince and babble out a confession. Now they met eyes that blazed back defiantly.

"Who're you?" said the colonel roughly.

"Davis is my name, G. W. Davis," said the private.

"A freshman charged with insubordination! Do you know what that means?" said Bently in a voice that was more of a growl than a question.

Davis was silent and looked through the window.

"It means that all your credit in drill will be cancelled, and if the offense is great, you will be suspended from the university."

Davis said nothing and continued to glare outside.

"You don't seem to care much."

"I reckon I could stand it," responded Davis, displaying the slow rich drawl of the South.

"Oh, you reckon so, do you?" mocked Bentley sarcastically. "Well, out with it, what'd you do?"

"I guess the captain can tell you better'n I can."

"Never you mind the captain. What'd you do? What'd he send you here for," snapped Bentley impatiently.

"I told him-" said Davis and stopped.

"Go on."

"I told the captain to—" started Davis and then hesitated again.

"Out with it! Anything I hate to see is a man afraid to stick up for what he said."

"I'm not afraid," drawled Davis, looking at the colonel defiantly, "I told Captain Swern to go to hell."

"You told one of my captains that?" roared Bentley.

"Well?"

"You, a freshman, told that to a superior officer! Where are you from?"

"Nashville, Tennessee."

"Well, you're a fine representative of the South. Why, if you—"

"The South has nothing to do with it sir!" flared up Davis. "I'm not afraid to take what's coming to me, if you think I did wrong. Under the same circumstances I'd do again what I did today, and the next time I might not be so gentle. I did tell Captain Swern that, and for all I care, you and the whole military department con go there, too."

"Young man," said Bentley, descending a trifle from his lion-like attitude, "Perhaps you do not understand the seriousness of your talking to me this way. If you were in the army, you would be court martialed and sent to prison. Here, I must turn the matter over to the Council of Administration. I have no doubt you will be suspended from the university."

The commandant paused to let his words take effect and went on, sarcastically, and directly to Davis, "I suppose you're one of those rich fellows who come here to spend their father's money and don't care what they do or what happens. I tell you, young man, you'll live to regret it some day."

"No, no, I'm not that kind," interrupted Davis, and he looked a different man. "You can say I did anything you want to, but don't say that I—"

"I'll write him the facts! What kind of a man is he? Do you think he'll say you've done right?"

"Yes, he will if you tell the truth, he'll say I did just right. But that'll be the hardest part, facin' dad. He'd figured so much on what I'd learn in a vear or two up north here, how I'd learn to build up the old plantation and make it pay." He looked up at the colonel and went on boldly, "That's the way with you Yankees, you make war on us and come down and destroy our farms and wreck our plantations, and then hate to let us learn how to improve them. It's been fifty years since you've been there, and they haven't recovered yet. Dad heard about this great agricultural school and reckoned as to how I might learn the science and come back and develop the land the way it ought to be. It was a mighty hard sacrifice for him to send me away for so long and pay my expenses and it will hurt him awfully to see me come back a failure. But I'll tell him everything just as it happened, and he'll say I did right. And he'll say that if the education of the North teaches you to have no respect for women then stav down here on the farm."

Colonel Bentley was puzzled. "What's women got to do with it?" he asked.

"I didn't get to explain that to you," said Davis. I'm no blab-mouthed freshman, either. But the man next to me in the company has been doing sneaking tricks all year and making it bad for the rest of us. Today, while we were marching on the street, a girl passed us and he yelled out 'chicken!' I didn't know the girl but she looked straight, and it didn't matter whether she was good or not. I told him if he did that again, I'd knock him down. We got to talking loud and the captain heard us. I started to explain calmly, but he wouldn't listen. I got mad and couldn't help myself. The words just slipped out."

There was silence in the office for a full minute while Colonel Bentley sat with his eyes closed, his head resting against the back of the chair. He wondered if he had been one of those who had helped to destroy the very plantation and homestead of this boy before him.

"Is that all you want with me?" asked Davis.

"No," said the Colonel gently, "I want to tell you a story."

Davis astonished, sat down. The gruff commandant had changed completely, and the new voice, expressive of gentleness and kindness and affection, thrilled and mastered him.

"It's about real army life back in the 70's and is like yours. Well sir, the main character of the story is a young first lieutenant of the regular army. His name doesn't matter, so we'll call him Harwell. He had been in the Civil War and had gone with Sherman to Atlanta. Sherman took a great liking to the youngster and a few years after the war secured a commission in the regular army for him.

"By 1874 Harwell had become a first lieutenant and was stationed at Fort Sheridan, just north of Chicago. He was beginning to chafe under the dull routine of army life at a post where nothing happened and he was longing for excitement. It was at this time that he received an order from the war department transferring him to the big Fort Penn, overlooking the plains of the Dakotas and considered the 'liveliest' fort in the country. Here, indeed, was real excitement, for the Indian troubles were then at their bitterest point and Harwell's new post was at at the center of the fighting. There he met Major Dunton—more of him later.

"Well sir, Harwell got his foot into it the very first night he was there. He found out from his captain that there was to be a commissioned officer's dance that night and so he decided to attend and get acquainted with the society of Fort Penn. One of the first persons he met was Helen Cordell, the young daughter of a trapper and hunter who made his home near the fort. If anyone were to be picked as the queen of Fort Penn, it was she; and if there were anyone to fall headlong in love with her at first sight it was our young friend Harwell. He soon learned, from the inquiries he made, that Major Dunton had so far outdistanced all rivals. Why, a secret engagement was even hinted at among the officers! The situation was such that any man other than the "tenderfoot" Harwell would have given up without a struggle.

"But Harwell wasn't built that way. He had one dance with Miss Cordell and had the audacity to ask for another, contrary to all customs of the fort, where no one dared do such a thing except a girl's own partner. The dancers made note of the breach

Continued on Page 308

Maria Militant

By BERNICE WRIGHT

In at Bilby's Old Man Perkins was saying,

"These militants think they're goin' to make things all right, but it 'pears to me, in spite of all 'o Emmeline Pankhurst's talk, and this row the ones here at home are raisin', they're all on the wrong trail."

Bilby gnawed a dried apricot reflectively, and admitted

"Well," they have always managed things pretty well."

The smile went round the circle by the stove. Everybody knew Bilby's troubles at home.

"Manage! Well I'd say," Old Man Perkins ejaculated, "and the worst of it is, you never know how its been done. Why, Maria's kept me straight for forty years, and she's never stood on a corner and yelled, or even listened to a suffragette, and she never will; she don't have to."

There was silence while they paused to reflect. Inwardly each ruminated the situation at his own fire side. Old Man Perkins gave his thoughts words.

"Did I ever tell you how she started out? It's a good joke on me, but I can stand it if you can."

"When old Brother Shuey tied us up, down in Simpson's parlor, she was only sixteen and I was nineteen, but she didn't know what young 'uns we was. I'd got a job down at the mill, makin' thirty dollars a month, and the Simpson women was all good managers, so we started out happy and hopeful.

"Well, things went along smooth for a while, me workin' hard and Maria savin'. We'd decided to buy the place—you know, where we're livin' now—and began payin' for it as we went along. I was careful to have the payments on time always, and we had big times plannin' and savin'.

"Agood many of the boys was still settin 'round this stove in winter, movin' out in front to the goods box in summer, but not findin' any girls to have 'em. Ed Foster didn't get married for fifteen years. Well, they all liked to guy me, and talked 'bout apronstrings most of the time when I was around, as if they thought I wasn't sorry for every mother's son of 'em.

"At first I kept a straight face, but after a while I got to feelin' kind 'o cheap, and thinkin' may be there was something to what they said. So I'd go down town every evenin'—would run out 'o smokin' tobacco, unexpec'dly, have business with the boss at the mill—one thing and another. Maria was always agreeable. That's been her one failin' ever since I've known her. Usually she ran over to her ma's to spend the evenin'. Then, when I got ready to come home, I'd go over there after her.

"I don't rightly know how it come about, but one evenin' some of us got into a little game of poker over there at Slater's hotel. It was better'n standin' around talkin' politics and crops, 'specially when there hadn't been much of either one lately. We never put much money into the game, and it looked harmless 'nough to me.

"What's more, I don't know to this day how Maria got wind of it, unless it was that her pa told her. I'd got him to help me out on the payment on the house that day. I hadn't thought to mention about what was goin' on at the hotel to her. Not that I meant to keep anything from her, but my mind was full of other things. You can depend on a woman's

findin' things out though. The Simpsons are awful religious. Maria's grandad and her uncle Peter was both preachers and I reckon she'd 'a been one too, if she's 'a' been a man. Well, when Maria found out about me playin' cards and bettin' money, she felt so disgraced she couldn't even bear to mention it to me.

"Well, she was a Simpson and a manager, so she didn't mope around long. I noticed that she hadn't been singin' quite so much lately, and kind o' hated to go to town that evenin', but I knowed how it 'd be the next time I did go, and I thought maybe I could slip down a minute and then right back again, fore she'd have time to get very lone-some.

"Well, I landed in Slater's Hotel. I hadn't looked at the time lately, but I reckon it couldn't 'a' been nine o'clock yet. Eb was dealin' out the cards, when the door opens, and in walks Maria! I was considerable took aback. It never occurred to me that a slip of a girl would come for her old man. There was no betting when one of the boys 'd say something about aprong strings, and then how'd she feel! I was mad as a hornet—mad at her, and mad at them for playin' cards with me. But I didn't feel just like showin' it, so I nodded pleasant a' her, and said,

"Run on up to your ma's, Maria, I'll be up after you in a minute! She never had lost her temper, but I was expectin' her to flash up then—maybe because I knowed I needed it. But no. She saw a chair over in the corner and made for it. When she was settled comfortable she looked at me real sweet and said.

"No, Si, I'd just as soon wait here. I'm in no hurry though, so don't stop your game."

"Well, I never had heard of a girl actin' like

that! I was a stubborn cuss though, so I went right on turnin' round now and then to see if she was still there, and hopin' every time, she wouldn't be. But she stayed. Once she asked how it was comin', and my face got so red it plum sizzled. The boys was all powerful uncomfortable too, and none of us enjoyed ourselves at all. We finished the game though, and without arguing at all, just shoved back our chairs and got up an went. Maria yawned and said she was glad, for it was gettin' late, and she'd like to stop at Jone's store on the way home.

"When we got out side, I was pretty mad, but she kept up such a chatter that I couldn't get a word in edgewise. She didn't say a word about me playin' cards though, but just made for Jones's. I felt like I was bein' led by the nose, but I went. When we got in, she towed me over to the counter and showed me a piece of calico print she'd had her heart set on for a long time. I knew what she meant, so I didn't say a word but dived down in my jeans for my last dollar, and bought it for her."

From The Cape To Cairo

By M. BUNCH

By the edge of the burning Kalhari,
Through the length of the broad Karroo,
Past ostrich farms, and wild goat runs,
And the haunts of the lithe Kudoo—

No trees ever soften the outline

Of the rugged kapje or kloof,

Or cast any grateful shadow

On the homestead's iron roof.

The Country of the Zuyder Zee

By ALLAN NEVINS, '12.

No praise is overpraise of the attractiveness of much of the country north of New York and about Tarrytown. Yet in spite of the gracious scene, and its literary and military associations, you will not find a New Yorker who has been through it-barring a few on scudding automobile excursions to the Pocantic Hills. Were it a mere literary excursion, he might excuse himself on the ground that a ramble, as literary excursions are rightly called, implied opulence of time, or of his confidence in ever-present opportunity. But taking account of the unhackneyed charm of the region, as fresh in gray December as in green spring, his delinquency goes deeper. One can attribute it only to the Manhattan taste and temper—a shaft, Kipling would say, into the character of a poor little street-bred people.

Not all December days are gray, and you may choose an afternoon when the sun throws a lovely dying light over the city to pay ninety cents for suburban carriage to Tarrytown. On such a day it is not Nature's work, but man's, that depresses. West, the city gives way fast to the wide Hudson, with the Palisades and their faint stretch of woods beyond: till their steepness breaks back into hills and youngling mountains, villages shining through the far haze at their feet. Whatever the railroad answers for to the east bank, it affords a splendid vista over the waters to these shining slopes and valleys. At a succession of stops the trainmen call Dutch names in unfitting English garble, and the commuting rich puff shudderingly down into the frosty air.

Finally, the lone shoulder of a hill is rounded, and the still, cold Tappan Zee spreads its bosom into the Mediterranean of the region. A cove is on the hither side, but it is the shore opposite that frames the picture; a circle of league—wide slopes, basking like those that gather the Rhine's sun into her vineyards, roll gently to the west, and to the north rise in heights that cast an abrubt blue pencilling out over the Zee.

In the indented cove nestles Tarrytown. climbing streets blot out the comely landscape beyond, and it is a momentary shock to see that their loose fingers radiate toward the very heart of the Sleepy Hollow country. Yet the village is not large. It is not modishly commercial, as an English town would be, and but one tea-room preys on the name of its great son. Forlorn, derelict, its appearance helps explain why it is no pilgrims' Mecca. were pleasure-seekers less squeamish than they are. its foreign cast would repel. Even if you are that good American who knows no such word as alien. inured to a Manhattan of Jewry, indifferent to subway trains crackling with sheets like the Staats-Zeitung, Araldo Italiano, Russky Golos, and Norske Amerikaner, you must feel that such literary landmarks are in different case. The expected Dutch-American air is lamentable absent. If there is a shop or office without an Italian name, it is lost to The very cinema halls are Calabrian. black-headed Italian children have the pinched, pallid look of transplantation into poverty and chilliness. You make haste to mount the silent slope, in what direction it scarcely matters; once gain the heights that circle the cove and enclose the town. and you hold the key to the whole countryside. North, up the Hudson, is the old Dutch church, to the east the Sleepy Hollow road and school, to the south Sunnyside, or Wolfert's Roost, whichever name you prefer to give the residence of the genial historian.

It is, as Irving himself wrote, a rugged region, full of fastnesses. Even where the streets begin to open gently back is felt a conviction of the peacefulness that lingers to link the community to its Dutch foundation. In part, the quiet is obviously referable to hills and brooks that throw into isolation the straggling divisions of the town: in part, to influences that it is unprofitable to analyze. The tinkle of streams not yet icebound, the rustle of stiffening thickets, cloak and soften the life of the various homes. In summer they might be a less powerful antiseptic to noise; but summer would also strengthen those supplementary, magic influences which Irving half-described, half created for Sleepy Hollow and the Neponset. The valley is wind-locked. the low sun not merely seeping down into it, but reflected from the Hudson that wraps it so snugly. Already the view from any of the little eminences out over the lordly river and western world, is itself placidity in its breadth. The town dwindles and softens as you climb, until the roofs merely peep through the evergreens.

The search for the site of Ichabod Crane's school house must be carried to the north-east, along a slippery, obscure road obviously little travelled. No one could quarrel with the town's neglect to plant a marking post or stone. There is a new pleasure in skirting the narrow stream on which the school stood, and beyond which the rising ridge now shuts off the west. December here is your true impressionist. The deep band of green in the evergreens of the slope has been splashed in with lavish hand,

and there is brown and carmen to spare in the cling-The detail of ing leaves of the chestnuts and oaks. this part of the work, it is true, will not bear close examination. The skeltonized, tattered foliage, the stripped, dingy branches, are not in themselves things of beauty. The waste of brown weeds has sunk into a tangled mat, laying half bare the decaying twigs. But the eve is not dependent on the broader effects alone. There is a birch, for example, that on the west of the brook has tangled into its top a deal of sunshine. Stand full under it at this hour, and you look into the sky as into some temple of light: the remainder leaves, like veterans against the wind, are set afire by the dying sun, and each glows like a tiny golden lantern. Along the stream the boles of a long line of chestnuts and oaks stand hoary, but rugged for all the winter of their discontent. Some must have stood there when Ichabod's schoolboys played along the brook, or when the three patriots, playing cards in the brushes, leaped out on the road to check Andre's horse. As to where the schoolhouse itself rose, that is beyond the power of any but an antiquarian to say. The spot is lost in the sylvan character of the little valley.

To approach the old Dutch church from the north and east, you clamber back over the ridge that is the backbone of the countryside, and follow toward the Hudson a new motor road that skirts the Rockefeller estate. Midway it is intersected by the highway along which Ichabod pursued his timorous midnight journey. The Van Tassel mansion also is only a memory, its location within the heart of Tarrytown marked by a new school. The spot is hidden under the folding, wooded land a good mile from the church, and a half-mile from the perverse spot

where Gunpowder took the wrong turn, and went careering down goblin alley. All these numbed hill-sides above were riotous in autumn that far-off-afternoon when Ichabod dismissed school to attend the quilting bee. The ridge you half-flank, half-climb, is whence he gloated over the goodly Hudson:

"The wide bosom of the Tappan Zee lay motionless and glassy, excepting that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depths to the dark gray and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast; and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air."

Now the sky is hectic, not flushed with summer, the trees "prank't in their last poor, tattered braveness," the fields dull tawny in their faded livery. But with all the Hollow's drowsiness, the level sunshine and freshening breeze preserve a certain animation. Look back to the dark east. the lifting pennons of a chestnut are lit into spangles of gold. A jay flashes blue against the ghastly birches, and his thrill clamor drowns the whispering of the thickets. A more liquid cry heralds a woodpecker as he comes gliding across an opening, careens a moment, and brings up with a sidewise flirt against the trunk of a maple. Most noisy of all are the snowbirds, a-fluff with the cold. but ubiquitously proud of the optimism of their chatter.

The Dutch church is the most substantial of the relics of Sleepy Hollow. Sunnyside, far the south through the chatelaine of estates, belongs rather to

Irving than Irving's books. It has, too, a luxurious modernity not apart from even the Gould castle, and befitting the author's fine aristocratic soul. the church persist memories older than Brom Bones, Ichabod Crane, and Katrina Van Tassel: older than the Revolution, Doffue Marteing, and the debatable ground; older than the French and Indian Wars—for it is placarded with the date 1699. The bold site overlooks Hudson and town, and the little Pocantico, brawling under the thick covert of woods to the south. The heavy stone walls are brown among the firs, and the rain-streaked, mossgrown gambrel roof of a hue with the latter. square body and octagon rear, the dumpy belfry that quaintly misfits its top, voice a sturdy Hollander spirit. Its six pointed windows are set in sills two feet deep, and at a height from the ground eloquent of the days of Indian prowling. Here came to worship under Dominie Ritzemer, in Dutch sunbonnets and honest homespun, all the Van Warts, Van Dams, and Van Cortlandts that fill the pages of the Knickerbocker History; and here in the burying ground they are laid together, under stones that versicles of unreadable Dutch. with dates stretch back almost to Hendryk Hudson. The stream. crossed by a bridge at whose side you look instinctively down for a battered pumpkin, has a wildness as unchanted as when the churchvard was first plotted beside it. It runs darkling under rocks and high banks, the traditional couch of sachems laid in peace besides their enemies. Half-eroded stones form anywhere a fording place, and if you follow them under the beeches and elms that join over its course, the steep banks give way frequently, farther up, to lowering ravines.

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Down the Pocantico toward the Hudson, there should be a millpond with the great patroon mansions of Vredryk Flypse; but that "course-o'-things" which Janier personified as a great browsing ox has devoured mill and castle away. The sun has dropped behind the hills across the four miles of the Zee, and an icy wind comes out of the furnace sky that momentarily glows there. Here in front the Half Moon once passed, Capt. Kidd and his confederates drew up their boats, and the British ships of war anchored to hold the neighboring shores in subjection. Right ahead the homes of Tarrytown loom forbidding and cold in the dark, the windows still unlighted. A barge trails a tug down the river, the one leaving a rack of smoke across the sky, the other throwing a transverse line of watery light toward either shore. But the most warming sight is as the train pulls out of the station. Acros the Zee the villages shine like clusters of light scattered up and down the great slopes, a jewelled map in the half-darkness. each separate lamp trembling like a star through the frosty air.

Jimmie's Journies in the Land of Truth

Student Government

Student government is what we call that system whereby an indulgent faculty kids us into thinking that we run our own affairs. It resembles the pocket book we endeavor to pick up on April first, it either has a string to it or is nailed down; at any rate we don't get it, and the funny thing is that we always bite next time. We are not kicking for we don't most always play with our string tags as we should, and thereupon our faculty figurately spanks us and gives us something new, with the inevetable string.

We had some lovely class elections, but we burnt our fingers. We had a nice clean Illio but somebody made mud mies and behold we didn't have them. They were given to a faculty and alumni controlled Student Union, which a theoretically independent editor of a local advertising paper, says has failed again. We evidently haven't brains enough to play with our toys without breaking them, so we are presented with cast iron hygienic play things which we can't keep. This is student government. We are allowed to do anything we want so long as we don't want to do anything we can't do.

We have indeed erred greiviously. We actually thought that a college education would fit us to be citizens, but we were wrong. We thought in our foolish hearts, that poly science, law and economics would develop our brains to the extent of being able to govern ourselves, but these were merely ravings of a deceased brain. All this knowledge hydraulicly rammed into us, is just an ornamental facade to bluff

our folks. We can t bluff the faculty; we don't know anything. All we are good for is to become engineers, lawyers, teachers, doctors, bankers and farmers, but we mustn't use this knowledge for we are poor ignorant infants. You remember what Commodore Vanderbilt said about "the people"? Well, we're it. C'mon lets join the Athletic Association. We haven't anything to say about it, but it is run for our benefit.

The Honor of the Army

By WILSON M. SMITH, '14.

Twentieth century military methods as practiced by the United States are being discussed by Charles Johnson Post in a series of articles now appearing in Harper's Weekly. Not a sentimental story, as the Weekly states, but a plain unvarnished report—a report which leads one to the conclusion that the author appears to have in mind, not the honor, but the dishonor of the army.

From the crude militarism and inhuman punishments of mediaeval days, the only things seen to have been preserved to this day are the inhumanities. The present system is described by Mr. Post as steeped in favoritism, stupidity and viciousness, a charge that is, in part at least, substantiated by the large number of desertions from the regular army. In the year 1911, seven per cent of the enlisted men deserted; in 1912, nine per cent; while in 1913 desertions increased to seventeen per cent. These startling figures command thoughtful attention.

Not the least injustice in army life that causes this extratordinary number of desertions, is the practice of imposing heavy penalties upon the enlisted men, while officers guilty of equally grave offenses are treated with leniency. Such offenses are both many and great if the citations of the author are to be trusted.

That the youth of the land will voluntarily enter such a life, is explained by the fact that they are led into it by deception. Alluring promises are made, and army life so depicted as to offer great attractions—attractions that in reality prove to be such that "in the five years ending with 1913 seventeen thousand men have taken the chance of capture and two years in a felon's cell, rather than serve longer in the United States army."

To compare the conditions in the United States with those existing in other countries, and at the same time suggest the nature of reform desired in this country, the articles by Mr. Post are accompanied by a drawing by James Montgomery Flagg. This drawing, "The Attitude of the Officer," portrays the United States army with the sketch of a private polishing the shoes of an arrogant officer; the spirit of the French army, on the other hand, being depicted in a healthy camaraderie, an officer holding a match for one of his men to light a cigarette.

In presenting this series of articles, Mr. Post asserts he is not a muck-raker, and in support of the assertion, quotes actual incidents. If his denial of being a muck-raker is to be accepted, the force of his statements can lead to but one conclusion, a conclusion which Harper's asserts a hesitation to expose, "the fact that the United States army system is not fit for democracy, but rather an antique and feudal survival."

10

LITERARY SOCIETY SECTION

ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION OF LITERARY SOCIETIES ORGANIZED.

IONIAN TAKES THE LEAD IN A BIG LITERARY MOVEMENT

A big revival of literary interest and activity is on the way. The college literary societies are no longer content with a meagre existence in the narrow walls of their own organization or even of their own college. The strongest societies of the state are banding together for mutual helpfulness and the general uplift of literary work. The movement has been gaining momentum for several months and has finally taken definite form in the Illinois Association of Literary Societies.

The first regular meeting of delegates was held at the University of Illinois March 14th. At this meeting a permanent constitution was adopted and the following officers were elected: President, F. M. Cockrell (University of Illinois); Vice-president, Thomas H. English (Blackburn College); Secretary, Harold L. Whittle (Northwestern University): Treasurer, Stanislas Arseneau (Illinois State Normal University). The charter members of the association are as follows: Ionian, University of Illinois; Gavel and Rostrum, Northwestern; Logossian, Ewing College; Galileo, Carthage College; Philadelphian, Illinois State Normal University: Philomathean, Blackburn College; Adelphic, Augustana College. Applications from a number of others have been received and the indications are that a majority of the Illinois colleges will soon be represented.

The plan for the organization was developed by Ionian last year. The first step was to send letters to the presidents of all the colleges in Illinois. The response to these was so favorable and encouraging that the plan was briefly outlined to a number of the representative societies. The enthusiasm of these for the proposition assured its success, so a tentative constitution was adopted and temporary officers were elected by Ionian. Since then the work has progressed rapidly and now the organization is on a solid basis.

Two societies petitioned for the privilege of holding the first general literary contest. It was granted to Northwestern and will be held in April. The management of the contest has been put in the hands of Rostrum and Gavel. It is probable that each society will send two contestants, one for men's oratorical and one for women's declamation. Most of the societies are mixed in membership. The constitution provides that two or more societies may arrange to hold one membership in the association. This plan will be used where men's and women's organizations are separate and also in colleges where a strong rivalry does not exist between the various societies.

The constitution of the association is printed in full in this issue of The Illinois Magazine. It is the policy of The Illinois Magazine to aid and assist all movements for the betterment of student activities in general and literary work in particular. This is one of the most worthy and promising plans which has been developed for several years.

Applications for membership should be addressed to Harold L. Whittle, Secretary Illinois Association of Literary Societies, Phi Kappa Psi House, Evanston, I¹l.

Constitution

ARTICLE I-Name

The name of this association shall be the Illinois Association of Literary Societies.

ARTICLE II—Object

The object of this association shall be to bind the literary societies in the colleges of Illinois into a a closer union for the purpose of promoting enthusiasm for literary activities; to arrange for an annual literary contest between the several societies; and to furnish regularly information and general news concerning the societies to the program committees and officers in furtherance of their work.

ARTICLE III—Membership

Section 1. (Eligibility) Any regularly organized literary society in an accredited college, normal school or university in the state of Illinois shall be eligible to membership.

Section 2. (Application) Application for membership shall be made to the secretary of the association and shall be granted upon majority vote of the members.

Section 3. (Membership limited) Only one membership shall be granted in any college, normal school or university. Provided however, that two or more eligible organizations may be granted a membership as one society.

ARTICLE IV-Government

Section 1. (Executive Committee) The affairs of the association shall be conducted by an executive committee which shall consist of one delegate from each society.

Section 2. (Officers) The officers of the executive committee shall be a president, a vice president,

a secretary and a treasurer. Their duties shall be such as usually pertain to those officers.

Section 3. (Delegates) Each society shall elect a delegate annually and send official notification of such election to the secretary of the association. Each delegate shall officially represent his society and shall have power to act in all matters pertaining to the association. If for any reason a delegate is unable to attend any meeting, the society may, by signed statement, designate a proxy.

Section 4. (Meetings) The delegates shall meet annually at the time of the Spring Literary Contest, elect officers, transact all necessary business, and designate the time and place of the next meeting. Succeeding officers and delegates shall assume their duties immediately after the contest. Other meetings may be called by the president provided written consent is obtained from a majority of the members.

ARTICLE V-Finances

Section 1. (Dues) The dues of this association shall be two dollars, payable annually in advance to the treasurer. Further assessments can be made only by majority vote of the executive committee.

Section 2. (Contest receipts) The receipts of the annual Literary Contest shall be used to defray the necessary expenses of same and the mileage of officers, delegates and contestants. Any surplus shall be turned into the treasury. In case of a deficit it shall be pro-rated among the societies according to the number of representatives from each without regard to the mileage assumed to cause such deficit.

ARTICLE VI-Amendments

Amendments to this constitution shall be proposed by the executive committee and ratified by two-thirds vote of the societies; which vote shall be mailed to he secretary of the association.

Adelphic Literary Society

The fact that a student joins a literary society. in most cases not fully realizing the pleasure derived from literary society work, is proof that he is strong in that characteristic so vital to success, determination. If he can by practice and study learn the art of public speaking, his determination, which is the back-bone of a forceful character, will have a channel for tremendous influence. Later on, if he uses his power, in whatever community he settles he will be a leading influence. The six literary societies of the University as well as the Illinois Magazine and Scribblers' Club are working along similar lines. They are training students to think, write and speak correctly, so that later when they disperse among the masses who have had no higher education, they may exert their good influence and become the leaders of our civilization.

The newly-fledged Adelphics are being trained and some yet undeveloped talent is slowly being uncovered.

The aim and ideal toward which Adelphic is striving is still broader than to train public speakers, the society stands up for all the nobler characteristics of talent and culture which are the distinction of a truly educated man.

On January 8th, the tryouts for Adelphic representative in the Inter-society Declamation Contest were held and L. A. Snyder was chosen. This contest in which all six literary societies compete is a most interesting annual event.

Two other members, Wham and Bristow have won honors for themselves and for Adelphic in gaining two of the six much coveted places on the Varsity debating teams for the March debates.



THE ILLINOIS

Of The University of Illinois



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THE ILLINOIS MAGAZINE is published monthly by the Undergraduates of the University of Illinois, and aims to print the best literary productions of the campus. Contributions are solicited from students and members of the Faculty in all departments. Discussion of current student questions is invited. Contributions may be left with the editors, dropped in the Illinois Box in Main Hall, or mailed to 712 W. Oregon St., Urbana.

Published by the Students of the University of Illinois

ARE WE LOSING OUR NERVE?

The most significant sentence in the current Atlantic discussion of Athletics and Morals is none which concerns those immediate collegiate ethical ills which are only a passing phase and will eventually be cured. The most telling accusation strikes (or aims to strike) this whole generation of ours a body blow. Its sentiment is lifted out of the essays of Agnes Repplier. Its words are these: WE ARE LOSING OUR NERVE.

This indictment against a whole people—is it valid?

The charge is based, the editor admits, not so much on specific and numerous public cowardices, not so much on prevailing private languor, as on an absence in these days of virgin forests, "unbutlered" prairies, log cabins, and coon-skin caps! These last hath civilization whisked from our sight to our moral disadvantage. In other words, these forests, these prairies, these cabins, these coonskins, and

these rattlesnakes, this ague—these one time indispensables to manly endeavor being now gone leave us nothing to struggle for, nothing to test our manhood.

There is the old familiar taint of "generation against generation" in this indictment. Here is another proof that a given generation cannot imagine its own essential spirit projected onto a fresh plane of conditions. Shall we bewail the want of circumstances which we reverence a past generation for surmounting? Shall we not find fresh problems in sociology, in politics, in ethics, in intellectual pastures they trod not on? Where they had cowards and stay-at-home-by-the-chimney's, have we not intellectual sluggards? Where they had stalwart prairie heroes, have we not keen, clear-headed, scientific men of the world? Where they had grave moral issues—slavery, have we not pressing care-demanding problems—the tariff, the slums? If they had crossroad grog shops where the shiftless gathered, have we not hot and tinkling vaudeville houses where nervous, vicious intellects find delight? Where they knew Lincoln, do not we know Roosevelt, Wilson, Root? Truly, there is never a want of problems; never a want of spirit to bring them low; never a want of vigorous hearts and intellects to transcend the petty, to lead a people.

We may take all this to heart here at Illinois, where drug-store philosophers bewail the dearth of "big men." Where are the big men to be found these days? Are they here in the shape of bombastic athletes, spectacled grinds, or \$2000-profit *Illio* managers? No. The finest Illini intelligence romps in pastures—athletic, office-holding, scholastic—that are new. Seek, and adore it.

The Commandant

Continued from Page 286

and said nothing, but when the new officer appeared for the third time as the partner of Helen, they began to take notice of this youthful upstart of a first lieutenant."

"Three dances?" said Davis in surprise, "Why a man will keep over half with his girl here at the university and no one thinks anything about it."

"I know," said the colonel, "but you must remember that this was a long time ago. But let's not get away from the story. No one was madder over the incident than Major Dunton, who waited until Harwell was alone on the veranda of the armory and approached him. He told Harwell that he needed instruction in dancing etiquette and hoped he would brush up on it with some of the officers before the next dance. Harwell had been brought up in a good home in the East and felt that he knew a lot more about etiquette than Dunton. He told the major this politely and said that if he did wrong Miss Cordell was perfectly able to correct him herself by refusing dances.

"I'll give you Dunton's reply word for word as near as I can, because it's important. 'Oh, is that so?' he said, W'ell, we have a way of curing you eastern flippants out here, and I predict that you will learn it before long.' With this remark he went into the armory and left Harwell wondering what sort of a dose this cure would be. He was surprised at his own audacity to a superior officer, but he was already beginning to dislike Dunton. Personal dislike is a negative quality in the army, however, because su-

perior officers must be obeyed whether you like them or not.

"I think I'll pass over the next year with no comment except that Lieutenant Harwell succeeded in getting himself engaged to Helen Cordell."

"Good! He beat Dunton's time?" interrupted Davis quickly.

"Sure. Easy," answered Bentley.

"How did he come to do it?"

"I don't just know. That's too hard a question for me; because you know, Davis, you can never tell much of anything about a woman. Dunton was several years older than Helen, and perhaps he lacked the refinement that Harwell had acquired in the East."

"Harwell and Dunton never spoke about the matter to each other, and there had been no exchange of those hateful personalities, which sometimes break out between rivals. Major Dunton had a different method of treating an opponent. When the engagement was announced, the major stepped aside quietly. But that didn't mean that he had forgotten. Whenever there was any hard work to do in the first battalion. Lieutenant Harwell usually got the assignment. Whenever there was dangerous scouting to be done that might cost the lives of the scouts, Harwell was generally sent. Whenever a brilliant function was scheduled at the fort, an important mission away from the fort was generally found which demanded a good man, and, of course, Harwell was that good man," and then the colonel added with a significant chuckle, "a good man to have out of the way."

"The first hint the lieutenant got of Dunton's purpose was when he was called to headquarters on Christmas Eve. He had planned to give Helen her

diamond ring that evening. The major assigned him to take a message to a fort one hundred miles to the south, a mission which would keep him away during all the holiday festivities. While Harwell stood at attention, the major was writing the message and casually remarked, without looking up from the paper, "A rather effective method of cure we have here at Fort Penn, isn't it, Lieutenant?"

"The greatest difficulity that Harwell faced was along a different line, however. The pay in the army during the period following the Civil War was not very good, and an officer couldn't think of supporting both himself and a wife comfortably until he became at least a captain. Marriage was impossible for a lieutenant. The one consolation was, if you can call it consolation, that the death rate from the Indian fighting was so large that promotion was very rapid for those officers with a clean record.

"I guess Helen realized this too for she was not to marry until Harwell received his commission as captain. This was the next advance after first lieuteuant, but he was a long way down in the list. I believe the girl must have loved him better.

"It was about two months later that the crisis in Harwell's life came. For some time the Indians had been comparatively quiet and had almost ceased their attacks on the outlying settlements. The attack finally came. The fort to the north of Penn had been surrounded by a great band of Indians, numbering several thousand, and the soldiers were barely able to hold their own fortress.

"Then came the reports of similar attacks to the south; only there a battalion under General Custer was met out on the plains, surrounded and every man massacred."

"I had an uncle in that battle," said Davis ex-

citedly, "and we've got an imaginary picture of the battle at home. I never get through looking at it."

"Fort Penn was expected to be the next point of attack" went on Bentley unmindful of the interruption "and they didn't have long to wait, either. A rider came dashing in one night and told of the attack on Wanda and a wholesale massacre. This village was between Fort Penn and the southern fort and everyone felt that the bands from the north and the south were planning to unite and attack Penn. When this report came in, the commander decided to send reinforcements to the Grand River Supply Station, and ordered out the First Battalion.

"The battalion orderly found Harwell at Helen's and told him that Captain Jones had been ordered away that day and that he would have to take charge of the company on the march to Grand River. Harwell took quick leave of Helen and routed out his company for the night ride.

"The first batalion of cavalry with Major Dunton in command left Fort Penn about midnight to make the thirty miles to the Grand River station in about three hours. The moon was shining brightly and made an excellent night for a ride in the brisk Dakota air. The peace and quiet of the scene contrasted strangely with the alertness of the men, each of whom had been ordered to travel "light" with rifles loaded and ready for instant use.

"The Grand River supply station had been established thirty miles out on the frontier to serve as an outlying base of supplies for any detachment that might be sent out from the fort. It was an important station, but was well fortified and ordinarily could be held by the small garrison that was there at this time. From reports of the large number of Indians that had attacked the other forts it was

deemed advisable to strengthen the garrison until additional troops could arrive from the eastern states.

"As the first battalion drew near to the supply station, the men began to take things easier. No attack was expected, so they were enjoying the bright moonlight to the fullest. After three hours steady riding they were about a mile from the outpost.

"Suddenly there came three shots from the advance guard, the signal to halt. An instant later came the same signal from the rear guard. Then followed a scattering of shots at both the front and rear, and the guards were driven back on the reserves. The reserves held a minute, and fell back on the main body. Then figures seemed to rise up on all sides and blaze away. The battalion was completely surrounded, and when the—"

"Were they the same Indians that had massacred Custer a few days before?" asked Davis quickly.

"Yep! The very same!" said the colonel banging his fist down on the desk. "The battalion was taken completely by surprise. Fortunately it was on a knoll that could easily be made defensible until morning by the saddles. Major Dunton immediately ordered the captains to do this and in a few minutes the battalion was in a circle—every man prostrate behind his saddle with rifle cocked.

"It would have been foolhardy to attack in any direction until morning, because it was impossible to tell how strong the force of the enemy was.

"The suspense of the soldiers was terrible as they lay there under the pale moonlight wondering what was in store for them. Were there only a few hundred savages around them bluffing, or were there several thousands? Would they share the same fate as Custer?

"Dawn came, and along with it the revelation that they were surrounded by thousands. Around them in a great circle stretched a line of saddles, and it took no great amount of reasoning to know that behind each one was an Indian with eyes alert and rifle ready to fire the instant a soldier exposed himself. And then of course everyone knew that as soon as the sun was up they would have to fight their way through to safety or be starved to death.

"As soon as the sun came up Harwell took a notebook out of his pocket and found a map of the region that he had drawn. He knew the vicinity perfectly, for he had hunted over the ground many a time with old Jake Cordell, the father of Helen. It was of no use to think of trying to break for Fort Penn because that was thirty miles away, so the attack had to be made toward the supply station. It looked like the level plain in that direction but Harwell knew from the map that on the right was an outcrop of rock from which it was impossible to dislodge even a small force. It would be foolish to attack there. And then, as Harwell looked at his map. his face must have brightened, for he saw a way of escape. On the left around a small hill was the Grand River and on the other side almost opposite was the mouth of a ravine that led to within a short distance of the supply station. He knew that if they could break through the extreme left and make the river, they could get to the station in safety. He was about to go to Major Dunton with his scheme when captain's-call was blown, and, as he was acting-captain, he went to the major, crawling along the ground to avoid exposing himself.

"Major Dunton outlined a plan of attack in ac-

cordance with his limited knowledge of the region and explained to the captains what each was to do. The attack was to be made in fifteen minutes. Harwell and his company was assigned to attack the right flank, the very spot that he knew to be impregnable.

"He started to explain this but the major would have nothing from him. "There are only two ways to go," said Dunton, 'toward the fort is impossible and there is a chance toward the station."

"Harwell started to explain again, but Dunton cut him short, 'Never mind, Lieutenant, I know how to fight this battle, and when I want your advice I'll ask. Captains, return to your companies and prepare for the charge.'

"Again Harwell spoke up, 'But this means the lives of all the—"

"'Shut up!' roared Dunton, 'not another word from you. Get to your company.' The major went off in another direction and, of course, Harwell had to obey orders."

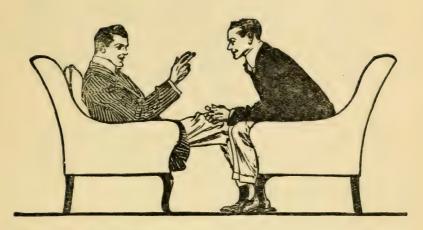
"The fool!" cried Davis, the freshman, "Didn't he know better than that? He ought to have taken advice from anyone, if it was any good."

"I know," said Bentley, "but that was the lover part in him. He was just an ordinary mortal and hadn't forgotten Helen.

Davis blazed out, "I'd have told him to go-"

"Yes, I know you would," said Bentley with a sly glance, "but you know you're not quite a regular army officer yet."

"Harwell returned to his company and explained the situation to Lieutenant Penniwell, his second lieutenant, who agreed that he would rather disobey orders on his own responsibility than throw away the lives of the hundred men. Harwell de-



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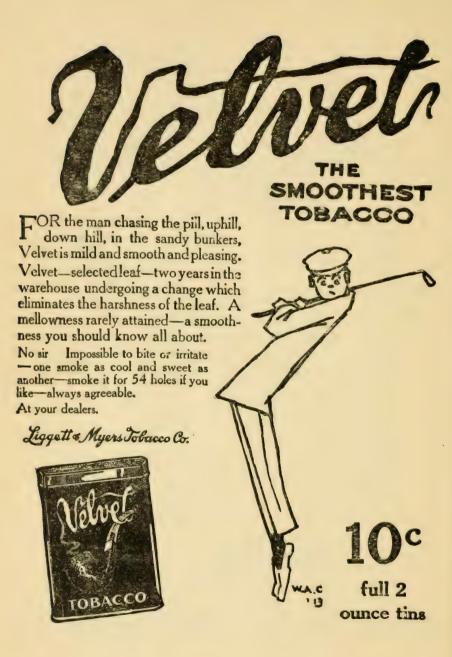
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cided to hold back his company and feign an attack. He did not see how the other companies could possibly gain anything by this reckless attack. If they did succeed in breaking through, his company would be fresh to protect the rear, and if they were repulsed he would be ready to turn the left flank and gain the river.

"A bugle called out the moment of attack just as Harwell reached this decision.

"All the companies dashed toward the points indicated by Major Dunton. The clash was sharp, quick, decisive. Within a few minutes the reserves had gone to the aid of the left flank and the center was beginning to fall back.

"Major Dunton had noticed that Harwell had kept his company back and was not engaged in close fighting. He dashed up and ordered Harwell to charge. The lieutenant explained that there was a ledge of rock at the right and that it would mean death for every man to attack it.

"Never mind that. It's our only chance. Lead your company there at once,' roared the major. "You'll find it a good cure.' he added with a sneer.

"'My company remains right where it is,' spoke Harwell firmly.

"'What! You'll disobey orders? You dirty whelp! You're dismissed from command. Lieutenant Penniwell, lead this company against the—'

"'You go to hell, damn you,' said Harwell. 'I'm commanding this company and I'll stay in command. Look! The center and left are already wavering. Now, you've got to accept my plan. Listen! The line of Indians straight to the left is thin; back of that hill is the Grand River; on the opposite bank is a ravine leading almost to the station. Concentrate the attack of the companies on that point. My com-

pany is fresh and can protect the rear.'

"Major Dunton did as Harwell said, only because it was the last possible hope of escape. A bugle call brought the remains of the three shattered companies together. The Indians were taken by surprise by this sudden concentration and routed.

Here Lieutenant Colonel Bentley, commandant of cadets, paused and smiled at the flushed and excited face of the freshman before him. The colonel, too, had been completely wrapped up in the story he was telling and was oblivious of his surroundings. His eyes flashed and his breath came fast as he described the battle scenes, pointing his finger here and there around the room to make it clear. When he spoke of Major Dunton his eyes gleamed oddly, and when he mentioned Helen Cordell they shone tenderly. No one who had not been there and one not intimately connected with the characters, could have described the details so vividly.

"Harwell turned the command of his company over to Lieutenant Penniwell and set off for Fort Penn for he knew Helen would be waiting for news about him. Sure enough, Helen was a mile out from the fort watching for him, and the meeting was a joyful one. She told him that his captain's commission had arrived at the fort. They agreed to be married the next day."

"That's fine," said Davis, "I'm glad to see him get her; he deserves her."

"Hold on there, Dave, hold on. You're getting ahead of my story. If they had gone right then and there to the chaplain and been married, as Captain Harwell wanted, it would have been better for both of them, but Helen wanted to dress up and look real nice. So they set 1 o'clock the next day as the time for the ceremony.



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"At the breakfast table the next morning in the officers' mess room, Harwell told his fellow officers the news. Major Dunton, now promoted to lieutenant colonel, was the last to offer his hand and he said, 'I wish you much happiness. What time is it you marry?"

"'Ten o'clock," answered Harwell.

"'Ten o'clock, eh! Huh!' and with a superior smile he walked away.

"And then as Hartwell left the dining room he was saluted by an orderly and ordered to appear before General Wood at 10 o'clock to answer to a court martial on the charge of insubordination and profanity to a superior officer."

"He was stunned. Ten o'clock! Insubordination! He went to General Wood and was told that he had disobeyed the orders of Major Dunton in the first battle of the Grand River and had used profanity.

"Harwell appeared in the court room at 10.

"After a short formal procedure in opening court, General Wood read the charge against Harwell made by Lieutenant-Colonel Dunton, and granted the defense reasonable time to secure counsel and prepare a defense.

"All went well at first. The insubordination was quickly justified. But the profanity—well, in an hour the judges returned to the court room and took their places. The decision of the court, as read by General Wood, was that in view of the real service rendered in the First Battle of the Grand River, Lieutenant Harwell was excused from the charge of insubordination, but for the charge of profanity there had been no defense and no apology, and that the court could find no excuse; that the crime of profanity to a superior officer is serious

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and each offense must be punished. Therefore it was the judgment of the court that Lieutenant Harwell's captain's commission be delayed four years.

"Four years!" said Davis with sympathy.

"Yes, but his first thought was of Helen rather than himself. At that very moment she was dressed in her wedding clothes waiting for him. But now—he was disgraced. Marriage could not be broached now for four years! Helen remonstrated, but his head was set.

"A few months afterward Harwell was transferred back to the East. He wrote often to Helen. but refrained from mentioning their own disappointment. A year after his transferral, she wrote him that her father had died suddenly, but had left her a little something to live on and that she was going to do sewing for the remainder. She never said anything further about her work. Two years passed and then came a letter from Helen which was a cruel climax to Dunton's most successful 'cure for eastern flippants.' She said that when her father died she was left almost penniless. She tried various kinds of work, such as sewing for the soldiers, but she found it impossible to support herself. She did not tell Harwell of her plight because she knew it would make him unhappy and perhaps discourage him. At the end of two years of this lonely existence, she could stand it no longer. She knew that Harwell was still far down on the ranking list, and so accepted the proposal of marriage of Captain Penniwell, the lieutenant who had defended Harwell so eloquently.

"Two years later Harwell received his commission as captain.

"Ten years passed and Harwell was a major, and still unmarried. Penniwell, because of some re-



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markable work, had been made a brigadier general and was serving on the staff of the commander of the army at Washington, D. C., giving his wife the opportunity of entering the highest social circles in the country. The man who then was commander of the American armies was ten files below Harwell in the list of first lieutenants when the fatal words were spoken."

"What!" said Davis in surprise, "Would Harwell have been the commander in chief of the United States army?"

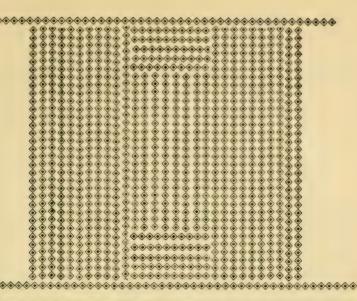
"More than likely," said Bentley thoughtfully, "A moment's lack of control had cost him the highest position in the army. But, more than that, yes, fifty times more, it had lost him the woman he loved."

Lieutenant Colonel Bentley ended his story Davis, the freshman who was before him on trial for insubordination and profanity to an officer, was too much interested to leave without the ultimate end. "What finally became of Harwell?" he asked.

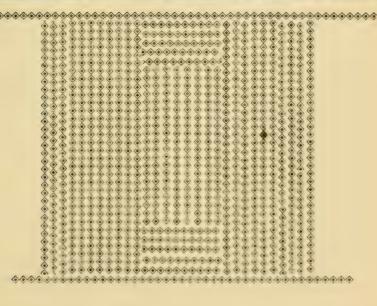
"Oh, he became a lietenant colonel finally," said the colonel airly, as if he were resigning himself to the inevitable just as Harwell had, "and when he retired, friends of his at Washington got him an easy job as commandant of a cadet regiment, where he could teach the young men the importance of controlling themselves and obeying orders."

"I'd like to meet such a man," said Davis emphatically. "He's a real man, and I think I could do anything for him."

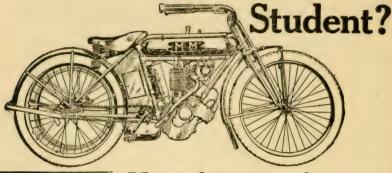
Bentley smiled. "Well," he said slowly, "You can do something for him. Go back to your company and be the best soldier you know how, and do your part in my fine regiment—a—Harwell's regiment."



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ANNOUNCEMENTS

NO DRAMATIC NUMBER

Owing to the action of the Council of Administration in suppressing the Student Union Opera and other dramatic efforts, the "Dramatic Number" of the Illinois Magazine will not be published.

INTERSCHOLASTIC NUMBER

This number is published as an advance herald of the Interscholastic events. Copies will be sent to each high school entered, compliments of the Illinois Magazine manager.

CANDIDATES FOR MANAGER

The following men have been competing for the position of business manager of the Illinois Magazine for the coming year: E. F. Pihlgard, '16; H. W. Deakman, '15; W. H. Kuhn, '15; and F. S. Wells, '15.

The election will be held soon and the new manager will have charge of the June issue. Regular subscribers will receive it the same as usual.

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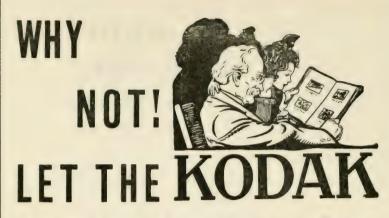
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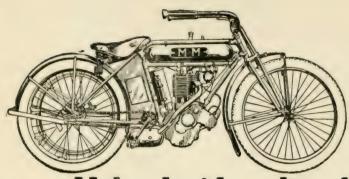
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Look at the list of nominees. Is the name of your choice there? If not, get busy and put him in the race. Only one student can win this prize—but every one of us can help decide who the winner shall be. Don't lag behind. Get in and vote for the student you think is entitled to this honor. There are no restrictions—vote for any student you please and—

Vote early and often

Standing of Nominees

W. P. Chamberlain	20,020	L. P. Kurt	5,980
A. R. Wilson	19,940	K. A. Kibbe	4,920
H. A. Steinmeyer	19,420	E. B. Hopkins	4,260
"Nig" Healey	18,040	L. J. Hills	3,300
"Bill" Jarvis	10,600	J. Silkman	2,160
O. Isaacson	8,480	J. C. Riche	1,800
G. Mitchell	6,580	"Shorty" Kneisley	1,740
"Pete" Daugherty	6,000		_,

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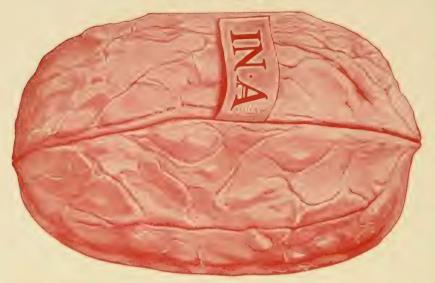
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THE ILLINOIS

VOL. V APRIL, 1914

No. 7

The 1914 Illinois Interscholastic

By C. J. ENNIS, Manager

Interscholastic week, the climax of the school year, is to be celebrated May 14, 15 and 16. The entire university and representation of over one hundred high schools will witness the crowning of a year of achievements.

The program for Interscholastic week has been completed. From the May festival on Thursday evening to the circus on Saturday, it will be one complete round of pleasure. The girls have the honor of starting the festivities. They have dispensed with the old familiar Maypole and in its place are planning a new picturesque entertainment which they call the May Day Festival. The theme of their tableau is taken from Raphael's painting, "The Dance of the Hours."

Immediately following the May Festival, the girls' stunt show will take place in the Auditorium. Here the various girls' organizations of the University display their ability as entertainers, and many an unknown star makes her debut.

On Friday the high school athletics make their first appearance in their third annual tennis tournament. The preliminary games are played at this time, and the winners of these games will battle for final honors on Saturday morning. This tournament is one of the few interscholastic tennis tournaments sanctioned by the United States Lawn Tennis Association. This entitles the winners to go to Newport, New Jersey and compete for the national champion-

ship. This part of the Interscholastic, although still in its infancy, has been very successful. The secondary schools of the state are quickly taking it up as one of their sports, over fifty of them having declared their intention of sending teams to the tournament.

This year, Friday is to be Chicago Day. The Illini will entertain her sister university on that day in both track and baseball. On our last Chicago Day, two years ago, we very unselfishly divided honors. We defeated Chicago in track, but let them take the baseball game. This year the teams feel that if we invite Chicago down to enjoy the week end we ought to make it interesting for them. So the Illini are working heart and soul toward that end.

The oratorical contest will receive the cream of high school orators from every section of the state, inasmuch as only the winners of the preliminary contests held in the five districts will be permitted to compete in the finals on Friday evening. Besides the competition between those delivering memorized orations, there will be a contest in extempore speaking.

On Saturday morning, May 16, Illinois Field will be crowded with over five hundred aspiring track athletics from over one hundred high schools. They will strive for honors in a meet which is the outcome of twenty-one years of evolution.

In 1893, E. K. Hall, head of the athletic department of the University of Illinois, conceived the idea of holding a general Interscholastic Track and Field Meet for high schools of the state. Accordingly, the first Interscholastic Meet ever held in the West was arranged for May 20, 1893.

The contest was held on the old fair grounds with twenty competing high schools represented by

about eighty or ninety athletics. Instead of the hammer and discus throws, and the relay races of today, they had the standing broad jump, throwing the baseball, kicking the football, the high kick and the bicycle race. Although now obsolete, at that time they were universally included in the regular list of events. Peoria won the first Interscholastic with a total of 42 points, and Lake View was second with 31. The winner secured the largest number of points ever made in an Interscholastic Meet. This first meet was a success financially and the future of the Illinois Interscholastic was thus assured.

The growth and development of the meet, in point of the number of schools and athletes entered has been very rapid, especially during the last few years. From twenty schools and eighty athletes in the first meet, the number has steadily increased with this year giving promise of over one hundred schools and 500 athletes entering, according to the replies received from the first invitations.

The records in all the events have been steadily improved ever since the first meet. In the early years, seven or eight new records were made in each meet. All the present records with one exception have been made in the last nine years. To Leslie Byrd of Milford belongs the honor of breaking a World's Interscholastic record in 1910 when he threw the discus a distance of 139 feet and five inches; and to Cory of University High in the meet of last year belongs the honor of tying the World's Interscholastic record in the 220 yard hurdle race which he ran in twenty-five seconds.

The Interscholastic Meet has not for its sole object the gathering together of the students of the high schools of the state for athletic and oratorical competition, but back of it the greater and broader

idea of bringing them into contact with the University of Illinois and to point out to them the many advantages and possibilities of her educational facilities. To attain this object to its fullest extent, as many men as possible must be drawn from all portions of the state. With this end in view the schools have been divided into two sections or classes in the meet this year.

All high schools of over 400 enrollment have been listed in one class, and those under that number in the other class. This division in reality means two distinct meets, one for the larger schools better equipped for athletic training and development, and one for the smaller schools with few advantages along these lines. Both meets will start at the same time, 9:00 A. M. Saturday, May 16, with each event of Class A followed immediately by the corresponding event in Class B. Each meet will be under the supervision of a separate set of officials, and the counting will be the same as heretofore, namely, five points for first, three for second, two for third, and one for fourth. The winner of the most points in each class will be considered the winner of that particular class.

The prizes this year, as a result of the change, are double in number. Each class will be awarded a set of medals, alike in design and material, for the following places in each event: gold for first, gold and silver for second, silver for third, and bronze for fourth. The Gulick Tailoring Company of Champaign will present the winner of each event in each class a banner. This is in addition to the banners to the two schools winning their divisions. For the winners of the two relays, two beautiful silver cups have been secured. Besides these cups awarded by the Athletic Association, Ma-wan-da, the Honorary

Senior Society, has offered a cup for the highest individual point winner in both meets combined.

The management believes that this change will prove an admirable one, in that athletes from all portions of the state can feel that they can enter this meet with the assurance that they are competing with those of like calibre and training.

With the conclusion of the Interscholastic Meet, the high schools have finished their part of the program except that of receiving the medals, cups and banners which they have won. These awards will be presented immediately after the baseball game with Northwestern that afternoon.

As a fitting close to the annual interscholastic activities comes that monstrous production, the circus. This year there will be three large rings and two platforms, two bands of sixty pieces each, and an array of clowns that will rival those of any circus in the country. Two special features have been secured. Coach Manley is preparing a high dive stunt and other unique swimming feats, and R. G. Perry, one of America's best motorcycle racers, will be pitted against another prominent local racer in an exciting contest on the quarter mile track.

With this program and the comprehensive plans that are being made for the week, the Twenty-second Annual Interscholastic will be the largest and best of its history.

The May Day Fete for 1914

By MISS GERTRUDE E. MOULTON

For fifteen years the Maypole dance has been developed on the campus by the Illinois girls. Questions have come up from time to time concerning the value of it to the individual girl. During the last few years no one outside of a small group of 8 or 10 has been allowed to drill for it more than three hours a week regularly spent in gymnasium work; but even with this condition of affairs, with the excitement of interscholastic week and with the preparation of the various stunts for the stunt show, it has often seemed more desirable to spend the Physical Training period in out-door work. At any suggestion of giving up the Maypole, however, protests were received from all directions. The drill for the responsibility of the dance is of value to the girls, altho it is to be regretted that for those who take practically no exercise outside of their gymnasium period it takes time which might profitably be devoted to games. To test the feeling of the girls themselves the matter was talked over one year, and a vote taken. I believe it was unanimously in favor of continuing the Maypole, or some such spring festivity.

A number of reasons, however, made it desirable to change somewhat the nature of the festivity this year, and a dance has been planned which bids fair to excel in costuming and suggestiveness any thing which has been given here before. To Miss Hughitt and Miss Shoemaker, who are here this year for the first time, is due the credit for the plot and general plan of the day. It is distinctly a May-day, still. The May-pole is gone, but the spirit of renewing life cannot be inhibited. To express joy and

gladness when "fair Profusion o'er spreads the spring' is the natural way of living. There are few indeed whose hearts do not leap up within them and sing in tune with heaven and earth when all Nature is so lavish of her gifts of beauty; none at least who have been touched by the true Illinois Spirit. One who had not been so touched was found on the campus. Such a one the poet had in mind when he wrote:

"The world is too much with us; late and soon, Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers. Little we see in Nature that is ours; We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon. The sea that bares her bosom to the moon, The winds that will be howling at all hours And are up-gathered now, like sleeping flowers, For this—for everything, we are out of tune, It moves us not."

Our friend seemed without a spark of the divine. She was indeed a mere-mortal. She had none of those things of which Robert Louis Stevenson says the world is so full. Alone—she wandered o'er the earth, bowed with her cares, real and imaginary. In her roamings she met with the Illinois Spirit who attempted again and again to bring her to a realization of the beauty of things as they are, but there seemed to be no responding chord in her heart. At last this Illinois Spirit invited our mere-mortal to sit beside her on her throne, and see—as she saw—that "All nature is but art, unknown to thee; All chance, direction which thou canst not see; All discord, harmony not understood; All partial evil, universal good."

Illinois Spirit then called up before the at-first

unappreciative but wondering eyes of the mere-mortal the common hours of a single day, from the first rosy dawn to the last sign of the hazy twilight. As the night stars began to come out, one by one, the mortal appeared radiant and transformed. Her grief was gone, and, with the spirit which has helped her to see the uncommon beauty of every hour in every day, she joined in a joyful, rythmic dance.

Miss Avis Coultas plays the part of the meremortal. For two years Miss Coultas has taken a prominent part in the gymnasium. She is secretary of the Women's Athletic Association, a member of Kappa Delta Pi, Phi Beta Kappa, Alpha Omicron Pi, and a senior.

Miss Emma Breidstadt takes the part of the Illinois Spirit. She is a sophomore and a member of Alpha Xi Delta. She has maintained high average in her scholastic work and has been active in the gymnasium for two years.

The Girls' Stunt Show

By ALICE CARTER

It was just six years ago, in May 1908, that the first stunt show was given at Illinois. Like many other good things it had its origin in the gymnasium department where the girls conceived the idea of repeating some of the Maypole dances and giving some other gym dances for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A. It was really more of a continuation of the Maypole festivities than a stunt show as we now know it. The only real stunt was a wooden doll stunt given by Miss Moulton. There was little management that year, no attempt at staging, and little money was made; but the popularity of the stunt show was assured, for the auditorium was literally packed with an enthusiastic audience.

In 1910 the Y. W. C. A. had full charge and under Ruth Leonard's management the stunt show grew into one of the most enjoyable events in the college calendar. Each woman's organization was asked to give a stunt and as the number of organizations has grown, the number of stunts has increased until last year there were fourteen. Each year those in charge try to make the show better. It has been decided this year to limit the number of stunts to eight, and to have the organizations try out for places. The custom has been to award a silver cup to the organization giving the best stunt, and if the cup is gained three successive years the winner is allowed to keep it. Two years ago one of the literary societies received the prize, and last year a sorority.

One can hardly appreciate the stunt show unless one has been on a stunt committee and taken part in the show. First there comes the awful realization that the time is almost upon you when you must hand in an outline of your stunt to the manager. You have racked your brains and still you have not a single idea. To find something original. something with lots of "pep", something your audience will enjoy-in fact the stunt that will win the cun! That is no light task. But as the plans grow, people begin to grow enthusiastic. Girls who were never known sleepily to tumble out of bed until the last breakfast bell, are up betimes to practice, and the neighbors groan in spirit. When the great day comes, everyone is excited, and you are wondering how you can make the lightning transformation from an esquimaux costume in stunt nine to that of a society bell in stunt ten, when the manager says that everyone simply must be ready two stunts ahead! Surely there is no rest for the weary actor.

But how could any one regret the time spent? It is certainly worth while—all the work and worry, and hustle, for there is an enthusiastic Illinois audience and hosts of friends to repay all our efforts.

Translated from an Ancient Prayer

By L. R.

May my inner soul be beautified
By light my daily tasks provide.
May my worldly wealth be ever less
Than the wealth of my soul's conciousness.
May I count the wise above the great,
And virtue above wisdom rate,
And e'en the pleasures that I share
Be what the good alone can bear.

Hollyhocks and A Cat

By S. T. CLAFLIN

I had a good laugh at myself, and at my troubles in disposing of the cat. Imagine a prosperous stockbroker, who is nearing the half-past-thirty mark, tied down to his bachelor apartments, by a self-inflicted, scrawny, gray-and-white kitten! I knew, of course, that people like old maids were proverbially sufferers from in-growing cats, but I had neither the parrot nor the curls which are required by the cartoonists in addition to the cat, and I couldn't remember even having seen a cat since I shook myself loose from my home town a great many years ago. However, the poor little beast had been sent up anonymously on the dumb-waiter a few days before, and I had let her stay, at first because I couldn't catch her, and later because I found that it was less trouble than I had thought to bring a little milk and a few scraps from the corner cafe when I came home at night.

But now that I was compelled to be away for a couple of nights she presented a serious problem. Later, old Johnnie Hammett, at whose home out in Warrenville I was about to serve a two-days sentence, laughed at the story of my being unable to dispose of a kitten for two days. Johnnie couldn't understand, naturally; because if he had owned a two-ton elephant, and wanted to be away for six months, the Widow Kingsley and George Taylor would have fought for the privilege of looking after it, if no other reason than the fact that they were neighbors; but as for my cat, from what I had heard (through the partition) of the family across the hall I would not have trusted them with a rag doll that I cared anything about. The salesman and his wife

on the floor above were away, and of the family below I knew nothing except that they were fond of onions, and either cooked or ate them somewhere in the vicinity of the dumb-waiter. At last the thought of the janitor's wife came as divine inspiration, and after a little bargaining I was able to leave on the 6:21 for Warrensville, free from family cares.

Yes, I was at last free from my domestic bur-But what if that cat had been a couple of noisy youngsters who had to have their ears washed for them, and who left half-eaten slices of bread-andjam all over the furniture! I was thankful that it was only a cat that had come up on the dumb-waiter, or the janitor would have needed an extra wife or two. Turning up my coat-collar, I leaned back on the dingy seat of the day-coach, and wondered if, by coming two hours earlier than I had expected, I would catch Johnnie helping with the dishes. Johnnie, the good-hearted, persistent old pest, had been berating me for my total neglect of Warrensville. and bombarding me with invitations to visit him and Mrs. Johnnie and his kids ever since he found that I was in New York. I suppose a man ought to keep some tab on his home town, even if he hasn't any family ties, or anyone to whom he cares to write, but Johnnie seemed to think that my twenty-odd years in the Stygian darkness of ignorance concerning Warrensville doings was an almost-capital crime. Finally my excuses for not coming out to see him had worn so thin that even Johnnie would have seen through them if I had refused any longer, and so I told him that I would be glad to come.

I would meet Charlie McNabb, working himself gray over the clerk's desk in the little village bank, Benny Schenck, driving in from his farm on Sunday behind a fat, big-footed draft-horse and beside

a fat, big-waisted wife, little Eddie Parsons, running the grocery and general store, Andy McKean, Teddy Jessup, Herbie Waite, and the rest, with their "jobs" in the city, and the deadly monotony of their home life, and I would have to be interested in them and their Warrensville chatter. If only I could take some of these fossilized old playmates of mine in town with me for a couple of days, show them some of the real comforts of a modern city, take them up to the club, where there are men of the best standing ready to play cards or take a drink with you any day in the week, show them a busy day on the stock exchange, introduce them to men who are really worth while--but it probably would be time wasted. Johnnie evidently expected me to be interested also in Irma Grant, because he had told me she was unmarried before I asked him. I had liked Irma—she had a faculty of seeing good in things where no one else could, and she had liked me, and she had been about the only part of Warrenville I was sorry to leave, but now, forty and unmarried! Johnnie is a bigger fool about some things than he used to be. The visit to Johnnie's home might not be so bad, if his kids didn't ask me to blow their noses for them. I could come back to New York on the 10:25 Sunday night, (although Johnnie had insisted on my staying two nights), because I really was going to be very busy on Monday.

It was dark when the train stopped at Warrenville, and I grabbed my grip and stepped down once more into my native mud. There was less mud than I expected; in fact there were cement walks, and the way to the old Hammett homestead was lighted by electric lights. The servant-girl who answered my knock informed me that Mr. Hammett and his fam-

(Continued on page 356)

Remember Me

Translated from the French of Alfred de Musset By O. W. ALLEN

Remember me, when Dawn, the landscape hailing,
Reveals her palace to the coming day;
Remember me, when Night, her sad face veiling,
Takes through the shadows her mysterious way;
And when, at Pleasure's call, with joy thy bosom thrills,
And when the peaceful night with dreams thy slumber fills,

Then, though I distant be, My voice shall call to thee: Remember me.

Remember me, when Fate, without forewarning, And without mercy, tears our lives apart; When grief, and exile, and long year of mourning Have withered this poor joy-forsaken heart; Think of my steadfast love; think of the ast adieu! Absence and time are naught, if only hearts are true.

Long as my heart shall beat, These words it shall repeat: Remember me.

Remember me, when in the tomb reposes
My broken heart in everlasting sleep;
Remember me, when o'er my grave the roses
The air perfumed with constant fragrance keep.
Then no more shall I see that form so dear to me,
But my immortal soul shall ever be with thee;

And, from the darkened sky, Night shall send down my sigh: Remember me.

Dramatics at Harvard

By CALVIN WHITE, '13, of Harvard University

To give an adequate idea of dramatic activity past and present at Harvard would require a book. In an article of this length, one can hope to give no more than a few personal impressions hung upon a bare framework of facts. To mix the figure, and thereby run the risk of being anathema Harvardiana, one must add that if certain opinions concerning Harvard in general creep in, they must be regarded as abnormal igneous intrusions of the volcanic fires of provincialism that have not cooled as yet.

Here there are seven organizations interested in the dramatic field, and only two of them were founded expressly to produce plays. The others dance and act incidentally. Beside the usual crop of Verein, Cercle, and Sociedad, there are the two very old organizations—institutions they are now—Hasty Pudding and Pi Eta, devoted primarily to the social welfare of their members, but incidentally from times immemorial addicted to the ballad opera and to its offspring au gauche, the musical comedy of today. Next in age is Delta Upsilon, which attempts each year to stage an Elizabethan play, usually in the Elizabethan manner. Then there is the Harvard Dramatic Club, founded solely to produce original plays, and lastly, apart from all the rest, and yet bound up with all, is the "47 Workshop", and—Professor Baker.

The Deutsche Verein, and its sister, Le Cercle Français, need not detain us long. It is strange how impervious to the influence of environment such organizations as these are. From Maine to California, from Harvard to Illinois, they are all alike. Like

dogs and modest flowers they bloom and have their day, and then are seen no more,—but they bloom none the less.

Hasty Pudding and Pi Eta are among the institutions of Harvard. Along with Pierian Soldality, the oldest musical organization in America, Brickley's five kicks, considered by some—there are exceptions—as the greatest feature of the greatest football game ever played, and Memorial Dining Hall's 'Roast Native Chicken', the eighth wonder of the world, "Pi" and "Pudding" are things to be stood in awe of. Time was when Pudding gave such musical burlesques as Fielding's Tom Thumb: but since musical comedy has become so easy to write, its members have devoted themselves to a long line of very successful shows of this sort. This year is to mark over the hundredth annual performance. Pi Eta is similarly interested. Both clubs have their own theatres for rehearsals and performances, and members write their own books and music. annual trip to New York helps to break the monotony of college life. Like the Illinois Union Dramatic Club, they are primarily interested in the financial side, and have no intentional purpose of rejuvenating comic opera. In the plays of these clubs, as of Delta Upsilon, all the parts are taken by men.

Since its founding in 1898, Delta Upsilon has met and solved many interesting problems. Sixteenth and seventeenth century dramatic literature, outside of Shakespeare, does not afford many plays entirely suitable for performance, especially with the conditions under which D. U. works. The plays must be representative of the period, actable, and containing enough humor of situation to offset the disadvantages arising from the men's taking women's parts. The casts are limited to twenty or

twenty-five. The fact that the company rehearses usually twice a day for six weeks speaks something for the quality of the performances. Such plays as Ralph Roister Doister and Gammer Gurton's Needle have been given with remarkable success. The work in this field has brought out a fact that is generally overlooked in the mere reading of these old plays, and that is their surprisingly good acting quality. A revival here in the workshop of the Revesby Sword Play, a sort of mediaeval variety show built round the very old sword dances, got laughs from even a Cambrigde audience, and that is no small compliment to the fun-loving forgotten playwright, who wrote these 'Follies of 1514'.

This year Delta Upsilon has stepped over into Restoration comedy with Shadwell's *Bury Fair*, and that leads to a suggestion.

The literary societies at Illinois have trouble every year to find a play. As a result *She Stoops* and *The School for Scandal* have been worked to an unmerited death. Why not exploit Restoration comedy for the good things in it? Do I hear a gasp of horror from the English department? To be sure not all of the plays of that time would do, but with careful cutting some of them could be made delightful entertainments. For example, David Garrick's *Clandestine Marriage* sounds forbidding, but in reality it is filled with admirable acting parts, wit, and wholesome fun.

But to come to Hecuba; while these clubs pursue dramatics only as part of the yearly activity, the Harvard Dramatic Club was founded in 1908 to produce original plays.

This organization is most interesting both because of its history and because of its accomplishment. It has an added value to those interested in the welfare of dramatics at Illinois, because Mask and Bauble was organized with similar purposes, and the excellences and short-comings of the Harvard Dramatic Club ought to be at once a help and a warning to Mask and Bauble.

The history may be summed up briefly. From its first venture, *The Promised Land*, by Allen Davis, the club has "cleared expenses." It was incorporated in 1911, and has thereby gained a good business standing. It was the first Harvard society to admit women to its casts. The actresses are drawn from what is locally known as Harvard's annex, Radcliffe College. The club has many prominent names among its members, J. F. Ballard, David Carb, Allen Davis, Percy MacKaye, and E. B. Sheldon, its first president, all of whom have since had work produced upon the professional stage.

Plays for the spring production of one act plays and the fall performance of longer works are selected on a basis of open competition. The casts are chosen by the coach. Election to membership is made on the standard of service and by a ballot of the undergraduate members. As was said before, the club is organized for the business of producing plays, and what social life there is is relatively unimportant.

When one comes to look at the work of the organization as a whole, one is curiously disappointed, but only if one is from the middle west. Illinois need not be at all ashamed of her actors, and less so of her actresses. The work of the club in this respect justifies the newspapers in using the word, "dabby". Since most of the plays come from the 47 Workshop, an estimate of them may be put aside until the discussion of that phase of Dramatics is reached. The one thing, in which the Harvard Dra-

matic club may be truly said to have done something, is the matter of settings. The scenery and lighting are remarkable, especially in view of the conditions under which the work is done.

Harvard is worse off for stages than Illinois. The only regularly equipped play house in Cambridge is Brattle Hall, the stage of which is scarcely larger than Morrow Hall; and organizations do not have free access to that. The Workshop does wonders on a pocketbook of a stage in Agassiz House. The only available stage in Boston is Jordan Hall in the New England Conservatory of Music, and that was intended for concerts only. It has a large pipe organ awkwardly built into it.

In spite of these disadvantages the Harvard Dramatic Club has produced some very artistic stage illusions. What is more, they do not rent their scenery. In connection with the Workshop, they plan and paint it themselves, at a much less cost, and a very much greater artistic value. The work is done on regular scenery cloth with the same water-color material used by decorators in calcimining. The results are not only surprising but helpful.

Behind all this activity, feeding it and fed by it, is the 47 Workshop, dominated and directed by a personality.

Imagine if you can a bum tragedian minus the mangy fur coat and the spatts, for this personality is always well groomed. Conjure up the tragedian's enigmatic face, the straight, tight lips, the brooding introspective eye of no noticeable color, the eyebrows of slightly Satanic cut, the high forehead, furrowed by one deep cleft of thought, the hair, 'a sable silvered', growing scant about the temples but valiantly attempting to conceal the fact withal; add to this a pair of glasses, and a sly, "twinkly" smile, an

agreeable voice and a ready flow of words and wit; discount the whole twenty-five per cent, and you have Professor George Pierce Baker.

When one knows him, it does not seem strange that he should have been the man to carry through the idea of the Workshop. Yet there is no man whose aims are more misunderstood even in Boston than his.

The Workshop sprang from a combination of two forces, a demand on the part of the students to write plays in place of the usual theses in the courses on the history of the drama, and Professor Baker's desire in yielding to this demand to recreate in a small way the ideal conditions of the Elizabethan stage, which made for free dramatic development. The Workshop, as the name implies, is a place for work. With the exception of the coaching, all that has to do with plays is done by the students, the writing of the plays themselves, the painting of the scenery, the acting, and the designing and execution of the costumes.

The plays themselves are disappointing; partly because the person coming to them for the first time finds that he has expected too much. By the sort of perverted logic humanity indulges in, the uniqueness of the Workshop is made to imply a profound greatness in results. It is not a great work Professor Baker is doing, nor is he teaching people how to write plays. He has been called by the misunderstanding newspapers, 'the most successfully self-deluded man in Harvard.' "He thinks he is teaching men to write plays," his critics say in substance, "but see the 'dabby', amateurish work they turn out." If he ever answered his critics (which he never does) Professor Baker would be the first to deny that play-writing can be taught. Every play

is a separate problem in logic. What the Workshop does is to afford an opportunity for ambitions dramatists to see their work tried out before an intelligent audience, from whose written comment, the play-wright can see how far his play has measured up to Baker's standard: "The largest amount of emotional response from a given audience by means of dramatic material presented under theatrical conditions." Professor Baker is first and foremost a destructive critic with a keen logical mind. What constructive ability he has he chooses to keep in the background, and to allow his men to work out their own dramatic salvations. Therefore when anyone says that he taught such men as E. B. Sheldon dramatic technique, it is sheer nonsense. Sheldon was the dramatist born, and while Professor Baker's influence may have hastened his development, it did not build something out of nothing. Any amount of instruction cannot put the initial gift where the initial gift is not.

With this general view in mind, it is no wonder that the influence of the Workshop is felt in all dramatic activity at Harvard. It furnishes almost all the plays, trains the actors, and paints the scenery. It is doubtful whether the Harvard Dramatic Club would be in existence today were it not for English 47.

Behind all this and at the bottom, is the general spirit of the university. No better igneous intrusion for just here could be found than the following quotation from the pen of a Westerner in the Alumni Bulletin.

"The College, in terror of seeming youthful, misses much of the wholesome youthfulness it scorns in Western colleges under the name of "Rah, Rah." That is why the college so often gives the impression

of dressed-up precociousness; of a small boy in long trousers with owl-like expression of importance. Not that the Juventus in the College does not burst out now and then; but that, when it does, it gives the effect of the small boy with his first cigar behind the woodshed, and some long-faced periodical comes out crying, "Oh, pueri! This is college life, this is!"

"To be sure, such maturity of manner develops a real earnestness and splendid business-like spirit. One student becomes the young-club-man-sort of person, and he does it in no amateurish way; another cultivates art or literature, and what he produces must be taken seriously. But a newcomer might be conservative enough to wonder if so much individualism at the expense of so much that is healthy and normal is worth while."

That is what Illinois lacks in dramatics—a real earnestness and splendid business-like spirit. Individualism is carried to an extreme back here, and it results often in what is connoted to Western ears by the sound of Ha'va'd without the R's, snobbery in short; but the right sort of Harvard earnestness is truly a splendid thing. But there is one thing Illinois has.

I have read stories in the Illinois Magazine that from a purist's standpoint would have made the Harvard pedagogic hair stand on end; but I have yet to read anything in a Harvard publication of similar nature that will have half the glow of creative impulse in the Illinois Magazine's work. The same is true of dramatics.

Illinois ought to learn to harness her enthusiasm. Half the men working back here are more interested in the way to do a thing than in the "stuff" of the thing itself. Mask and Bauble ought to stick strictly to her purpose of producing original plays.

A beginning was made with *The Lion Rampant*, but the effort should be steady instead of spasmodic to bring results, and dramatists are not discovered with a divining rod. Only through the pressure of the students will the perfectly natural but rather amusing attitude of the Council of Adminstration change from regarding dramatics as a sort of waste of time and money, pleasing enough, but not amounting to much after all, to an attitude which will make possible some such course as English 47 at Illinois.

As a "chaser" let me add: if any student at Illinois is thinking or expecting to think of sending a son to Harvard for his undergraduate days, don't do it. He has nine chances of entering, and learning a great deal, and one big chance of coming out a perfect ass. There!

Horace his Lalage

An Adapted Fragment

By N. N. K.

That man whose dark eye tends
His own projected soul,
Whose soul forgiveness lends
To Wit that light friends stole,

No more will vaud'ville need, Or hot and tinkling stage, Since men and women feed His ear and make him sage.

Through Painted Windows

By LUCILE REESE
In the church wide-aisled stands Mary mild,
Her hands clasped as in prayer.
Their clasp encloses the roadside roses
That village maids place there.

The changeless folds her garment holds Were never stirred by breeze. Hands never threw her scarf of blue O'er gown of pale cerise.

She stands below a crimson glow From a painted window shed. The gloom beside is beautified, Her flowers are touched to red.

The fading light now touches white The altar where she stands, As Easter lilies odorless (Emblems of her holiness) Gleam flowers in her hands.

Their Son

By S. D. H.

The rain had fallen ceaselessly all day. It seemed as if the very heavens were dropping. Water clattered noisily in the gutters and went jingling harshly into the cistern beneath the kitchen floor. Outside the air was numb and clammy with that cheerlessness that November rains always have. In the roads the mire was fathomless, and out in David Barlow's front yard, bare hummocks here and there thrust themselves from icy pools that filled the sunken places of the enclosure. The paths to the house were discernible only by the mussel shell borders in the gathering dusk, because the water had long ago covered all traces of cinder paths. Even the bushes and shrubs seemed drowned in the dripping water.

Elizabeth was getting tea before the noisy little stove that stood in a niche at one end of the long kitchen. Elizabeth was old. Her face was wrinkled much, and her hair was sparse. She combed it quite away from her forehead and neck. The result was formidable. Wearily she turend her tear-stained face from the stove to speak, seemingly, to the shadows.

snadows.

"Justin'll be coming home from school pretty soon," she remarked, deadly, as if she had hidden something with effort; "I wonder what can be akeepin' him."

Back in the shadows David stirred listlessly. "Yes," he replied, laconically.

"Did his father say—sure he'd be in Avalon tomorrow?"

"Yes," came from the shadows, "and he said for me to come to town tomorrow and bring the boy. Yes, he wants Justin now after all them years he has been with us." Only the water, playing a tune of minors in the cistern, broke the silence; and sometimes the stove hissed a minute or two.

"We've had Justin since he was a little tad, and then his father didn't want him," choked Elizabeth; "but now that he's married again and has lots of money, he wants—our boy."

David sighed heavily, but made no reply.

"Oh, I ain't goin' to give Justin up to Jefferson Stith, money or no money, wife or no wife. He gave Justin to us when he was a baby just after—our baby died. He ain't the right. He ain't the right. You recollect that night he came with Justin in his arms; and now after we've had him and set such store by him, he makes it all to do over again." She stopped, gasping and swallowing with the agony of that which she could not express.

It had been eight years since David and Elizabeth lost their baby. They buried him in the little old cemetery with the others, David's father and mother and sister, beneath the dejected cedar tree in the Barlow "lot." The night after, it rained—like this. They built a fence of iron about the grave, and then they planted forget-me-nots and myrtle within the enclosure. The myrtle would not live, somehow; but Elizabeth took pride in the fact that the forget-me-nots scarcely ever stopped blossoming. Miss Peabody, the school teacher, made a cross from blue cloth flowers, which David put in a wooden case with a glass cover. A white satin ribbon with purple flowers spelling "Our Baby" completed the decorations.

When the dismal little procession filed down the lane with the preacher's white horse leading them to the cemetery down by the cider mill, Elizabeth

(Continued on page 366)



THE ILLINOIS

Of The University of Illinois



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THE ILLINOIS MAGAZINE is published monthly by the Undergraduates of the University of Illinois, and aims to print the best literary productions of the campus. Contributions are solicited from students and members of the Faculty in all departments. Discussion of current student questions is invited. Contributions may be left with the editors, dropped in the Illinois Box in Main Hall, or mailed to 712 W. Oregon St., Urbana.

Published by the Students of the University of Illinois

What the Public Wants

A certain sort of politician does much thinking on the problem: how much will the public stand? A certain sort of journalist says he thinks as much on: What does the public want? The public in general has learned to watch the politician. The journalist is still the nurse, the guide, the guardian of its intellectual taste.

How little aware is the public that it is being studied! In his dusty office sits the hard dry journalist, tapping yellow teeth and scheming, rat-like, unsmiling, after the fashion of a Dickens villain. With Machiavellian conscience he analyzes our likes and dislikes. He has tried out certain "features" on us, and we liked them; he has offered others and we left him unopened on the stand. So now this new sensation—"That's the stuff they want! Punch there! Snappy, not too grammatical, no high-brow

allusions—they'll grab that up, you bet! Why, the public don't want your deep stuff! You've got to thrill 'em, and you've got to make it snappy, so's they can pick it up and get you in a minute and then off for an hour of mind-rest at the movies." So ruminates the journalist with the stringy hair.

And then he laughs. He knows, as we do not, that he is pampering our weakest natures. Squealing assurance of pragmatic sanction, and ogling "relativity," he leads us down through one nervous seizure of the brain to a lower; and styles himself a benevolent educator because he is giving us what we like. "The reading public" will seldom like what is best for it. Of two printed pages it will choose the easier; of two voices it will hear the louder. The public taste will not improve itself. An old-fashioned reverence for standards would not go badly these days—for standards, authority, learning.

THE PROSE OF MODERN POETRY

We are assured that in the old Elizabethan days men were so barbarous as to like their poetry read out bold and pulsing, with no dubious meter and no laborious mouthing of beginnings and endings of lines. We are also assured that modern blank verse, having surmounted the savage state, is indistinguishable from the prose only by—well, by what is uncertain.

There follow two extracts, one from Shakespeare and the other from a well-known Harvard Phi Beta Kappa poem, both printed in prose paragraphs. The specific comparison, of course, is unfair. But both were written to be read aloud. Which of the two is essentially poetry, and which is essentially splendid prose oratory, you may judge. "Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast seal up the ships-boy's eyes, and rock his brains in cradle of the rude imperious surge and in the visitation of the winds, who take the ruffian billows by the top, curling their monstrous heads and hanging them with deafening clamour in the slippery clouds, that, with the hurly, death itself awakes?"

"I ask of you—to whom the amazed Republic, gazing on this skein and stuff of destiny, pied-shot with human passion, joy and pain, shall look to engineer the awful loom, so that within the fabric of the state the large ideal of the intricate design shall blazen, bold and beautiful, the gracious lineaments of liberty?"

ON TALKING

If you would be a first-rate man of the world, a first-rate ruler of people, or a first-rate creator of characters for books and plays, do what Mayor Gaynor, Haroun Al Raschid, and William Shakespeare have done. Talk. Talk with all conditions of people upon all manner of topics. Find fault with current, shifty undergraduate phraseology that lies complacent within self-imposed limits. Talk with men and women and children—anywhere. Step outside the shadow of the university and see how many wise men dwell out there. If you would learn the world, talk indiscriminately with its people. And speak least about yourself. Understand them.

OUR PIONEERS

We may congratulate ourselves in Illinois these days that our pioneers are not extinct. The presence of so sturdy and withal so practical a race furnishes a dash of wholesome color, gives depth and soundness (if not always Progression) to society. Happy those younger people who in the sitting rooms of fifty years ago may listen to stories from these full-

lived men and women—stories of the making of a fertile country; of the struggle with black handicaps and red-handed prairie ills; of the characters of keen, foreseeing, reckless men and patient, faithful women. It is good for the Illinois youth to know that on those sites today where vaudeville houses set out their spangles, in the memory of living men there blew a clean, ripe prairie wind. It is good to know that there are rural sitting-rooms where poets live; where colored dramas out of a russet past are every day enacted in mild conversation.

THE "GENERAL IDEA"

Says the common journalist: "The scholar is a poor devil! He'd spend a lifetime clearing up a small point. I don't see how he can stay at it. A general idea is all I want—then I'm off to another corner of the globe."

Says the student who is only an *undergraduate*: "Shucks! a general idea of a course is all a fellow really needs. All this bother over little points—you miss a lot, while you're gettin' it, I tell you!"

The general idea is thus a vogue, almost a disease; certainly an epidemic. What is a *general idea* of anything? The true philosopher answers: "No idea at all of anything."

Where is the most general of ideas to be found? Probably in the head of a friendly grocer's mule halted along-side Illinois Field during a ball game. His idea of baseball doubtless grows more general day by day.

What of the undergraduate? Is his idea of baseball down to standard? Oh no! Baseball is different! You've got to know the fine points there!

Baseball ideas are good ideas—splendid, indispensable ideas. But there are ideas and ideas at a university.

THE SOPHOMORE PICNIC

The sophomores, than whom no more original or forceful lot have walked the campus, are engineering a free-for-all, democratic, old-fashioned, all-bars-down, good-time-all picnic at Homer Park, May 8, from one on indefinitely into the night. Any member of any class can go with any girl, it is suggested. The Illinois Traction System will furnish adequate extra carry-alls, and there will be unobtrusive chaperons along. The project is brand new and certainly worthy of attendance by hundreds of students with whole hearts and unimpaired gusto.

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Hollyhocks and A Cat

(Continued from page 337)

ily were attending a "stereopticon" in the old Congregation church across the way, having expected me two hours later. A stereopticon in its most malignant form—even a Warrenville one—appealed to me more than two hours of solitude in Johnnie's musty old front parlor, so I deposited my grip and made my way across to the church.

The entertainment was about to begin, and the building was crowded. A young and important usher deposited me in a back seat, and I found occasion to ask an old gentleman sitting beside me in the semi-darkness what the nature of the evening's torture was to be, only I guess I put it a little more mildly. He whispered that lantern-slides had been made of all the most prominent people in town, and that everybody had turned out to see them. As he finished I heard a buzzing noise from the back, a spot of white light appeared on a large sheet stretched across the front of the church, and someone began to speak from the front platform. "The first slide will show the Mayor of Warrenville and his Adviser-in-chief," and on the screen flashed a picture of a genial, refined contented-looking man, standing by the side of his trim little wife in the tonneau of a big touring-car. "Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Schenck," and round after round of applause swept through the house. I was thrilled in spite of myself. So this was Benny Schenck, the farmer boy. and all this applause was for him! "Next, the Vice-President of the National Cracker Company, and one of our most prominent citizens", and Mr. Theodore Jessup appeared, seated with his family in comfort-

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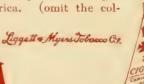
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able wicker chairs on the sumptuous porch of his new home. Teddy evidently had considerable of a "job", and he was certainly popular with the audience. "The President of the Warrenville State Bank", and Charlie McNabb, every inch a banker, stood on the stone steps of the new bank building. The applause seemed to get louder with every picture, and when little Eddie Parsons, "our popular merchant, was shown in front of his brand-new modern store, with his smallest tow-headed youngster under one arm and the biggest cabbage he had in stock under the other, and his broadest smile, the crowd stood up and fairly yelled with delight. I stood up and velled too, for Eddie and his cabbage and kids, and they had to show the picture again and again. I caught myself feeling queer down inside, and I wondered how it felt to have people cheer your picture that way. Now another picture was shown, and the applause, although more subdued, seemed to me none the less sincere. "Miss Irma Grant, at her favorite pastime of raising hollyhocks", and I saw a slender, finely moulded woman standing against a background of the gorgeous flowers. The photographer's art had put color in her cheeks, and her smile was certinly the smile of her youth. It was just like her to care for hollyhocks when everyone else thought them weeds.

When the last picture was shown and the lights were switched on, I saw Johnnie Hammett working his way through the crowd towards me. He grasped my hand and grinned his welcome.

"So you fooled us and came early, did you, Joey," he said. "The family has gone on ahead—let's get out and avoid the mob—er—you remember Miss Grant, don't you?"

I accepted the outstretched hand of a woman at my right.

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"I am awfully glad to see you, Joe,' she said, "I heard that you were coming for a visit," and she passed on in the pressure of the crowd.

The photographer had not done so much to that picture after all. As she went out of the door I saw a man whom I recognized as Sam Winslow take her arm. As a boy I had always detested Sam, and somehow the sight of his close-cropped ears and small, round head gave me the same feeling. A man ought to be able to get over a prejudice like that in twenty years, but Sam didn't seem to have changed, for the better, anyway, and I told Johnnie how I felt about it. Johnnie laughed more than was necessary, I thought.

I never passed a more enjoyable evening than that one with Johnnie and his bright-eyed, rather interesting wife. His two children, who are lots better looking than he is, were on their good behavior, and they seemed to know how to use their handkerchiefs. The Widow Kingsley dropped in with some pineapple ice left over from her "company" dinner that evening, and offered to take Johnnie's daughter home with her for the night if Mrs. Hammett was short of room. Just before Johnnie put me to bed Benny Schenck called up and said he had heard that I was in town, and that he would like to see me tomorrow.

I performed the city-man's bounden duty to his country host and slept well, and in the morning we went walking. We passed Irma Grant's home, with the flower garden in the back, and a vacant lot a little farther along was pointed out by Johnnie as the best building site left in the town, altho he admitted that it was a trifle small. It took longer than I had expected to see the new town and the old parts that were left gave Johnnie and me plenty to talk about. We had supper at Teddy Jessup's that evening, and

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Benny and Charlie and Eddie Parsons were there, and we talked worse than a bunch of old women and had a great time generally. Teddy gave me some dope on Consolidated Gas preferred which saved me some trouble later in the week. Coming home I saw the 10:25 pulling out for New York. I had forgotten all about the blamed train, and as it was too late to do anything I said nothing about it to Johnnie.

Everything seemed to go wrong on the exchange Monday. When I got home at night it was late, and the dumb-waiter spoke unmistakably of onions, and when I went down in the basement for my cat I found her huddled up on the rough bricks near the furnace, and her saucer was full of ashes. I cursed janitors and their matrimonial choices generally, and took the poor little beast up stairs. Things seemed better when she was fed and curled up by the radiator, but I rather wished that I had picked out an apartment with a fireplace and a wicker chair or two. I didn't sleep as well as I had out at Johnnie's, either,—a foolish dream bothered me. about an impossible and idiotic stock-broker, with a gray-and-white cat tied to his left hand leg, who kept running away from a wonderful place full of hollyhocks and tow-headed kids and touring-cars and cabbages and comfortable wicker chairs, down into a dismal abyss wherein were dingy brick walls and janitor's wives and stock-markets and stale onions and small, round heads with close-cropped ears. I woke up once or twice and wished that I had staved away from Johnnie and his over-grown village, if this was the way it was going to affect me.

I took Johnnie to dinner at the club the next day. It was a dull day in the club-rooms, the cardtables were deserted, and the only person in the bar bar was old Jap Wendell, who is always full of Consolidated Gas and bad rye whiskey. So we sat in

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Stephen's PHOTOS

By far the best here—None better anywhere Stephen's Building Urbana front of the gas-log and smoked. Johnnie said nothing about Warrenville, and for fear he would think that I didn't enjoy my visit, I brought up the subject.

"Johnnie," I said, "how about that vacant lot you showed me? Is there room on it for everything you need out there, a chicken yard, you know, and a garden, and—and—and holloyhocks?"

Johnnie broke in laughing, then he laughed some more. Johnnie is a bigger fool about some things than he used to be. He sat up in his chair.

"Say, Joey," he said, "there's a hay-rack ride out home next Saturday for the older set, and you've got to come out for it. Sam Winslow's going to be away visiting his wealthy but healthy old aunt" he added, still laughing. I told Johnnie he was a hysterical, absurd old he-donkey, which was the truth, but I think I may drop around to that hay-ride just for fun, if I can find someone to look after the cat.

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Their Son

(Continued from page 350)

turned into the house, but she did not weep. She wrapped her little shawl about her shoulders, returned to the dim parlor where the funeral had been, and sat before the fire which had been kindled for the funeral in the "Monarch Heater." She gazed absently at the stove that smoked and filled the room with the odor of fresh polish. She did not notice Sophia Hatton or nosy Min Seevers, who bustled about, heaving monstrous sighs. Elizabeth Barlow did not weep, but she did not go to meeting again; and she never opened her bible.

Then Justin came. They were sitting in the little living room when Jefferson Stith, shaken with sorrow, came lumbering in.

"It's my baby," said he, simply. "The little 'uns mother died a while ago. Will you keep him for me? I'm goin' away."

Elizabeth took the little bundle hungrily. Then she wept. That had been ten years ago. Now he was coming back—for Justin, too, and the letter said that David should bring the boy to town next day.

When David rose that morning to make preparations for the trip to town, it was still raining. A gale from the north battered the drops against the kitchen windows and went humming about the old house, banging shutters and shaking windows. Elizabeth came down after calling Justin, who wondered why they were to go to town on Wednesday, and why they were taking him.

The gale had not abated when the party left the house. The horses were dripping with rain as they plowed out of the lane and into the highway. It was eight when they passed the cemetery where the bare trees were slapping their boughs together shudder-

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ingly, like so many chilly old men, in the dismal rain. The scraggly pine above the little grave with the iron fence dripped and dripped. How easy the other had been compared to this parting, thought Elizabeth. She laid her hand on Justin's shoulder.

"Justin," she said. "Oh, Justin."

"Smatter mom?" and he wondered how anyone could be unhappy on the way to town.

But notwithstanding his frequent inquiries, she said no more. David gazed straight ahead until the rusty cupola of Avalon's courthouse appeared through the rain and mist.

They stopped before the Palace hotel, and entered the musty parlor into which Simeon Hatton, sole proprietor and owner, so his cards said, ushered them. Inside the air was chilly. The room was clammy and dark. Elizabeth sat bolt upright on the faded green plush sofa with Justin beside her; but David stood, twirling his hat nervously.

"I s'pose," said Simeon, with suavity supposed to invite confidence, "that him as is upstairs will be takin' the boy."

Justin sat up. David stared. Elizabeth gasped, but not at Simeon, who had already fled in confusion, as if he had been caught picking pockets. Could the apparition in the doorway be—no, it was not. Jefferson Stith had never owned a suit so grand when he lived at Avalon, neither had he worn a gold chain nor smoked anything but a pipe. The stranger in the doorway looked oddly familiar, however, in spite of the gold chain, the cigarette, and the sleek well-fed look that the stranger in the doorway possessed. His eyes and chin were like Jefferson Stith's, and he had hair just the color of Justin's, save that it was slightly gray.

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wife, David and Elizabeth guessed. She looked the little group over appraisingly. To Justin, fidgeting upon the sofa with the broken springs, she seemed as wonderful as some woman the teacher had told them about who once caused a big war; and he watched her interestedly. The wonderful dress of blue, her fluffy yellowish hair, and her eyes, though Justin thought that they looked like a snake's eyes, were marvelous. He watched and watched.

"We have brought Justin, Jefferson Stith," said Elizabeth, taking the initiative. "We're having to give him back after all these years we've had him." She paused for breath.

"I'd meant to come before," Jefferson Stith murmured, with an apology; "I meant to take him off your hands before, but I just couldn't. Money—ain't—hasn't been coming in very regular till now."

"And of course it doesn't look right for you to be keeping Jefferson's boy," said the wonderful lady in blue. "Dear me, what would people think of us?"

To David, twirling his hat in silence, a ray of light and hope came. "You don't mean—you thought we wanted to get rid of him?"

"Don't you want to?" asked Jefferson, riding down tact ruthlessly when he, too, saw a slender ray of hope.

Elizabth had risen to her feet, her face crimson with excitement.

"Of course, we should like to keep him," said the lady; "but you know it wouldn't be right, Jefferson." She added the second clause hastily as if she feared interruption.

"No, indeed not."

It was still raining when they started back to the farm that night, after Jefferson Stith and his wife had left for the city in great relief. But Justin was puzzled. What had it all been about?

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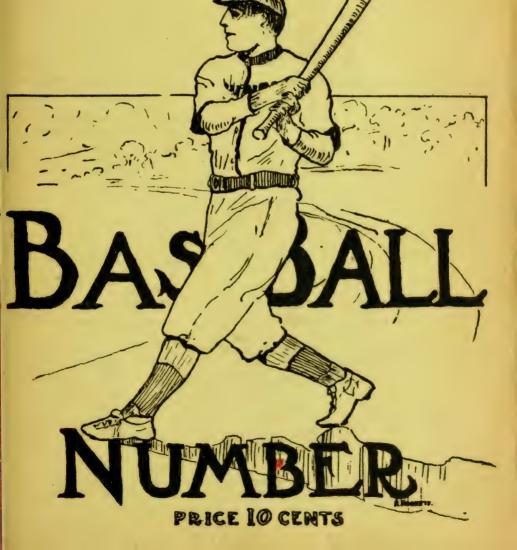
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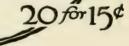
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THE ILLINOIS

VOL. V

JUNE, 1914

No. 8

Captain Phelps-- A Short Sketch

By STANLEY P. IRVIN

With the loss of Captain Phelps, who plays his last game against Chicago May 29, Illinois loses one of the most valuable players of the last three years. Phelps, who has played in every conference game for three seasons, and led the team in batting for two, is the only regular who graduates this spring.

Captain Phelps came to Illinois as a freshman in 1911, when the 1000 per cent team of 1910 was still going at top speed and championships were coming in regularly every year. It is hard to realize, after having seen him play, that he could have ever been anything but an outfielder, but as a matter of fact, he came from high school as a pitcher. His sprinting promptly appealed to "G", however, and he converted him into an outfielder. He was eligible for the varsity in the spring of 1912.

This was the year of the big upheaval in the conference over the amateur rules. It seemed that every player who had ever played for a ball or a bat on some sand-lot diamond was considered a professional. After the purists got through with the Illinois championship team "G" had Webber and Thomas left as regulars. Eight men, altogether, were disqualified.

By all the rules of probability, Illinois should have been down and out, but instead, they fought for the championship all year, with Phelps, playing left field, as the heavy hitter. Last year he became the mainstay of the outfield, besides improving in his speed on the bases. In addition to playing baseball, he upset all dope and won the indoor conference fifty yard dash, and later took third place in the outdoor conference meet last June. He was chosen baseball captain at the end of the season.

Phelps has nothing to say about this himself. He plays his position consistently, and the chances are that few of the fans know that he goes to first within a step or two as fast as Ty Cobb. Some day—maybe—some fellow will knock a ball over his head in center field. Then there will be something new to show the freshmen—the place where the ball sailed over the track and into the gridiron, as far as Jake Stahl's famous home-run.

The New England Bards

By WILLIAM WILSON
Oh singers of a thousand hearts,
We love thy melodies,
If we could only play our parts,
As did the least of these,
Love should reign supreme again—
Love of Truth and fellow-men.

Abraham Lincoln at Urbana

By EDWIN L. HASKER

Editor's Note—The following miscellany of facts is the fruit of two weeks diligent research in Urbana and its vicinity. Most of the incidents recounted have not before been collected and printed; it is possible they would have gone into oblivion with their narrators had there not been a department of journalism at the University with the writer among its most enthusiastic students.



The students of the University of Illinois venerate Abraham Lincoln for one of the country's greatest men, but few know the vital part that Urbana and its people played in his life. They think of him as one of the founders of the University, but sel-

dom as one who was intimately acquainted with this vicinity. They consider Lincoln Hall a mere happy name that lends the charm of history to one of the buildings and do not realize the facts that make the name really significant; for traditions of Abraham Lincoln and stories about his visits and his early work as a lawyer in Urbana are many. There live a few old people who can tell of personal friendship with the President and relate incidents of his young manhood as witnessed in Urbana.

Mrs. Anna Russell, one of the early settlers, knew Lincoln intimately, and took great pleasure in waiting on table for him and in bringing his meals when he stopped at her father's hotel during the Urbana terms of court. Mrs. Russell was interviewed a short time before her death last summer at her quaint old home at the corner of Elm and Coler Streets, Urbana, and gladly related some of her most interesting experiences with Lincoln.

"Yes, I used to wait on table for Mr. Lincoln," said Mrs. Russell in answer to the question. father, Samuel Waters, ran the Urbana house at that time, where the judge and many of the lawyers generally stopped. We always gave them the big front room upstairs, where the principal entertainment in evenings was generally 'stories by Attorney Lincoln.' Whenever court was in session, I helped wait on table and I well remember Mr. Lincoln as he would sit down to eat. I have seen many pictures of him that are said to be good, but I have never seen one that could imitate the sparkle in his eyes as he sat down to a good meal. He always did have a good appetite, and a good big one, too. He ate anything he was given, and I never heard him complain. He didn't care much for fancy dishes, and often said to me, 'The old-fashioned cooking is good enough for me;' and by the way he went at it, I guess it was.

"One summer several other girls and myself—I was eighteen then and I'm eighty now, so this was a long time ago—we formed a glee club and made evening trips to the nearby towns to sing, going on hayracks in summer and in bob-sleds in winter. When Lincoln happened to be in Urbana he always went with us and seemed to get great enjoyment out of the trip. In a crowd he was not a joker as one today would naturally suppose, but was so quiet you would hardly know he was there. Just before we would get back into town Lincoln would say, 'Well, girls, aren't you going to sing my favorite song tonight?' And then we would sing 'My Old Kentucky Home' for him.

"A famous robbery case was being tried in Urbana one time and a delegation of Tolono ladies came up to attend the trial. They stopped at our hotel and asked me to go with them. When we entered the

court room, Lincoln was speaking. He was not shaved, his tie was badly tied, and other little bits of untidiness were noticeable about him. When he finished speaking he stepped out of the room. In a little while he returned and looked like a different man. He had gone to a barber-shop, and was shaved and all cleaned up. The other lawyers made fun of him, but he just grinned and said nothing."

Mrs. Russell then went on to explain that when Lincoln was running for President in 1860, she was the leader of a crowd of young ladies who ardently supported him. She made a Lincoln Flag, which was the campaign emblem in those days,-a large American flag with the name Lincoln across it; and she hung it out over the porch of the hotel. father had sold the hotel previous to this, but the new owner granted her such privileges as wished. John Logan, later General Logan, who was a most violent Democrat, saw the flag from some distance down the street. He rushed to the hotel and demanded of the proprietor that it be taken down. The proprietor said the flag belonged to Mrs. Russell and he had no right to interfere. Logan and J. D. Wilson, another strong Democrat, stamped upstairs to remove the flag themselves, but Mrs. Russell was there ahead of them. She stood by the flag and put her hand on it in Barbara Fritchie style. Logan commanded her to remove the flag at once: Mrs. Russell glared at him and said, "This is my flag. It will stay right here, and you, or any of you old Democrats, won't dare touch it. And what's more, you'll have to march under it." Logan and Wilson were angry through and through and left the room without a word. They stopped at that hotel and every time they left or entered they had to hold in their indignation bravely, while they marched under the flag. This incident is remarkable, for it illustrates Logan's intense personal antagonism to Lincoln in 1860; in the campaign of 1864 he was one of Lincoln's staunchest supporters.

"Mr. Lincoln made his last visit to Urbana in October 1859 to attend a session of court," continued Mrs. Russell. "He brought his little son Tad with him and I remember waiting on them. They came into the dining room and Tad took his place in a chair beside his father. Mr. Lincoln thought he would play a joke on his son by not giving him instructions how to order, for the little fellow had been to few, if any, hotels in his life. Mr. Lincoln gave me his order quietly, and then I turned to Tad and said, 'What do you wish to order, Tad?' He looked puzzled, not knowing what to say, and then diplomatically replied, "I'll take just what father takes.' And Lincoln did laugh at the way his son turned the joke on him.

"Some friends told me afterwards that that same afternoon Mr. Lincoln took Tad to the court house. The boy was unable to understand the arguments and got very impatient. The father noticed it and said, "Tad, you go down stairs to the sheriff and ask him if you can't tend to the court room stove for him, and then we'll have a nice hot fire." Tad returned with the permission of the sheriff to tend the fire, and after that he was satisfied with something to do. Every few minutes he would step quietly over to his father and ask if it wasn't time to put in some more wood.

"After father and I were out of the hotel business, we invited Mr. Lincoln and Judge Davis down home to supper one night. We had only the small napkins in the house, because we had neglected to buy large ones since leaving the hotel. Judge Davis was a very large man and when he put on his small napkin, it rested almost on a flat surface. It looked very funny and Lincoln guyed him about it; and I thought he never would stop laughing.

"I will never forget the day Lincoln was shot. I was walking up town to do some shopping. I saw everybody with their heads bent over as if in some great sorrow, and I was curious to know what was the matter. The first person I met was my husband, and he was just like the rest and tears were coming from his eyes. I didn't believe it, hardly; I couldn't. I suppose there's no use doubting but that he was killed, but I can't think that way. He will always live in my memory just as if he really did live today. I can still see that happy smile that he always had when he greeted me or told me some amusing incident that had happened during the day."

* * * *

Lincoln became acquainted in Urbana as soon as he started going around the old eighth circuit as attorney. The district was much larger than judicial districts are today, comprising fourteen counties between Chicago and Springfield. The judge made regular tours of the county seats and the lawyers of the entire district generally accompanied him, picking up what business they could in each town visited.

Lincoln's first visit to Urbana is said to have been as early as 1845. He soon came to be recognized as a clever, honest lawyer, but he did nothing which put him on record as a remarkable person. He first became known for his inexhaustible supply of funny stories and he always had a crowd of eager listeners about him whenever he stopped on the street or took the place of honor on a drygoods box

in some store. "Life on the circuit was a gay one," notes Herndon, his Springfield law partner. "It was rich with incidents and Lincoln loved it."

* * * *

Lincoln was always doing an act of friendliness or kindness that increased the popular affection for him. A story in illustration of this is told by Mrs. Archibald Kerr, who with her husband conducted a truck garden in Urbana. Her story is this: "Once Lincoln came along when I was gathering greens in the spring back in the fifties and said to me, 'That's right, Mrs. Kerr, get plenty of greens and I will come and take dinner with you.' He was good enough to come at the noon hour and take dinner with my family and me, and you ought to have seen him eat those greens and bacon."

* * * *

The story is often told that in a certain murder case tried in the Urbana court house Lincoln thought the defendant guilty, so said to Attorney Sweet, his associate, "The man is guilty—you defend him; I won't." Unfortunately for the good story this statement is not true. He took an active part in the case and received \$200 for his work. The man was convicted but Lincoln succeeded in getting him pardoned.

* * * *

Lincoln, Major H. C. Whitney, and Mr. and Mrs. Sweet were driving in a carriage from Urbana to Danville one time when night overtook them. The narrow road lay through a heavily timbered river-bottom with deep muddy ditches on both sides. The driver said someone had to go ahead to guide him; Lincoln and Whitney sprang out and rolled up their trousers. "He took my arm," wrote Whitney

on the incident, "and went ahead and shouted back every minute or oftener. This proved irksome, so Lincoln commenced singing to an old Methodist air his favorite couplet:

> Mortal man with face of clay, Here tomorrow, gone today!

He added other verses even more ridiculous, which he improvised and sang without regard to time, tune, or meter. What effect this concert had on the owls and bats I am not advised, but it combined utility and diversion."

Lincoln was not only an attorney but he was circuit judge on several occasions and he held one entire term of court in Urbana in April, 1856. He was a great favorite of Judge Davis, whom Lincoln afterward elevated to the supreme court; and the judge often appointed Lincoln to substitute for him for short periods. The early Urbana docket is interesting for this reason, containing many humorous situations and expressions, which one is most likely to ascribe to Lincoln.

The closing case in the term Lincoln held entirely was one-sided because the defense made no argument. It was the last day of court and the lawyers for the defense conspired to outwit the youthful judge by arguing until supper time, hoping for a postponement or dismissal. Lincoln surprised and foiled the conspirators by announcing that he would hold court after supper to close the case. Court was held that night by candle light, and the judge, who found it so hard to be dignified, found for the plaintiff. A lawyer for the defense asked how the case could be taken to the supreme court, as

it was customary then for the judge to give directions how to appeal. Lincoln replied, "You all have been so smart about this case that you can find out for yourselves how to carry it up." He then adjourned court for the term.

Lincoln had a lawsuit in the Urbana Court House after he had been inaugurated as President, but he did not take an active part in the trial. It was a chancery case entitled Harvey vs. Campbell. Major Whitney, who was associated with the President in the suit, called on Lincoln at the White House to consult concerning it. They agreed upon a procedure and Whitney then asked Lincoln which of the two should go to Urbana to attend to it. The reply came, "As old men are for counsel and young men are for war, I reckon it would be right for you to go."

When Whitney returned from Washington, he wrote, "At the White House his approachability, manners, habits, and behavior were the same as at Urbana. He sat on the doorstep of the executive mansion with me to finish a talk, just as he had many times sat down with me on the steps of the capitol at Springfield for the same purpose. He talked the same good sense about practical commonplace matters and the same diverting nonsense in his office at Washington that he was wont to do in Illinois in our walks on the streets of little villages."

The degree of influence environment has in shaping character is always questionable, but it is certain that the men with whom Lincoln associated on the eighth circuit and the strong moral forces that were there brought to bear on him did have an influence in moulding his great character. Besides

Judge Davis, who could not go to bed without hearing Lincoln tell some stories, there was General John A. Logan, then an attorney of strong intellect and said to have been Lincoln's keenest opponent on the circuit. Lincoln always admired Logan and, according to a story told by Ida M. Tarbell in "He Knew Lincoln," one day said to Judge Gillespie, as they sat by the stove talking, "Judge, I wish I could take all you boys down to Washington with me. Democrats and all, and make a cabinet out of you. I'd know where every man would fit and we could get right down to work. Now, I've got to learn my men before I can do much." "Do you mean, Mr. Lincoln, you'd take a Democrat like Logan?" said the judge, "Yes, sir, I would: I know Logan. He's agin me now and that's all right, but if we have trouble you can count on Logan to do the right thing by the country, and that's the kind of men I want—them as will do the right thing by the country. 'Tain't a question of Lincoln, or Democrat or Republican, Judge: it's a question of the country."

There were other keen, firm men on the circuit, including Oliver L. Davis, General Linder, W. H. Lemon, Kirby Benedict, I. P. Walker, Judge Scott, Attorney Wickizer, Clifton H. Moore, William N. Coler, Leonard Sweet, H. C. Whitney, Lawrence Weldon, and O. H. Browning. Three other prominent men who were frequent travelers with Lincoln, were Richard J. Oglesby, John Wentworth and Owen Lovejoy. Of this small number it is remarkable that four were afterwards in the national house of representatives, three in the national senate, one became governor of Illinois, and three became supreme judges.

A young crippled boy, who was the son of

Lincoln's foster-brother, was arrested in Champaign one time for stealing a watch. The evidence was against him and he was held to the grand jury. Lincoln happened to visit Urbana when the boy was in jail and heard about it. He succeeded in influencing the plaintiff to withdraw the charge. He had freed the same boy from a larceny charge in Charleston only a short time before; and he said after the second case that he would never do it again.

* * * *

In the ten years following his first visit to Urbana Lincoln rose from an obscure lawyer on the eighth circuit to a statesman of national fame. He had gained much valuable experience under Davis, Logan, and other strong men of the circuit; he had interested himself in politics and had taken the stump in several elections; he had been elected to the legislature and to congress and had become a powerful figure in state politics. He was recognized as an honest man, a powerful politician, and a keen statesman.

2k 2k 3k 3k

Lincoln stepped into prominence by his first reply to Douglas in Springfield in 1854. He spoke the next week at Peoria, and the following week gave the same speech in Urbana, where he was attending court. "It was a great speech," writes Judge Cunningham of Urbana, who heard it, "not as radical as his later ones, but filled with that judgment and common sense that gave him immediate country-wide recognition. It not only marks an epoch in the life of Lincoln, then changing from mediocrity to one of the greatest eminence, but it also marks our country and the ground occupied by the court house as the scene of one of Lincoln's greatest popular orations." A marble tablet now marks the scene of the oration.

It rests in the wall on the second floor of the new court house and is within three feet of the spot on which Lincoln stood while delivering the speech.

The tablet reads as follows:

Upon this Spot Abraham Lincoln on October 24, 1854 Delivered his Third Speech in Opposition to Senator Douglas and the Nebraska Bill.

* * * *

Although Lincoln had acquired considerable fame as a public speaker, there was one occasion in which he did not triumph. In a grove east of Urbana were two platforms both of which were used when the crowd was too large to hear one speaker. On one occasion Lincoln was speaking from one platform when Owen Lovejoy mounted the other and started an address. Lovejoy was an eloquent, fiery orator, and it was considered a great privilege to hear him. The result was that the crowd left Lincoln's platform and flocked over to hear Lovejoy. What Lincoln murmured is not on record but it is said that for once a joke failed him.

* * * *

Lincoln was very fond of walking in the open air, and one of his favorite places was a woods north of Urbana, which is now called Crystal Lake Park. Whenever he had spare time he liked to walk out to this grove, stalking along with his head bent far over and his hands behind him. The old road that was used by Lincoln in these meditative wanderings was an unnoticed, unmarked hollow a few years ago, but it has since been repaired by the Park Commissioners and converted again into a highway. This short road is called Lincoln Way. A memorial arch and bronze tablet with the historical data will soon

be placed at the entrance to the park on this road by the Urbana chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The reception that Lincoln received on September 24, 1858, when he came to Urbana as the political opponent of the great Stephen A. Douglas, contrasts strangely with his unheralded visit about 1845. was met at the depot by a large delegation of citizens in wagons and on horseback, according to one Urbana chronicler. He was escorted to the fair grounds to be treated to a barbecue before making his speech. Judge J. O. Cunningham, the secretary of the Republican Club then, sat beside Lincoln at the head of the table. He related this interesting story: "While Lincoln was eating he looked up and saw an old lady standing not far away, looking intently at him. He at once recognized the lady as Granny Hutchinson, a waiter and helper at an Urbana hotel at which he had stopped when on the circuit. 'Why Granny', he called to her, 'have you no place to eat your dinner?' 'I don't want any dinner.' she replied, 'I just want to see you, Mr. Lincoln.' He would not have it that way and made her take his place, while he with his turkey leg and bread and butter sat on the ground at the foot of a nearby tree. and there finished his luncheon. This done, he took his place on the speaker's stand before a large audience, where Judge Douglas had spoken the day before, and for an hour and a half in his plain forceful manner, which all could understand, exposed the fallacies of squatter soverignty under the Dred Scott decision."

Lincoln always got a great deal of fun out of playing practical jokes. During an extra session of

court in Urbana in 1856 he was stopping at the Dunaway House. John Dunaway, the proprietor, had a large gong which at meal times he rang so vigorously that it annoyed the guests. Lincoln was in the dining room one day just before dinner, and, noticing the detested gong, took it from its hook and hid it between the folded leaves of a table. One of the old settlers of Urbana, who witnessed the incident, writes, "He sat awkwardly in a chair, looking amused and guilty, apparently having lots of fun, while Dunaway searched all over the house. While Major Whitney held the doors fast, Lincoln restored the gong to its place and ran upstairs two steps at a time, Whitney following."

* * * *

Lincoln and his brother-in-law, Clark M. Smith. returned home to Salem from a session of the legislature in 1849 just in time to witness an auction sale of farm chattels. While they were looking on, the auctioneer brought out an old wooden ox-yoke, which, he said, had been made by Abraham Lincoln when a boy. He treated it as a novelty because it had been made by a congressman. Lincoln acknowledged that he made it when he was 21 years of age and lived at New Salem, Ill. Smith bought it. When Lincoln became the Republican nominee, the ox-yoke gained such added significance that Smith got it out of his garret and put it on display in the counting room of his place of business in Springfield. In 1873 he turned it over to the state university and it is now on exhibition in the rotunda of the library. It is enclosed in a glass case, the frame of which was made from an oaken door in the Lincoln home at New Salem.

One morning in 1858 Lincoln stepped into the

photographing room of Mr. Alschuler, the leading photographer in Urbana, and said, "I understand that you wish me to sit for my picture and I have come to give you the opportunity." "Yes, Mr. Lincoln." Alschuler replied, "I do wish to have you sit for me, but I cannot take your picture in that coat. Have you not another darker coat?" Lincoln said it was the only one he had brought with him from Springfield. "Well," said the photographer, "Here, put on my coat." Alschuler was a man of short arms and legs, but with a body as large as Lincoln's. The duster was removed and Alschuler's dark coat put on. Lincoln's arms protruded from the short sleeves a quarter of a yard, runs the story, making the great lawyer look extremely ludicrous. He laughed at his appearance in the borrowed coat, continues the story, and when he could sufficiently smooth his features he sat down for the picture. It took considerable effort on his part to be sober and the lips in the picture show this. It is said to be one of the best pictures ever taken of Lincoln before he grew a beard and before the sadder experiences of his life came upon him.

* * * *

The boyishness which Lincoln maintained during critical periods of his life is shown in a letter to Judge J. O. Cunningham of Urbana just after his first joint debate with Douglas. As Lincoln prophesied then, this debate gave Douglas the senatorship but himself the presidency. The letter reads:

"Ottawa, Aug., 22, 1858.

J. O. Cunningham, Esq. My Dear Sir:

"Yours of the 18th, signed as secretary of the Republican Club is received. In the matter of speeches I am a good [deal] pressed by invitations from almost all quarters, and while I hope to be in Urbana sometime during the canvass, I cannot yet say when. Can you not see me at Monticello on the

6th of September?

"Douglas and I, for the first time this canvass, crossed swords here yesterday: the fire flew some and I am glad to know I am alive. There was a vast concourse of people—more than could get near to hear.

Yours as ever, A. Lincoln."

The original letter was given to the University of Illinois by Judge Cunningham and now hangs in the reading room of the library.

* * * *

Judge Cunningham, a resident of Urbana who is now in his eighty-fourth year, knew Lincoln well. He has written many articles and has delivered many addresses before historical societies and educational institutions on his associations with him. He says Lincoln was "modest, quiet, unobtrusive in manner, sympathetic and cordial in every social contact. He was never loud, aggressive, nor defiant, except when in his flights of eloquent denunciation of wrong. He died the best beloved American of all times, just at a period when he was entering upon his greatest work, that of reconstructing the shattered union, for which work his broad charity. his deep insight into human affairs and motives. and his instinctive statesmanship, fitted him above all others."

* * * *

Lincoln's association with Urbana was recognized in the spring of 1909, the centenary of his birth, by the Illinois legislature with an appropriation of \$250,000 for the erection of an Abraham Lincoln Memorial Hall for the Literature and Arts de-

partment of the University of Illinois. The building was dedicated February 12, 1913.

Lincoln Hall is the headquarters of the commission selected by the governor to make an accurate historical survey of the path pursued by Lincoln in coming from Kentucky to Illinois. This is the preparation for the building of a great memorial road. Here are furnished not merely the only qualified historians of the state, sufficient research facilities, and collections of Lincolniana which have been presented to the University, but the center of the circle which overspreads the large area covered by Lincoln's activities.

This survey of Lincoln Way and the building of Lincoln Hall emphasize the part that Urbana has had in the life of Abraham Lincoln.

NOTES

Lincoln was at one time the leading attorney for Father Chiniquy of St. Anne, Kankakee County, who acquired international fame several years later. At this time the priest was charged with slander by Mr. Spink, one of his parishioners. Lincoln succeeded in getting both sides to compromise. The original agreement to compromise, which was presented to the court, was presented by Judge Cunningham to the University of Illinois and it is now in the Library collection of Lincolniana.

None of the hotels at which Lincoln used to stop when in Urbana now stand. There were three hotels then: the Urbana House, which stood where the county jail now is; the Champaign House, which burned down a few years ago and occupied the ground now covered by the First State Bank and the adjacent lot on Main Street; and the American House, on the north side of Main Street near the present site of the American express office.

There was a gigantic and stately elm tree in Urbana that Lincoln always admired. It is called the Lincoln tree and legend has it that he spoke under it, but this is not true. The tree stood many years after the rest of the grove had been cut down, but it was struck and destroyed by lightning a few years ago. Only the big round stump remains. It is situated about two yards north of Main Street opposite the Big Four round house.

The early Urbana docket of the circuit court has several pages in addition to the one complete term which are in the hand writing of "Judge Lincoln."

The grove in which Lincoln was humbled by Lovejoy is now in the center of the Urbana residence district, three blocks east of the court house. A clump of three or four tall trees is all that now marks the spot.

On the evening of his reply to Douglas, Lincoln made his last appearance in this county as a public speaker. He spoke in the old Congregational church in West Urbana (now Champaign), then called the "frog pond" church, because it was on the edge of a noisy frog pond. This was at the corner of First Street and University Avenue.

The building in which he ate supper as the guest of Mayor Boyden still stands in Urbana at 404 West Illinois Street. He spent that night in the John Baddeley home, which was torn down recently to make way for the new Masonic temple in Champaign.

A Hoosier Idyll

By MILDRED DREW

That calf meant a hat to Tressie. How carefully she tended it as it lay "pourly" one time under the old crab tree—fed it with a medicine-dropper and eggs cracked on its teeth! For every extra pound meant another feather, a gayer buckle.

One evening just as the distant woods had deepened into a purple haze, that calf was seized with the wanderlust. At such times "stone bars do not a prison make." A flirt of the spindly hind legs, a swirl of dust, and it was halfway down the road. "There goes your lid, Sis," cried Earnest, thrusting his half-shaven face out of the bedroom window. Tressie sprang from the hammock, the cushions falling in an inert fat heap on the ground, and started in pursuit, the whole family bringing up the rear like Caesar's van. Recruits came from the neighboring dwellings. Brave German oaths split the air. Diz fell over a stone and almost fluffed out her young life; but on, on dashed the chase unheedingly. What's a human to a calf worth good money! The object ahead was the least disturbed of all. It had started for the horizon, had seized the lead, and was now enjoying a bit of evening air. Some folks flopped down by the wayside panting like tragedyvillians; the moon looked out and disappeared behind a cloud to laugh.

At last a boy whose brains were not in his heels seized a bicycle leaning against a gatepost and pedalled quickly, with eyes dotted-lined, to the calf ahead, who, trotting with increasingly flagging steps, now stopped and turned its white face with a plaintive bawling to the smirking moon. Verily,

homekeeping hearts are happiest. Neither did it struggle when the boy took it gently but firmly over his shoulders like in the Sunday School pictures of the Ninety and Nine; but gazed wearily about during the triumphant homeward march. Jim Wheeler, daft ever since some hunters, espying his long ears protruding from a bush down by the old mill, filled his head with bird-shot, set the whole crowd aquiver with his delightful yelps. Tressie alone reciprocated the calf's mood. As her practiced eye slipped over the sweating little body and noticed the slim lines and unfamiliar bones, she sighed aloud. "I thought it was going to be a Gainsborough, but I dare say now its just a toque."

It Never Happens

That the Signal Corps is uproariously applauded in review.

That a member of the Signal Corps returns to the infantry by his own request.

That all of the flags of the wig-wag squad are immaculate.

—Captain Faulkner.

The Scar and The Man

By N. N. K.

When Henry Burroak started out one winter from Wappanucka, Oklahoma, for Chicago, no one back there knew why he went. Not even preacher, who feared his six feet and his great jaw, or the banker, who frankly admired him, or Riggs. the editor of the Weekly Herald, who liked him and wanted to know his secret for both professional and friendship reasons, had information further than that it was a "business trip, pure and simple". And no one pressed his inquiry any farther; recognizing the fact that Burroak, who was a longfaced solitary bachelor-farmer, did not relish cross-examination. Everyone knew he had no sense of humor, and could not smile simply because he had a huge red ugly scar on his right cheek, that held his countenance rigid, and rendered him so mysterious and spectral that he tended to dampen every sprightly spirit he came near.

So that if now he was nursing the grim secret of his life, no one guessed it.

Once in Chicago, he wasted no time in cafes or lounging rooms or Turkish Baths or haberdasheries, but stalked directly to the Charities office, where his errand lay.

The only light that broke into the thick religious dusk of that office late this winter afternoon, with the clerks all gone home, came from a desk light that shot its white rays directly down on Miss Jones, the complaint clerk's desk. Even that light would not have been on had not Dave, the office boy, been overwhelmed with long-restrained curiosity as he was straightening up the office, and

started a stealthly search through all the feminine effects. He sat eagerly on the edge of Miss Jones' chair now—Miss Jones was probably the prettiest of all the young ladies—pulling out one drawer after another, and grinning at sight of pencils and typewriter ribbons mingled with chamois skins and powder boxes and innumerable unnamable miscellanies.

Burroak's heavy step made Dave leap in his seat like a rabbit and twist his head quickly about. The tall newcomer stalked over into the light and looked squarely at the boy out of his powerful eyes. Dave looked up and saw—being a boy—only the scar that rendered Burroak's countenance so oddly solemn. Some boys would not have minded owning such a scar—boys, that is, who do not know what losses disfigurement entails. "What do you want?" condescended Dave.

Burroak spoke with the sociable, hesitant drawl and self-confidence of one who has prospered in a new country; so that the boy was immediately at ease. "I want to know if there's a young lady name of Fairchild working here."

"No, there ain't."

Burroak's secret grew heavier within him. He looked steadily at the boy for a moment, drew a chair from an adjacent desk, and sat down with his elbow on Miss Jones' table. He drew an old envelope from his pocket, and opened it with great long fingers. He shook out a photograph, and held it a minute, fingering it; then handed it to the the boy. "Anyone here look like that?"

The boy stared at the picture with some signs of admiration. The prettiness was not sufficiently mysterious to prevent a lad of his age from whistling with delight. Still he was puzzled, and wrinkled

his forehead much more fiercely than was necessary. "No—no—I don't."

"It was taken six years ago."

The boy's face cleared, and he grinned. "Sure! I thought I'd been knocked down to that! Its—Miss Jones! This is her desk right here." And he slapped its top with the palm of his hand.

Burroak took his elbow away quickly and shoved back his chair. The long rich overcoat hung down carelessly and draped the floor.

"She's a peach. Know her?"

The left side of Burroak's face worked oddly; he covered the disfigured right cheek with a huge palm.

"Guess you must. Father?"

The tanned face flushed dark red. Her father! He could not speak. The boy stared candidly at the scarred cheek. "Say! You're not fussin' her, are you?"

Burroak grew white—strange how this boy could affect him!—turned abruptly in his chair; and stood up.

"Where you goin'? I was just goin' to say, if you was fussin' her, that you've got a rival already."

Burroak, the force of motion out of him, sat weakly down and looked at the boy. "What do you mean?"

"There's his desk over there in the corner."

"Eh-what sort of a chap is he?"

"All right! Name's Claffin. You can't help likin' him. Why? Gettin' a line on him?"

"You can't help likin' him, eh?" The gaunt man could only echo the boy's words.

"Sure. Treats me alright. Ain't always bawlin' me out for some dinkey little thing in the office."

"You said something about her?"

"Yes—he's sweeter'n the devil on her." He tapped the desk before him with a dirty middle finger.

Burroak's chin came farther out. "Does she pay much attention to him?"

"Well, she didn't use to pay any attention to any body. Lately, though, she's been smilin' back, and they always go out together at quittin' time. Then I suspicion he's been takin' her to a show or two, too".

Burroak stood suddenly up and shrugged his shoulders like a great horse shaking itself. "Look here, boy. Going to say anything about my coming here?"

"Mebbe not."

The man drew out two silver dollars. "Will you keep still and do something for me?"

"Sure."

"Well." He drew out an old letter, frayed of edge. "Tomorrow, when no one's looking, give that to her."

"Who's her? Miss Jones?"

"See here now! You've got to show a little more intelligence or you're going to lose a job."

"Aw, I'll do it. Don't worry about my intelligence."

"Give her the letter, and tell her a man left it for her. Say he's coming in to see her in about a week."

The boy looked wonderingly down. Burroak dropped the silver and the envelope on the desk and started off slowly. He turned before he reached the door. The boy was clinking the bright silver dollars industriously together, and did not look up at once. "You tell her I wasn't sure whether I'd come back or not. Tell her—well, tell her—just tell her I couldn't

say." His shoulders slouched more than before. "And let's see—what's young Claffin's address? Live with his folks?"

"No! Orphant. Rooms somewhere, danged if I know where. Wait a minute, his address'll be in this drawer. Here it is—1969—Ave."

The man's fingers copied this laboriously, "Goodnight, boy," he said—and passed out into the wintry city night.

Dave's hand dived after his nickel watch, superior in his eyes to the great clock on the wall. 6:30! His mother would—and he hastened to throw on his overcoat and cap. Buttoned up, he came to pick up the dollars and the letter! He dropped the silver in his pocket with satisfaction. The letter—he had not much conscience on this point—the letter he held under the shaded lamp with a virtuous air, and read. It was this:

Chapman, Ill., Nov. 3rd, 1907.

Dear Henry:

I am going away because I cannot marry you. It is terribly selfish and wicked, I know, but—I must say it right out—you have been repulsive to me ever since the explosion. I am doing a terrible thing, but I cannot help it. I have always been sensitive to those things, and I can't overcome the feeling even for you, no matter how hard—hard—you don't know, Henry, how hard I have tried! How good you are, Henry, and how selfish and proud I am! I am going to change my name, and am going off from Chapman and all the folks to a place where no one will know me, and none of you can find me. You can always know that I am doing some good, charitable work—if you care to think about me once in a while. Forget it all, Henry, and marry an older, wiser woman. Remember me only as a giddy little

pride who was not worthy of you. Don't search for me, for I think it will be no use.

Goodbye,

Helen.

P. S. If you do find me, I suppose I shall give up. But it would be better—you cannot find me, though.

"Christ!" remarked the boy. "What a mess! I suppose he's got on her trail and's come up after her. Wonder what Clafie'll say about that?" And home he hastened.

Mrs. Barton, the landlady at 1969 —— Ave., had a caller early next morning. She was pleased with the prospect of a new customer, particularly with one who had asked explicitly to be near Mr. Claflin. The room just across the hall from that gentleman had been vacant for six weeks now, and Mr. Claflin had been wishing for company. She showed Burroak "a very pleasant room, she thought, on the second floor, right across from your friend's." She assured Burroak that Mr. Claflin was an extremely pleasant fellow, and asked for a month's rent in advance. Burroak asked for reasonable privacy; and all was quickly arranged. The little room had a bed, a table, and two chairs.

Burroak was lost, lonely, and wondered what he should do till evening, when he could see this Claffin. The city was full of busy people—and all of them, he felt, must be happier than he.

He wandered out, awkward and nervous, and rode the street cars all morning. He spent the afternoon in the stock yards, and was more at ease.

The young man he sought, he ran upon rather more forcibly than he had expected. That evening, as he was returning from a corner lunch-counter, and was groping his way down the long hallway of the second story, out burst young Claffin from his

room, overcoat on arm, hat on a corner of his head, and straight into Burroak's lean stomach.

Burroak could hear the youth exclaim, and fumble, panting, for the switch. When the light came on he saw a bright-eyed chap, young and pink of face, with hair combed back tight and black and shiny on his head, who chattered out, as he squeezed the giant's hand and hurried on, "Beg your pardon, sir—got to catch that limited "L"—see my girl every night now—" grinning "—live across there, do you? See you later."

Burroak stalked into his room, turned on the light, sat down and smoked two long cigars without moving from his chair or taking his feet from the bed. "See my girl every night now!" At the end of the second cigar he stirred, got up, and looked out through the cold and brittle window glass. "See my girl every night now!"

His impression of the young man had not been so contemptuous as he had anticipated it would be. All the same, he did not attempt to settle any destinies that night, and went to bed tired. The impulsive fellow would drop into his room tomorrow night to apologize, or gossip, or extend a welcome, before going to see her. So he should have ample time in which to take his measure.

Another weary day passed. He was clearly out of place in such a city as this.

In the evening he did not go out for supper. He sat smoking and reading a St. Louis paper he had come upon at a street corner, when someone knocked on the door. He smiled grimly, set his teeth deeper into the cigar, and bid the person enter.

"Good evening! Mr. —eh—Burroak, didn't Mrs. Barton say?" began Claflin, as soon as ever he had stepped inside. "Alone tonight?"

Burroak with some grace motioned him to the

other chair; but, that done, he frowned, puffed hard at his cigar, and was silent. Then,—"Yes. What about yourself? Why aren't you off seeing the girl tonight?" The visitor had sat down eagerly, clasping his hands over an upraised knee. He was considerably smaller and whiter than the giant.

"I did say I went every night, didn't I? Oh well, I was exaggerating a bit, you know. She's going with the people where she lives to look at the Christmas store windows tonight. That's what she said, at least. Do you know," and his look was somewhat sinister in a harmless, amusing way, "I've been wondering all day about that. It was kind of funny the way she acted last night. Hope she's not trying to shake me."

Amazingly confidential, this young man! Burroak smiled to himself. What consternation he could bring into the fellow's thoughts if he chose. The boy—a boy was all—was an unsuspecting, white-handed creature not much more worldy-wise than Helen once had been. Burroak looked straight ahead at his cigar, puffing vigorously.

Claffin became restless in his chair. "Guess you didn't want to hear about my trouble, though, Mr. Burroak. I *did* break in on you. I'll not bother. Good night."

"Here!" called out Burroak, as if aroused out of a long nap. And then, less enthusiastically, "Better stay." A silence, while the young man sat down again. "What's this you said about her shaking you? She hasn't done anything of that sort, has she?"

"Why, no, of course not. Only she was cool and absent-minded all last evening. Darned if she didn't make me feel like a little insignificant kid standing off at arm's length". Burroak thought of the letter and stirred in his chair. "What does she seem to think of you in general?"

"What does she think—" and the young man, smiling, flushed. "Why, she's always seemed to tolerate me. I guess last night wasn't anything. I'd be a lame one if I let it settle me, anyway." And he showed some signs of courage in this remark.

Burroak pressed his lips together. "Yes, I suppose you would". A long silence; then,—"How'd you get acquainted with her?"

Claffin laughed out excitedly, snapping the sombre suspense. Now he was on familiar ground. "Hoh! That was funny, how I got acquainted with her. Want to hear it?" Burroak nodded, and the young blood bounded straightway into the tale that had brought so many flattering laughs in its time.

"You see we both work in the Charities office. There's a bunch of clerks in there, and of course we all don't get acquainted very easily—especially Helen—she wouldn't even have been acquainted with me but for a crazy accident out on the street one day. You see I had been trying to get her to speak to me for a month—good intentions and all that, you understand-but she held her head up high as if it would be a crime to notice me. Well, it happened one afternoon about two months ago that I was standing at the corner of Monroe and Dearborn with a bunch of packages in my arms I had got for Mrs. Barton, waiting for a car. It was a windy day, even for Chicago, and the dust was blowing and sweeping along in clouds. A fellow had to keep his eyelids on the blink to keep them rid of the dirt. Well, as I was standing there up came Helen and stood on the curb, waiting for a car too. She didn't see me at first, and when she did she was too proud to act as though she did—but stood there, her pretty little chin up in the air. It was really kind of amusing to see her so confounded cool; but of course I didn't make any move to speak to her at all.

"Well, we stood there like that a good many minutes, she looking at everything else in sight but your humble servant, and every once in a while tapping the curb with her fine toe. Now all this would have been pretty harmless if a big policeman—a new one, I think, who hankered after a little gloryhadn't lumbered along and spied me in an unfortunate situation. That is, I was winking like the devil to get a grain of dust out of my eye. You know I couldn't use my hands, with all those bundles, and probably did look pretty suspicious. Anyway, the lubber clapped a hand as big as that table top on my shoulder and told me to come along "for mashin' the lady." I couldn't say a word, I was so devilish surprised. Then I got mad—and then humorous, trying to laugh the thing off. But the old boy was serious for sure, and started off to the station with me. Now I had noticed that Helen was watching the thing out of the corner of her eye, and once in a while I had seen a little flicker of a smile at the corner of her mouth. But she said nothing, nor made a move, till we got under headway. Then she interceded, the dear girl, like a sister, and plead my case in a way to make a fellow's heart jump. And after the cop had beaten his retreat—which of course he had to do-she was all warm smiles, and I got to see her home—" He stopped abruptly.

The other man sat down farther in his chair. The youth cleared his throat and smiled a weakly, self-conscious smile. "I see the story didn't tickle you greatly. I didn't do it justice. Couldn't give it any snap, somehow. But of course—"

"Why yes, it was funny. Some men I know wouldn't think well of you for using your sweetheart for the sake of a good story, but then—"

The young man blushed, and sat back in his chair.

"You've been friendly ever since, have you?"

"Yes, very friendly. She's kind of frozen to me, like a friend out of the barren north. She'd been lonesome, I think. And—well, she's treated me mighty well, Mr. Burroak"; and the boy's eyes glistened. One point in her favor, though Burroak.

"And now what about this business last night? You say she was a little cool?"

"Not so cool as perplexed, and absent-minded. But then—oh, you wouldn't be interested. She had a fellow's picture out from her trunk, that's all, looking mighty glumly at it, as if it were a rain cloud that had stepped in and spoiled a picnic." Burroak puffed a half dozen tremendous puffs in quick succession. "Of course I wasn't going to get jealous. She told me it was a fellow she had very much wronged one time—and something had happened lately to make him bob up in her mind just as she had decided she had forgotten him. Said he was haunting her head, like an unpleasant dream." The giant stirred. but said nothing. "I can imagine how the thing might have happened. She's pretty thoughtless, you know, and even when she's thoughtful its generally about herself-Now I shouldn't have said that about the girl I think so much of, should I?"

Burroak was clouded in smoke; was non-committal.

"But of course it doesn't mean that I love the dear girl any the less—and his eyes shone as they had once before. "Just the same, the thing's been in

my head all day. The man, by the way, looked something like you. Only—he—"

"I see. He didn't have this," raising his great hand and rubbing the scar.

Jake cleared his throat. "Yes—yes, that was it. Excuse me for mentioning—"

"Here now!" supplied the other impatiently, "Don't go on about that."

The other sat in respectful silence for a moment and then began to hum a dolorous air from some mawkish "Opera." He thrummed on the seat of his chair absent-mindedly. He shuffled his feat, as if about to get up. He laughed suddenly. "There's one thing, Mr. Burroak, I forgot to tell you, that would be interesting."

Still the man brooded.

"And that is that Helen has promised to marry me before long." Burroak sprang up swiftly like an alarmed buffalo, and stalked to the window.

"What's the matter?" asked the youth, startled.
The man turned savagely. "You don't seem to know. Well, answer this. When you get that girl, will you treat her pretty right? Tell me that."

The young man grew a bit pale, but looked the other directly in the eye; and his face had strength in it that Burroak had not seen before. "Yes," he said simply.

Burroak turned his back again and looked through the window at the black night, while his shoulders took on a rounder outline. If the truth be known, he was telling himself just then that he had *always* been an overgrown lubber in the world's way.

He wheeled about suddenly and kicked over a chair with choler poorly feigned, "Clear out o' here, now, and leave me alone. I don't want any young fish standin' around with his mouth open when I'm

busy. Clear out, I told you!" He moved towards the open-mouthed youth. Clafflin, not accustomed to these gusty veerings of feeling, stood a minute embarassed, then walked quickly out with as much dignity as he could assemble.

In the morning, the housemaid brought Claffin a note she had found on Burroak's table. It read thus:

Claffin: I acted a fool last night. Forget it. I've gone home—to think something over. Maybe I'll come back and maybe I won't. Maybe you'll marry that girl, and maybe you won't. If I don't come back pretty soon I'll send you or the girl (I expect she'll be worrying about a certain little matter) some good news. I know that man in the picture. He's a damned scoundrel. Maybe I can get rid of him and maybe I can't. Good-bye.

Burroak."

The youth dropped the note, frowning. He would lay the matter before Helen! She must tell him what it was all about, and the two could wait for news together from Oklahoma—for what news, he wondered?

Burroak reached home and kept to his bachelor's quarters fully a week, seeing nobody. Riggs, of the *Herald*, even, got no word out of him.

Now he and Riggs, it has been hinted before, were exceeding fast friends. Many a chilly Saturday afternoon they smoked long cigars together, their feet on the *Herald's* stove.

That friendship probably explains how a certain startling and uncanny article, two weeks later, just before the last copy of the *Herald* was run through the press, was set up by the grinning editor and dropped in place squarely in the center of the

Herald's front page form; printed there; and handed to the sombre Burroak.

But it would have taken more than that friendship with Riggs to explain why Burroak took this particular copy of the *Herald* home, sat down by the lonely old log fire, marked the item around heavily with the stub of a carpenter's pencil, then wrapped it up and carefully addressed it for mailing.

It would have taken a good deal more of special information to make his friendly old hounds that yawned by the fireside understand why Burroak did all this, first with a grim, pathetic grin on his left cheek, and later on—strangest of all—with a vehement, heroic blinking of both eyes.

The article read something like this:

"Citizens of Wappanucka County will be shocked and grieved to learn of the accidental death of Mr. Henry Burroak, a wealthy bachelor residing on his farm four miles northeast of this city. While hunting jack-rabbits on Tuesday his shot gun was accidentally discharged when he stooped to go under a fence, the shot passing through his heart. The remains were found by John Meade of this city.

"Mr. Burroak had just returned from a business trip to Chicago. He was deeply respected by all in this community, of which he became a member six years ago, when he moved here from Illinois. In such wise are our citizens summoned to the great

mysterious land across the river."



THE ILLINOIS

Of The University of Illinois



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THE ILLINOIS MAGAZINE is published monthly by the Undergraduates of the University of Illinois, and aims to print the best literary productions of the campus. Contributions are solicited from students and members of the Faculty in all departments. Discussion of current student questions is invited. Contributions may be left with the editors, dropped in the ILLINOIS Box in Main Hall, or mailed to 712 W. Oregon St., Urbana.

75c per year.

Published by the Students of the University of Illinois

A Look Ahead

The year is up, and we have had our octadic fling in Illinois literature. To those who object that we have not been literary, we give slight answer. The truth is, we have not sought to be uniformly "literary"—whatever that word may mean. have only been humbly interested in setting a poverty-stricken college magazine on sturdy legs again and we have had to catch the eye of the individual who despises the best and the worst of all to which the word "literary" in hide-bound days has been applied. That is, in addition to pieces that were written and have been read only by stupid people who like conscientious writing for its own sake, we have been pleased to discuss occasional topics, to be timely. We think that will always be desirable, always necessary. Poverty perhaps is no Word of Death.

When the magazine is rich enough to print only fine writing, and does print it, it is safe to say there will be precious few—and those not faithful—readers.

At the same time, we have honestly endeavored to find out the best that has been written in the university. Of good writing here there is probably no abundance, because there are few who have patience with it; but writing for its own sake will never go out, and the Illinois Magazine will never refuse to print what is best. It can be too finical; but it can err on the side of vulgarity too.

The new editor and business manager say they will keep alive the principles of this year. They too will have "feature numbers"; in addition to printing the best literary productions of the campus, they will discuss the most interesting student questions. They should, from all the signs, be most pleasantly successful. If you do not know their names already, they are these: editor, Stanley P. Irvin; manager, Eric F. Pihlgard. We wish them success.

Training in Poetry

In the Indian school of Rabindranath Tagore, it is said, boys learn more than facts and methods. Early in the mornings and late in the evenings there are "meditation hours," when the pupils sit and are silent, thinking. And sometime during the day there is an hour for "sense-training," when the pupils are taught to enjoy their senses, to know the small and the important facts of earth—to be poets. There is no bustle in that school; but there is living. They are not busy; but they are getting ahead.

A New Glance at Illinois Spirit

No one these days dares deny that Illinois Spirit is a tremendous and a living thing. It is easy to see

that back of our athletic system, back of our class organizations, back of our student institutions, there operates a steady force called Illinois Spirit which will never let those institutions die. The Chicago football game, the circus, and the athletic events during Interscholastic week—they prove this spirit's strength beyond all doubt.

There is a quieter current in the stream of Illinois Spirit which many do not appreciate. Its channel is the business district of Champaign and Urbana. Just as loyally as our 10,000 rooters come out to help defeat Chicago, do the merchants of Champaign-Urbana contribute to the support of our student publications, our monthly magazines, our directories, and our dailies. It is the merchants, as many do not realize, who make these publications possible—who, for instance, have made the Illinois Magazine a living thing this year. The merchants are generous, and do not complain. Are we repaying them as generously, as faithfully, and as unquestioningly as we should?

It is not to be understood at all that the average student these days does not appreciate what advertising from the merchants means to student publications. If he is any observer at all he knows they are the life-blood of these publications.

The point is, how can we cooperate with the merchants in this new kind of Illinois Spirit which is not concerned with athletics but which stands under and braces effectually student institutions that are equally important with athletics—the publications?

There is only one answer—trade exclusively with local merchants. Our publications are financed exclusively by these local merchants; we are not forced to send our papers to out-of-town printers,

MOVED! MISS RAY L. BOWMAN JEWELER

Now located at the Grand Leader Dry Goods Store, across the street and one-half a block south of her old location in the Walker Opera House Block.

Remember this is the place for your commencement gifts

Special Prices continue next 30 days

MISS RAY L. BOWMAN

Champaign

Swartz Will Make You Cool

THESE hot days and sweltering nights are sure hard for we-uns when there's "boning" to be done for exams. Wow. The other night I sat up till about midnight and studied calculus until I was roasted brown. Then I went to bed and it seemed as if I were a big oven with the fire turned on full heat. "Never again", said I, "never again!"

Believe me, Son, the next day I beat it over to Swartz's Electric Shop in Urbana and got me an electric fan, "the largest and coolest in the city". Now I sure can hit the calculus and I sure can sleep when I get to bed.

That's a large sized hunch for you, Old Boy!

THE SWARTZ ELECTRIC SHOP

ON RACE STREET IN URBANA

or to solicit New York advertising. Our merchants can always be depended on. A part of their income goes regularly and surely to the Illinois Magazine or to some other publication. Then why should we ever strike a blow at our publications by slighting our merchants? When we slight them we cripple ourselves; when we forget to nourish a plant it dies.

Not that everyone, or even a majority of student, neglect the merchants of Champaign-Urbana. We should only like to see universal support of deserving men. You know who they are by their advertising.

It is not at all that we are sacrificing our own tastes or our own appearance and comfort. The products our merchants offer us are of the first class. The kind of community we are assures us that. We can do no better in Chicago. We can not drive a better bargain in Chicago. Champaign-Urbana goods—clothing, to take an obvious example—are of the best, and cost not a whit more than the best elsewhere.

Let us cooperate with the merchants.

Read the advertisements printed in this magazine. Determine at least to visit the stores that are ambitious enough to advertise in student publications. Investigate their claims. It is very seldom that you will be dissatisfied.

And while you are there, mention that this or that advertisement in the Illinois Magazine for this or that month is responsible for your visit.

אַתיפּקינו זיין

JUL 2 1 1931

HEGENBART CO.
GROCERIES

Munhall \$

THE STUDENTS'

PRINTER

Steel Die and Copper
Plate Work.

Designs Furnished Free

18 Taylor Street

Champaign, Ill.

ZOM'S sure got himself some line of "outing" togs for sportsliving Illini. Whether your favorite out-door sport is fussing, golfing, "tennis-ing" or what-not Zom's out-door things, silk shirts, flannel or serge trousers are the clothes you're looking for.

ZOM ZOMBRO

GREEN ST.

The Beardsley Hotel

Private Dining Room Service.

Special Attention to Banquets.



Champaign - Illinois

The Kind of Clothes Gentlemen Wear

The slogan of the big Kahn Tailoring Company that makes clothes for Pitsenbarger & Flynn is this, "Kahn Tailored Clothes—The kind of clothes gentlemen wear."

The Pitsenbarger & Flynn shop is one that makes for the fitter appearance of man alive. Whether you want clothes cleaned, pressed, repaired or new ones built, it is the one best buy.

Pitsenbarger & Flynn

TAILORS

GREEN STREET

ANSCO CAMERAS

(The amateur camera of professional quality)

YOU WILL WANT A CAMERA FOR YOUR SUMMER VACATION

Come over to Urbana—to the shop that caters to University patronage—and let me show you this Superb Ansco Camera.

There are other good cameras, but you will get the best value for your money in the Ansco.

LESLIE - URBANA





